



FRAU MARIA ANNA MOZART

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

THE LETTERS OF MOZART



HIS FAMILY

*Chronologically Arranged, Translated and Edited
with an Introduction, Notes and Indices by*

EMILY ANDERSON

*With extracts from the letters of Constanze Mozart
to Johann Anton André translated and edited by*

C. B. OLDMAN

VOLUME II

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1938

-

COPYRIGHT

**PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, EDINBURGH**

LIST OF LETTERS

This is a list of all the known letters of Mozart and his family written between the years 1762 and 1791. It contains, therefore, some letters (unnumbered) which owing to their slight interest have not been included in the present edition.

Letters hitherto unpublished are marked *

Letters hitherto incompletely published are marked **

(Owing to exigencies of space, in most cases extracts only have been given from Leopold Mozart's letters. But considerable additions have been made to the portions published in the standard German edition of Professor Ludwig Schiedermair: and copies of the complete versions are in the possession of the present editor.)

VOLUME II

1777

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
221.	Maria Anna Mozart to her	Augsburg, October 14th	459
221a.	husband with insertions from		
221b.	Mozart to his father		
221c.			
222.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, October 15th	463
223.	Mozart to his father	Augsburg, October 16th- 17th	470
224.	Mozart to his father with an	Augsburg, October 16th- 17th	471
224a.	enclosure from his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla		
225.	Mozart to his father	Augsburg, October 17th- 18th	478
226.	Leopold Mozart to his son with	Salzburg, October 18th- 20th	483
226a.	a postscript from Nannerl		
226b.	Mozart to her brother		
227.	Leopold Mozart to his wife	Salzburg, October 23rd-	490
227a.	and son with a postscript from Nannerl Mozart to her brother		
228.	Mozart to his father with an	Augsburg, October 23rd- 24th	493
228a.	insertion from Maria Anna		
228b.	Mozart to her husband		
229.	Mozart to his father	Augsburg, October 25th	498
230.	Nannerl Mozart to her mother and brother	Salzburg, October 27th	50c
230a.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son		

LIST OF LETTERS

1777

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
231.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, October 29th	503
232.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, October 31st	511
232a.	Mozart to his father		
233.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Mannheim, October 31st	514
234.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 1st-3rd	515
235.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, November 4th	519
**236.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Mannheim, November 5th	524
237.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, November 6th	527
238.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, November 8th	529
238a.	Mozart to his father		
239.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 10th	533
240.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 13th	534
241.	Mozart to his father with a postscript from Maria Anna	Mannheim, November 13th	540
241a.	Mozart to her husband		
**242.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Mannheim, November 13th	545
243.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, November 14th-16th	547
243a.	Mozart to his father		
244.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son with a postscript from Nannerl Mozart to her mother and brother	Salzburg, November 17th	552
244a.			
245.	Mozart to his father with a postscript from Maria Anna	Mannheim, November 20th	555
245a.	Mozart to her husband		
246.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 20th	558
247.	Mozart to his father with a postscript from Maria Anna	Mannheim, November 22nd	564
247a.	Mozart to her husband		
248.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 24th	568
249.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, November 26th	574
249a.	Mozart to his father		
250.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 27th	578
251.	Mozart to his father with a postscript from Maria Anna	Mannheim, November 29th	582
251a.	Mozart to her husband		
252.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 1st	586

LIST OF LETTERS

1777

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
253.	Mozart to his father with a	Mannheim, December 3rd	589
253a.	postscript from Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
**254.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Mannheim, December 3rd	594
255.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, December 4th	596
256.	Mozart to his father with an	Mannheim, December 6th-7th	601
256a.	insertion from Maria Anna		
256b.	Mozart to her husband		
257.	Leopold Mozart to his son with	Salzburg, December 8th	605
257a.	a postscript from Nannerl Mozart to her mother and brother		
258.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, December 10th-11th	609
258a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
259.	Leopold Mozart to his son with an enclosure for his wife	Salzburg, December 11th	615
260.	Maria Anna Mozart to her	Mannheim, December 14th	619
260a.	husband and daughter Mozart to his father		
261.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 15th	621
262.	Leopold Mozart to his son with an enclosure for his wife	Salzburg, December 18th	624
263.	Maria Anna Mozart to her	Mannheim, December 18th	629
263a.	husband Mozart to his father		
264.	Maria Anna Mozart to her	Mannheim, December 20th	633
264a.	husband Mozart to his father		
265.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and	Salzburg, December 21st- 22nd	636
265a.	son with a postscript from Nannerl to her mother and brother		
266.	Leopold Mozart to Padre Mar- tini, Bologna	Salzburg, December 22nd	639
267.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, December 27th-28th	641
267a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her hus- band		
268.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and	Salzburg, December 29th	645
268a.	son with a postscript from Nannerl Mozart to her mother and brother		

LIST OF LETTERS

1778

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
269.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, January 3rd-4th	647
269a.	Mozart to his father		
270.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 5th	650
271.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband with insertions from	Mannheim, January 10th-11th	654
271a.	Mozart to his father		
271b.			
271c.			
271d.			
272.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, January 12th	658
273.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, January 17th	660
274.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 19th	663
275.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, January 24th	665
276.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, January 25th-26th	667
277.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 29th	670
*278.	Mozart to his mother at Mannheim	Worms, January 31st	673
279.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, February 1st	675
280.	Leopold Mozart to his wife	Salzburg, February 2nd	676
281.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, February 4th	678
281a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
282.	Leopold Mozart to his son enclosing a letter to his wife	Salzburg, February 5th	684
282a.			
283.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Mannheim, February 7th	689
283a.	Mozart to his father		
284.	Leopold Mozart to his wife with a postscript from Nannerl	Salzburg, February 9th	694
284a.	Mozart to her mother and brother		
284b.	Leopold Mozart to his son		
285.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, February 11th-12th	700
286.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, February 14th	709
286a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband with a postscript from		
286b.	Mozart		
287.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, February 16th	713

LIST OF LETTERS

1778

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
288.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, February 19th	716
288a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
289.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, February 22nd	720
289a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband with a postscript from Mozart		
289b.			
290.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, February 23rd	724
291.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, February 25th-26th	730
292.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, February 28th	735
292a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
**293.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Mannheim, February 28th	740
294.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, February 28th-March 2nd	743
295.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, March 5th	747
296.	Mozart to his father and sister	Mannheim, March 7th	749
296a.			
296b.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
297.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, March 11th	753
298.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, March 16th	759
299.	Mozart to his father	Paris, March 24th	760
299a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
300.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Paris, April 5th	765
300a.	Mozart to his father		
301.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, April 6th	771
302.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, April 12th-20th	776
303.	Mozart to his father	Paris, May 1st	783
303a.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband		
304.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, May 6th-11th	789
305.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Paris, May 14th	793
305a.	Mozart to his father		
306.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, May 28th	798

LIST OF LETTERS

1778

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
307.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Paris, May 29th	802
307a.	Mozart to his father		
308.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, June 11th	805
309.	Maria Anna Mozart to her husband	Paris, June 12th	813
309a.	Mozart to his father		
310.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, June 29th	818
311.	Mozart to his father	Paris, July 3rd	823
312.	Mozart to the Abbé Bullinger, Salzburg	Paris, July 3rd	828
313.	Mozart to his father	Paris, July 9th	830
314.	Leopold Mozart to his wife and son	Salzburg, July 13th	839
315.	Mozart to his father	Paris, July 18th-20th	844
315a.	Mozart to his sister		
315b.	Mozart to his father		
316.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, July 20th	853
317.	Mozart to Fridolin Weber, Mannheim	Paris, July 29th	854
318.	Mozart to Aloysia Weber, Mannheim	Paris, July 30th	861
319.	Mozart to his father with a postscript and a short letter to his sister	Paris, July 31st	864
319a.			
320.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, August 3rd	875
321.	Leopold Mozart to the Court Council of Salzburg	Salzburg, August 7th	878
322.	Mozart to the Abbé Bullinger, Salzburg	Paris, August 7th	879
323.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, August 13th	886
324.	Leopold Mozart to Hieronymus Colloredo, Archbishop of Salzburg	Salzburg, August	892
325.	Leopold Mozart to Padre Martini, Bologna	Salzburg, August 21st	892
326.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, August 27th	895
327.	Mozart to his father	St. Germain, August 27th	900
328.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, August 31st	902
329.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, September 3rd	904
330.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, September 10th	906
331.	Mozart to his father	Paris, September 11th	908

LIST OF LETTERS

1778

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
332.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, September 17th	916
333.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, September 24th	918
334.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, October 1st	921
335.	Mozart to his father	Nancy, October 3rd	922
336.	Mozart to his father	Strassburg, October 15th	925
337.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, October 19th	929
338.	Mozart to his father	Strassburg, October 26th— November 2nd	931
339.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, November 12th	936
340.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 19th	940
341.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 23rd	943
342.	Mozart to Heribert von Dalberg	Mannheim, November 24th	945
343.	Mozart to his father	Mannheim, December 3rd	947
344.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 10th	949
345.	Mozart to his father	Kaysersheim, December 18th	951
346.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Kaysersheim, December 23rd	956
347.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 28th	957
348.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 29th	959
349.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 31st	960
350.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 31st— January 2nd, 1779	962

1779

351.	Mozart to his father with in-	}	Munich, January 8th	964
351a.	sertions from his cousin, Maria			
351b.	Anna Thekla			
351c.				
351d.				
352.	Leopold Mozart to his son		Salzburg, January 11th	967
353.	Mozart to Hieronymus Colloredo, Archbishop of Salzburg		Salzburg, January	968
354.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla		Salzburg, May 10th	968

1780

355.	Mozart to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla	Salzburg, April 24th	972
356.	Mozart to his father	Munich, November 8th	977
357.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 11th	980
358.	Mozart to his father	Munich, November 13th	981
359.	Mozart to his father	Munich, November 15th	984

LIST OF LETTERS

1780

NO. OF LETTER	SENDER AND RECIPIENT	DATE	PAGE
360.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 18th	987
361.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 20th	990
362.	Mozart to his father	Munich, November 22nd	992
363.	Mozart to his father	Munich, November 24th	994
364.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, November 25th	998
365.	Mozart to his father	Munich, November 29th	1000
366.	Nannerl Mozart to her brother	Salzburg, November 30th	1001
366a.	with a postscript from Leopold Mozart to his son		
367.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 1st	1004
368.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 2nd	1007
369.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 4th	1009
370.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 5th	1011
371.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 7th	1014
372.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 9th	1015
373.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 11th	1016
374.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 13th	1017
375.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 15th	1020
376.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 16th	1022
377.	Nannerl Mozart to her brother	Salzburg, December 18th	1025
377a.	Leopold Mozart to his son		
378.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 19th	1027
379.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 22nd	1030
380.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 25th	1033
381.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 27th	1035
382.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, December 29th-30th	1038
382a.	Nannerl Mozart to her brother		
383.	Mozart to his father	Munich, December 30th	1041

1781

384.	Mozart to his father	Munich, January 3rd	1043
385.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 4th	1046
386.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 8th	1047
387.	Mozart to his father	Munich, January 10th-11th	1048
388.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 11th	1050
389.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 13th	1050
390.	Mozart to his father	Munich, January 18th	1051
391.	Leopold Mozart to his son	Salzburg, January 22nd	1052
*392.	Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig	Munich, February 12th	1054

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

- Abert = Hermann Abert, *W. A. Mozart*. 2 volumes. Revised edition. Leipzig, 1923-1924.
- AMZ = *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (Oct. 1788-Dec. 1848).
- Blumml = Emil Karl Blumml, *Aus Mozarts Freundes- und Familienkreis*. Vienna, 1923.
- Jahn = Otto Jahn, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. 4 volumes. Leipzig, 1856-1859.
- Köchel = Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichnis sämtlicher Tonwerke Wolfgang Amadei Mozarts*. 3rd edition, revised by Alfred Einstein. Leipzig, 1937.
- Leitzmann = Albert Leitzmann, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts Leben in seinen Briefen und Berichten der Zeitgenossen*. Leipzig, 1926.
- MJ = *Mozart-Jahrbuch*. Herausgegeben von Hermann Abert. Munich, 1923-1924, and Augsburg, 1929.
- MM = *Mozarteums Mitteilungen*. Zentrallausschuss der Mozartgemeinde in Salzburg. November, 1918-May, 1921.
- MMB = *Mitteilungen für die Mozartgemeinde in Berlin*. Herausgegeben von Rudolf Genée, 1895-1921.
- Niemetschek = Franz Niemetschek, *Leben des K. K. Kapellmeisters Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart*. Prague, 1798. (Reprinted Prague, 1905.)
- Nissen = Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, *Biographie W. A. Mozarts*. Leipzig, 1828.
- Nohl = Ludwig Nohl, *Mozarts Briefe*. 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1877.
- Nottebohm = Gustav Nottebohm, *Mozartiana*. Leipzig, 1880.
- Schiedermaier = Ludwig Schiedermaier, *Die Briefe Mozarts und seiner Familie*. 4 volumes. Munich and Leipzig, 1914.
- Schurig = Arthur Schurig, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. 2 volumes. 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1923.
- WSF = T. de Wyzewa et G. de Saint-Foix, *W. A. Mozart. Sa vie musicale et son œuvre de l'enfance à la pleine maturité, 1756-1777*. 2 volumes. Paris, 1912. The third volume of this epoch-making study of Mozart's musical development, which covers the years 1777-1783, was brought out by M. de Saint-Foix in 1936.
- ZMW = *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*.

TABLE OF MONEY VALUES

THE following table has been compiled from information contained in Muret-Saunders's *German-English Dictionary*, in Professor W. H. Bruford's *Germany in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 329 f., and in the letters of Leopold Mozart, who frequently quotes the equivalent values of foreign coins and the fluctuating rates of exchange between the various German states. As there were several standards in common use for the minting of silver coins during the latter half of the eighteenth century, the values here given are of necessity only approximate.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

Taking the South German kreutzer (worth 4 pfennige, slightly more than the English farthing) as the standard, the following equivalent values of silver coins are obtained:

- 60 kreutzer (or 16 groschen) = 1 gulden, about two shillings.
- 90 kreutzer (or 24 groschen) = 1 reichsthaler, about three shillings.
- 120 kreutzer (or 32 groschen) = 1 laubthaler or federthaler, about four shillings.

The following gold coins were in common use in Germany and Austria:

- 1 ducat (used all over Europe) = $4\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about nine shillings.
- 1 max d'or (used chiefly in Bavaria) = $6\frac{1}{4}$ gulden, about thirteen shillings.
- 1 friedrich d'or (used chiefly in Prussia) = 8 gulden, about sixteen shillings.
- 1 pistole (used all over Europe) = $7\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about fifteen shillings.
- 1 carolin (used chiefly in Southern Germany) = 9 gulden, about eighteen shillings.
- 1 souverain d'or (used chiefly in Austria) = $13\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about twenty-seven shillings.

FRANCE

- 1 liard = about one farthing.
- 20 sous = 1 livre, about eleven pence.
- 1 louis d'or = 22 livres, about twenty shillings.

TABLE OF MONEY VALUES

ITALY

- 1 paolo (a silver coin of Tuscany, worth originally about 56 centesimi, and still used as the equivalent of half a lira) = about sixpence.
- 1 cigliato (or, more commonly, gigliato) = a ducat, about nine shillings.
- 1 zecchino (a Venetian gold coin) = about ten shillings.
- 1 doppio = probably a doppio zecchino, about twenty shillings.

HOLLAND

- 1 rijder¹ = about twenty-eight shillings.

¹ Leopold Mozart calls this coin a 'reitter'. See p. 90.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

14. Frau Maria Anna Mozart	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a portrait by an unknown artist. Mozart Museum, Salzburg.	
	FACING PAGE
15. Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the "Bäse" (1778) . . .	536
From a drawing by an unknown artist. Mozart Museum, Salzburg.	
16. Christian Cannabich (1779)	553
From an engraving by Egide Verhelst. Städtisches Schlossmuseum, Mannheim.	
17. Anton Raaff	632
From an engraving by G. F. Touchemolin. Graphische Sammlung, Munich.	
18. Abt Vogler	649
From an engraving by G. Scheffner. Paul Hirsch, Esq., Cambridge	
19. Aloysia Lange, née Weber, as Zémire in Grétry's "Azor et Zémire" (1784)	728
From an engraving by J. E. Nilson. C. B. Oldman, Esq., London.	
20. Friedrich Melchior Grimm (1778)	744
From a water-colour painting by Carmontelle. Musée Condé, Chantilly.	
21. Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo (1772)	825
From a portrait by Franz Xaver König. Stift St. Peter, Salzburg.	
22. Michael Haydn	840
From an engraving by J. F. Schröter. Städtisches Museum, Salzburg.	
23. The Mozart family (1780/81)	920
From a portrait by Johann Nepomuk de la Croce. Mozart Museum, Salzburg.	
24. Josepha Duschek (1796)	936
From an engraving by August Clar after a portrait by Von Haake. Mozart Museum, Salzburg.	
25. Christoph Willibald Gluck	1016
From a portrait by Greuse. Palais du Louvre, Paris.	

LIST OF FACSIMILES OF LETTERS

		FACING PAGE
3	Postscript from Frau Mozart to her husband (November 13th, 1777)	970
4	Portion of a letter from Mozart to his cousin (May 10th, 1779)	971

-

At Augsburg, his father's native town, Mozart gave a concert, which, however, brought in very little money. After a fortnight's stay, during which he tried for the first time the new Stein pianoforte and made the acquaintance of his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla, Mozart and his mother left for Mannheim. Letters 221-231.

(221) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

AUGSBURG, *October 14th, 1777*

We left Munich on the 11th at noon and arrived safely in Augsburg at nine in the evening; and this journey we did in nine hours with a hired coachman who, moreover, fed his horses for an hour.

(221a) *Mozart continues the letter*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

AUGSBURG, *October 14th, 1777*

So we did not make a mistake about the date; for we wrote in the morning; and we shall be off again, I think, next Friday, that is, the day after to-morrow. For just hear how kind and generous these good Augsburg gentlemen have been! In no place have I been overwhelmed with so many marks of honour as here. My first visit was to the magistrate, Longotabarro.¹ My uncle, a most excellent and lovable man and an honourable townsman, accompanied me and had the honour of waiting upstairs on the landing like a lackey until I should come out of the Arch-Magistrate's room. I did not forget to deliver at once my Papa's most humble respects. He was so good as to remember our whole history and asked me: "*How has he fared all this time?*" Whereupon I at once replied: "Very well, thanks and praise be to God. And I trust that you too have fared very well?" After that he began to

¹ Von Langenmantel. Cp. p. 398.

unbend, and addressed me in the second person, while I continued to address him as "Your Highness", as I had done from the very first. He would not let me go and I had to follow him upstairs to his son-in-law (on the second floor); and meanwhile my uncle had the honour of waiting, seated on a stool in the lobby. I had to restrain myself, most manfully, otherwise I should have said something, quite politely, of course. Upstairs I had the honour of playing for about three quarters of an hour upon a good clavichord by Stein in the presence of the dressed-up son and the long-legged young wife and the stupid old lady. I improvised and finally I played off at sight all the music he had, including some very pretty pieces by a certain Edelmann.¹ They were all exceedingly polite and I too was very polite. For it is my custom to treat people as I find them; it pays best in the end. I told them that after lunch I was going to see Stein. The young gentleman of his own accord offered to take me there. I thanked him for his kindness and promised to call again at two o'clock, which I did. We all set off together, accompanied by his brother-in-law, who looked the perfect student. Although I had asked them to keep my identity a secret, yet Herr von Langenmantel was so thoughtless as to say to Herr Stein: "I have the honour of introducing to you a virtuoso on the clavier", and began to snigger. I at once protested and said that I was only an unworthy pupil of Herr Siegl in Munich, who had asked me to deliver 1000 compliments to him. He shook his head—and said finally: "Is it possible that I have the honour of seeing Herr Mozart before me?" "Oh, no," I replied, "my name is Trazom and I have a letter for you." He took the letter and wanted

¹ Johann Friedrich Edelmann (1749–1794), born in Strassburg, went to Paris with his pupil Baron Dietrich and became a popular clavier-player and composer. When Baron Dietrich became Mayor of Strassburg, Edelmann returned with him to his native town, where both were guillotined during the French Revolution.

to break the seal at once. But I did not give him time to do so and asked: "Surely you do not want to read that letter now? Open the door, and let us go into your room. I am most anxious to see your pianofortes." "All right," he said, "just as you wish. But I feel sure that I am not mistaken." He opened the door and I ran straight to one of the three claviers which stood in the room. I began to play. He could scarcely open the letter in his eagerness to make sure. He only read the signature. "Oh," he cried and embraced me. He kept crossing himself and making faces and was as pleased as Punch. I shall tell you later on all about his claviers. He then took me straight to a coffee-house. When I entered I thought that I should drop down, overcome by the stink and fumes of tobacco. But with God's help I had to stand it for an hour; and I pretended to enjoy it all, though to me it seemed as if we were in Turkey. He then talked a great deal about a certain composer, called Graf, who, however, has only written flute concertos. He said "Now Graf¹ is something quite exceptional", and all that kind of *exaggerated* talk. I was sweating with fright, my head, my hands and my whole body. This Graf is a brother of the two who live at The Hague² and at Zürich respectively. My host would not let me off, but took me to him at once. Graf is indeed a most noble fellow. He had a dressing-gown on, which I should not be ashamed to be seen wearing in the street. His words are all on stilts and he generally opens his mouth before he knows what he wants to say; and often it shuts again without having done anything. After many compliments he performed a concerto for two flutes. I had

¹ Friedrich Hartmann Graf (1727-1795), born in Rudolstadt, went to Hamburg in 1759 as a flute virtuoso and toured as flautist and conductor until 1772, when he became Kapellmeister in Augsburg. In his day he was regarded as a composer of outstanding merit, who did not write only for the flute, as Mozart's description would seem to imply.

² See p. 94, n. 4.

to play the first violin part. This is what I think of it. It is not at all pleasing to the ear, not a bit natural. He often plunges into a new key far too brusquely and it is all quite devoid of charm. When it was over, I praised him very highly, for he really deserves it. The poor fellow must have taken a great deal of trouble over it and he must have studied hard enough. At last a clavichord, one of Stein's, was brought out of the inner room, an excellent instrument, but covered with dust and dirt. Herr Graf, who is Director here, stood there transfixed, like someone who has always imagined that his wanderings from key to key are quite unusual and now finds that one can be even more unusual and yet not offend the ear. In a word, they were all astounded. Now I must close, or else I shall miss the post which leaves at four o'clock. The next time I shall tell you the whole story about Augsburg. I kiss your hands 1000 times and

I am

WOLFGANG MOZART

(221b) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

AUGSBURG, October 14th, 1777¹

I gave the Schuster duets to Herr von Kleinmayr to take with him to Salzburg, and with them I also wrote a letter in which I explained that he was taking charge of them. My greetings to all my good friends, especially to Herr Bullinger. Please send me the Bishop of Chiemsee's address. Do not forget it!

¹ A postscript to the above letter.

(221c) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

AUGSBURG, *October 14th, 1777*¹

All sorts of messages from me to all my good friends.

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(222) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *October 15th, 1777*

Including the letter which I enclosed to my brother, this is the third which you will receive from me in Augsburg. I foresee that you will not be able to give a concert before next Sunday, as it has always to be announced a week in advance. I must remind you of something which you can make use of, if circumstances permit. If you find that you are warmly applauded and are very highly esteemed, I should like a *special article, praising your gifts, to appear in the Augsburg papers, after you have left*, an article which my brother could perhaps dictate to Herr Stein or which Herr Glatz could draft and Herr Stein could arrange to have published. You know why! It would make someone here very angry,² but Herr Stein and some other Evangelicals would get a lot of fun out of it. You know, of course, that the Lutherans should be called *Evangelicals*, for they do not like to be called Lutherans. Thus, for instance, you should talk of an *Evangelical Church* and not of a *Lutheran Church*; similarly the Calvinists like to be called *Protestants* and not Calvinists. It has just occurred to me that I ought to tell you this, for no more than a

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

² Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo.

single wrong word may often lead to an unpleasant experience with some irritable person, though, of course, sensible people pay no attention to such formalities. Now for your journey. I quite agree with what you say about the opera in Naples, that is, that you should endeavour to obtain the *scrittura*. Yes; and if the Naples plan does not come off, I am quite prepared to approach Michele Dall'Agata¹ once more, for it is always well to have a contract in the offing. You both stayed in Munich far too long, so you must now give one or two concerts in Augsburg in order to earn something, *be it ever so little*. Flattering words, praises and cries of "Bravissimo" pay neither postmasters nor landlords. So as soon as you find that there is no more money to be made, you should try to get away at once. There is usually an opera in Mannheim on November 4th, the Feast of St. Charles; and the question now is, whether you propose to be there by that date? Why, it is almost impossible! Prince Taxis and Prince von Öttingen-Wallerstein sometimes go there to see the opera; and, fortunately, neither of them live very far from Augsburg. So, unless you find that it is clearly to your advantage to do so, you must not stay on there for a minute longer than is absolutely necessary. The opera which is being performed in Mannheim for the Feast of St. Charles *will be repeated during the carnival*. So, if you can win the favour of Prince Taxis, you ought not to hurry away to Mannheim, *for you can see the operas there later on*. Moreover, if you want to be in Mannheim by November 4th, it is quite out of the question to go on to Würzburg from Wallerstein. No, you would have to travel straight to Mannheim, which is a good distance from Wallerstein, about twenty miles, or a two days' journey. *Mamma will find the route on the postal maps*. A

¹ Michele Dall'Agata, impresario of the Teatro San Benedetto in Venice. He did not reply to Leopold Mozart's two applications.

great deal, of course, depends on whether the roads are good and on whether the route is circuitous. From Wallerstein to Würzburg is a stretch of only fifteen miles and the distance from Würzburg to Mannheim is the same. The days are now beginning to get shorter. So you should always try to leave *early in the morning* in order not to have to travel late at night. You can get fuller information about all this from our good friends in Augsburg and especially, I believe, from the Director of the Post Office, who knows my brother's daughter very well and who will perhaps give you letters of introduction to the court of Prince Taxis. When talking to strangers who happen to be staying at your inn, you should not be too outspoken about your journey, for there are many rascals and adventurers about. Be sure to remember to ask *Prince Taxis and Prince von Öttingen-Wallerstein for letters of introduction to Mannheim.*

When you were leaving, there were a thousand necessary matters which I simply could not talk over with you, because I was ill, confused, out of humour, depressed and very sad; because, moreover, speaking hurt my chest very much, and because the packing and hoisting of your luggage on the coach in the early morning gave me a number of things to think about. Had this not been so, I should have told you that immediately after your arrival in Munich, you should try to find a copyist and that you should do this wherever you stay for any length of time. For you must really endeavour to get ahead with your composition, and that you can do if you have in readiness copies of symphonies and divertimenti to present to a Prince or to some other patron. The copying should be arranged so that *the copyist writes out at your lodgings and under your supervision at least the violino primo or some other leading part.* The rest he can copy out at home. It is absolutely essential that you

should have something ready for Prince Taxis and you should therefore give the oboe-, horn- and viola-parts of six *good symphonies* at once to one or, better still, to *several copyists* (in order to speed up matters). You would thus be in a position to present to the Prince the whole score of a symphony and still have the duplicated violin and bass parts to be used on some other occasion, as, for example, at Würzburg, to which you would only have to add the parts for oboe, horn and viola. The divertimenti can be copied very quickly, even though it is true that yours have a number of parts and are rather long. Bastal! Wherever you are, you must look about immediately for a copyist, or else you will lose a great deal! For if you do not do this, of what use to you will be all the music which you have taken away? You really cannot wait until some patron has them copied; and, now that I come to think of it, he would thank you for allowing him to do so and would not pay you a farthing. It is far too laborious to have your compositions copied from the score, and a thousand mistakes will creep in unless the copyist works the whole time under your supervision. But he could come *for a few mornings*, when you happen to be in, copy out *the chief parts* and then write out the remainder at home. *Your main object, however, should now be to have something ready for Prince Taxis*; and, if you had a copy of your oboe concerto,¹ Perwein² might enable you to make an honest penny in Wallerstein. Further, the Abbot of Kaysersheim would certainly reward you well for your music; and there you would have the no small advantage of not having to pay

¹ In the opinion of Dr. A. Einstein (see Köchel, p. 359) Leopold Mozart is referring to an oboe concerto which his son had composed for Giuseppe Ferlendis and which, as Dr. Einstein suggests, he rewrote later in Mannheim as a flute concerto for De Jean (K. 314).

² An oboist in the Archbishop's service who in 1777 joined the orchestra of Prince von Öttingen-Wallerstein.

anything for food, drink and the rest, in respect of which landlords' bills usually make heavy inroads on one's purse. Now you understand me. *These steps are really necessary and are to your interest.* All the compliments, visits and so forth are only incidental and should not be taken seriously. For you must not lose sight of your main object, which is to make money. All your endeavours should thus be directed to earning money, and you should be very careful *to spend as little as possible*, or you will not be able to travel in an honourable fashion, and may even have to remain rooted to one spot and there run up debts. After all, you can find copyists everywhere. You should get the copyist first of all to show you a specimen of his writing, and also the kind of paper he uses, which should resemble that which you have already used. In a word, it is necessary to take thought for everything, so that no fatal mistake is made; and this it is possible to do, if you have your head screwed on. And another idea occurs to me. You took with you the big Latin prayer book, which you will find very useful, not only because it has all the Psalms and other Church texts,—Mamma has the German version of the Psalms in her big service-book—, but also because it will help you *to keep up your Latin*. You should sometimes for a change say your morning and evening prayers out of it. These are easy to understand and you might add some confession and communion prayers.

My brother will gladly bind for you the scores which are still on loose sheets, but you should remind him that *the edges must not be clipped*. He need only look at the other bound scores. When you are in Augsburg, my brother or his daughter or his wife (to all of whom I send my greetings) will certainly help you to pack. Baron Dürnitz¹ was in Munich, was he not? You could easily

¹ He owed Mozart a fee for composing the clavier sonata, K. 284, and possibly some other works. Cp. p. 418, n. 4.

have used that money for the journey. *How much had you to pay at Albert's?*

The preludes¹ which you sent Nannerl are superlatively beautiful and she kisses you a million times in gratitude for them. She plays them very well already. I shall write by the next post to Venice and see whether you cannot secure the opera for Ascension. Mysliwecek has informed me with the greatest delight that, although he never expected it, he had the pleasure of seeing both you and Mamma, *la quale*, he writes, *è veramente una signora di garbo, degna del Signor Mozart*.² He tells me that he has now sent twelve symphonies and six quintets with oboe obbligato to the Archbishop and he asks me to arrange for their performance and to endeavour to make the Archbishop remember him for his earlier music and this present contribution: *producir di rammentar al Principe la musica vecchia e moderna che gli mando, per interesse mio. Sono viaggiatore* and so forth.³ He adds at the end: *Alla signorina figlia manderò delle suonate per cembalo*.⁴ I shall be very curious to hear what will happen about the Naples scrittura which we are hoping to obtain, while in the meantime we must try to secure the contract for Ascension. You must think ahead and aim at getting on. Should you obtain a good appointment in Mannheim or in some other centre, this will not prevent you from undertaking a journey to Italy, for every great lord, who really loves music, regards it as a personal honour if someone in his service makes a reputation for himself. I shall send my next letter franco to my brother's address in Augsburg. He will be able to forward it, if you have left, as he will know your route. I am inclined to think,

¹ See p. 411.

² Who is truly a charming lady, worthy of Herr Mozart.

³ Endeavour to remind the Prince in my interest of my earlier music and the compositions which I am now sending him. I am a traveller and so forth.

⁴ I shall send some cembalo sonatas to your daughter.

however, that it will still catch you in Augsburg. You really should not worry about the opera in Mannheim, as you can see it during the carnival. *But you must make a point of visiting Prince Taxis on his estates;* and when you are there, you will have to be guided by circumstances. How you should set things going I shall let you know some other time. We have not yet received the Schuster duets, but perhaps they will come by to-day's mail coach. Thank God, we are well; and I should be even better, if I were one of those light-hearted fathers who can forget their wives and children in three weeks. That I could not do in a hundred years, nay, even during my lifetime. Nannerl and I kiss you a million times and, alive and dead, I am your old honest husband and father

MOZART

Many of my questions receive no answer; on the other hand, you will notice that I reply to all yours. Why? Because when I have written to you about all sorts of important items, I then put your letter before me—read it through and, whenever you ask a question, I answer it then and there. Furthermore, I always keep a slip of paper on my table, and whenever anything occurs to me, which I want to tell you about, I jot it down in a few words. Thus when I begin writing, it is impossible for me to forget anything. I am sending you this rather long letter with some music, for I could not refrain from letting you have these works.¹ Sometimes an opportunity occurs of composing in the same style; and these are still very good models.

The Hagenauers (yesterday all the Theresas received shoals of congratulations), Fräulein Sallerl, Count Arco, our ever faithful Bullinger, who came to see us yesterday

¹ According to Köchel, p. 837 ff., this collection (K. App. 109^{vi}) is a copy made by Mozart himself in 1773 of 19 church works by Ernst Eberlin and Michael Haydn. It is now in the British Museum.

evening at half past six when Nannerl and I were practising the clavier as usual, Fräulein Mitzerl, Ferlendis and Ferrari, Mme Gerlichs, Court Councillor von Mölk, who did not even know that Mamma was away, and Tresel, who is just the same as ever, except that, instead of sitting in the kitchen in the evenings, she now has to spin, and last Friday had to do in one day what she has taken two days to get through up to the present (however, she is in good form and is better tempered than she used to be)—all of the above and many others, whom I cannot think of at the moment, send their greetings. Addiol

(223) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

AUGSBURG, October 16th–17th, 1777 ¹

Mr. Novac, who arrived here to-day, sends greetings to all and especially to Mlle Katherl. I shall write a more amusing letter next time. Next Wednesday I am giving a sort of a concert in Count Fugger's drawing-room.² My dear cousin also sends you her love. The three of us are now going to Herr Stein's, where we are lunching. The only thing I have to worry about is how I shall be accompanied at my concert, for the orchestra here is execrable. I must close now, for it is already eleven o'clock. I kiss Papa's hands 10000 times and embrace my sister in a manner most bold,

and I am, behold,

neither warm nor cold,

your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

Our compliments

a tutti, tutti, tutti.

¹ These lines are written on a cover which, as Schiedermair suggests (vol. i. p. 298, n. 80), may belong to Letter 224.

² Probably the famous Fuggerhaus in Augsburg, the town house of Prince Fugger von Babenhausen, built 1512–1515.

(224) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*AUGSBURG, ¹⁷⁷⁷October 16th-17th, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

All that I can say about the daughter of Hamm, the Secretary for War, is that she undoubtedly must have a gift for music, as she has only been learning for three years and yet can play several pieces really well. But I find it difficult to give you an idea of the impression she makes on me when she is playing. She seems to me so curiously affected. She stalks over the clavier with her long bony fingers in such an odd way. It is true that she has not yet had a really good teacher, and if she stays in Munich she will never, never become what her father is so anxious that she should be: and that is, a first-rate performer on the clavier. If she comes to Papa at Salzburg, her gain will be twofold; both in musical knowledge and in intelligence, which is not exactly her strong point at present. She has made me laugh a great deal already at her expense and you would certainly get plenty of entertainment for your pains. She would not eat much, for she is far too simple. You say that I ought to have tested her playing. Why, I simply could not do so for laughing. For whenever, by way of example, I played a passage with my right hand she at once exclaimed *Bravissimol* in a tiny mouse-like voice. I will now finish the account of my Augsburg adventures as briefly as I can. Herr von Fingerle, to whom I delivered Papa's compliments, was also present at Director Graf's. Everyone was extremely polite and talked the whole time of getting up a concert. They all declared: "It will be one of the most brilliant concerts we have ever had in Augsburg. Your acquaintance with our magistrate Langen-

mantel will be a great point in your favour. Besides, the name of Mozart carries great weight here." We parted in very good spirits. Now Papa must know that at Herr Stein's young Herr von Langenmantel had declared that he would undertake to get up a concert in the Stube¹ for the patricians alone, as a special honour for me. You can scarcely imagine how earnestly he spoke and with what enthusiasm he promised to take up the matter. We arranged that I should call on him the next day and hear the decision. I went. This was October 13th. He was very polite, but said that he could not tell me anything definite yet. I played to him again for about an hour and he invited me to lunch on the following day, the 14th. In the morning he sent a message asking me to come at eleven o'clock and bring some music, as he had invited some of the orchestra and they would like to play something. I sent him some music at once and arrived myself at eleven o'clock. He mumbled a whole string of excuses and remarked quite coolly: "Look here, a concert is quite out of the question. Oh, I assure you, I lost my temper yesterday on your account. The patricians told me that their funds were very low and that you were not the type of virtuoso to whom they could offer a souverain d'or." I smiled and said "I quite agree". *He is Intendant of the orchestra at the Stube and his old father is the magistrate!* But I did not let it worry me. We went up to lunch. The old man was also at table; he was very polite, but did not say a word about the concert. After lunch I played two concertos, improvised something and then played the violin in one of Hafeneder's trios. I would gladly have done some more fiddling, but I was accompanied so badly that it gave me the colic. He said to me in a very friendly manner: "You must spend the day with us and we will go to the play and then you will come back to

¹ A local term for the large hall in the Augsburg Rathaus.

supper with us". We were all very merry. When we got back from the theatre, I played again until we went to supper. He had already questioned me in the morning about my cross and I had explained quite clearly how I had got it and what it was.¹ He and his brother-in-law kept on saying: "We must get our crosses too, so that we may belong to the same body as Mozart". But I took no notice. They also addressed me repeatedly: "Hallo, you fine gentleman, Knight of the Spur". I said nothing; but during supper things really got beyond a joke. They asked me "About how much does it cost? Three ducats? Must one have permission to wear it? Does this permission cost something too? We really must send for our crosses." A certain Baron Bagge, an officer, who was there, called out: "Come! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. What would you do with the cross?" That young ass, von Kurzenmantel,² winked at him. I saw him and he knew it. Then we had a little peace. He offered me snuff and said: "There, take a pinch". I still said nothing. At last he began again in a jeering tone: "Well, to-morrow I shall send someone to your inn and perhaps you will be so kind as to lend me the cross just for a moment. I shall return it immediately. I only want to have a word with our goldsmith. He is quite a character and I am sure that if I ask him what its value is, he will say: 'About a Bavarian thaler'. And it is not worth more, for it is not gold at all, only copper. Ha! Ha!" "You are wrong there", I said, "it is tin. Ha! Ha!" I was burning with anger and rage. "But do tell me", he said, "I suppose that, if necessary, I can leave out the spur?" "Oh, yes," I replied. "You do not need one, for you have one in your head already. I have one in mine too, but of a very different kind, and indeed I should not like to exchange it for yours. Here,

¹ See p. 398, n. 3.

² Another pun of Mozart's on the name Langenmantel. See p. 459.

take a pinch of snuff." I offered him some. He turned rather pale, but began again: "The other day—your order looked fine on that grand waistcoat of yours". I said nothing. At length he called out to the servant: "Hi, there, you will have to show more respect to my brother-in-law and myself when we wear the same cross as Herr Mozart. Here, take a pinch of snuff." "That is really very strange," I began, as though I had not heard what he said, "but it would be easier for me to obtain all the orders which it is possible for you to win than for you to become what I am, even if you were to die twice and be born again. Take a pinch of snuff on that." With that I stood up. They all got up too and were exceedingly embarrassed. I took my hat and sword and said: "I shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow". "Oh, I shall not be here to-morrow." "Well, then, the day after, if I am here myself." "Why, you surely do not mean to—" "I mean nothing. You are a lot of mean pigs. Good-bye for the present." And off I went. The next day, the 15th, I told the whole story to Herr von Stein, Herr Geniaux¹ and Director Graf—not about the cross, but how utterly disgusted I was that such fine promises had been made to me about a concert and that nothing had come of them. "That is what is called playing the fool with people and letting them down", I said. "I am heartily sorry that I ever came here. I should never in my life have believed that in Augsburg, my father's native town, his son would have been so insulted." You cannot imagine, dear Papa, how sorry and angry the three of them were. "Oh," they said, "you really must give a concert here. We can do without the patricians." But I stuck to my decision, and said: "Well, I shall give a small farewell

¹ Christof Gignoux, an Augsburg organ-builder. He appears in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 22, after Stein as Gingeoux. So the Mozarts met him in 1763. See *ZMW*, Jan. 1934, p. 43.

concert at Herr von Stein's for my few good friends here, who are connoisseurs". The Director was quite distressed. "It is abominable," he cried, "it is a scandal. Who would have thought it of Langenmantel? Pardieu, if he had really wanted it, it would have gone off well". We parted. The Director in his dressing-gown accompanied me downstairs to the front door. Herr Stein and Herr Geniaux, who sends greetings to Papa, walked home with me. They urged us to decide to stay here for a while, but we were adamant. Now Papa must know that yesterday young Herr von Langenmantel, after coolly stammering out his nice bit of news about my concert, told me that the patricians had invited me to their concert on the following Thursday. "I shall come and listen", I replied. "Oh, but you will give us the pleasure of hearing you play?" "*Well, who knows? Why not?*" But after being so grossly insulted on the following evening, I resolved never to go to him again but to let the whole company of patricians lick my arse and to leave the place. On Thursday, the 16th, I was called out from table and found one of Langenmantel's servants, who had brought a message asking whether I was going along with him to the concert, and, if so, would I please go to him immediately after lunch. I sent him my humble regards, but said that I was not going to the concert and that I could not go to him, as I was already engaged, *which was in fact the case*,—but that I would call on the morrow to take my leave of him, as I would be leaving Augsburg on Saturday at the latest. Meanwhile Herr von Stein had rushed off to the other patricians of the Evangelical persuasion and had given them such a fearful talking-to that these gentlemen were quite uneasy. "What," they said, "are we going to let a man who does us so much honour go away without even hearing him? Herr von Langenmantel thinks no doubt that because he

has heard him, that is enough." Enfin, they became so excited about it that our good young Herr von Kurzenmantel himself had to look up Herr von Stein and entreat him on behalf of all the patricians to do his utmost to persuade me to attend the concert, but to add that I was not to expect anything first-rate and so forth. So after much hesitation I went along with him. The leading nobles were very polite to me, especially a certain Baron Relling, an officer, who is also a Director or some such animal. He himself unpacked my music. I had brought a symphony too, which was performed and in which I played the fiddle. But the Augsburg orchestra is enough to give one a fit. That young puppy von Langenmantel was quite polite, though he still had a sneer on his face. "I really thought you would slip away from us", he said; "I even thought that perhaps you might have taken offence at our joke the other day." "Not at all", I said, "you are still very young. But I advise you to be more careful in future. I am not used to such jokes. And the subject you were joking about does you no honour at all, and has served no purpose, for I still wear my cross. It would have been better to have tried some other joke." "I assure you", he said, "it was only my brother-in-law who—" "Well, let us say no more about it", I said. "We were nearly deprived of the pleasure of seeing you", he added. "Yes", I said, "if it had not been for Herr von Stein, I should certainly not have come. And, to tell you the truth, I have only come so that you, gentlemen of Augsburg, may not be laughed at in other countries, when I tell people that I spent a week in the town where my father was born without anyone taking the trouble to hear me." I played a concerto which, save for the accompaniment, went very well. Finally I played another sonata.¹ Baron Relling, on behalf of the whole company, thanked me most

¹ K. 283. See p. 480, n. 3.

politely, asked me to take the will for the deed and gave me two ducats. They have not yet left me in peace, for they want me to give a public concert before next Sunday. Perhaps I will. But I have already had such a sickener of it that I can hardly express what I feel. I shall be honestly glad to go off again to a place where there is a court. I may say that if it were not for my good uncle and aunt and my really charming cousin, I should have as many regrets at having come to Augsburg as I have hairs on my head. I must now say a few words about my dear little cousin. But I shall save that up until to-morrow, for one must be in very good spirits if one wants to praise her as she deserves.

On the morning of this day, the 17th, I write and declare that our little cousin is beautiful, intelligent, charming, clever and gay; and that is because she has mixed with people a great deal, and has also spent some time in Munich. Indeed we two get on extremely well, for, like myself, she is a bit of a scamp. We both laugh at everyone and have great fun. I beg you not to forget the address of the Bishop of Chiemsee. I shall probably send off to Mysliwecek to-day the letter for Gaetano Santoro, as we arranged. He has already given me his address. I beg you to write soon to poor Mysliwecek, because I know that your letter will give him great pleasure. Next time I shall give you an account of Stein's pianofortes and organs and tell you about the concert in the Stube. A great crowd of the nobility were there: the Duchess Smackbottom, the Countess Makewater, to say nothing of the Princess Dunghill with her two daughters, who, however, are already married to the two Princes Potbelly von Pigtail. Farewell to all. I kiss Papa's hands 100000 times and I embrace my brute of a sister with a bearish tenderness and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Augsburg, October 17th, 1777.

(224a) *Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the "Bäse",
to her Uncle*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

AUGSBURG, October 17th, 1777¹

MY PARTICULARLY LOVABLE UNCLE,

It is impossible for me to express the great pleasure which we have felt at the safe arrival of my aunt and of such a dear cousin and indeed we regret that we are losing so soon such excellent friends, who show us so much kindness. We are only sorry that we have not had the good fortune to see you here with my aunt. My parents send their humble greetings to you both, my uncle and my cousin Nannerl, and they hope that you are well. Please give my greetings to my cousin Nannerl and ask her to keep me in her friendship, since I flatter myself that I shall one day win her affection. I have the honour to send you my greetings and I remain with much respect

your devoted servant and niece

MARIA ANNA MOZART

My father cannot remember whether he informed you that on May 31st, 1777, he gave Herr Lotter four copies of your "Violinschule", and two more on August 13th, 1777.

(225) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

AUGSBURG, October 17-18th, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

This time I shall begin at once with Stein's pianofortes. Before I had seen any of his make,

¹ A separate letter sent in the same cover as Mozart's.

Späth's¹ claviers had always been my favourites. But now I much prefer Stein's, for they damp ever so much better than the Regensburg instruments. When I strike hard, I can keep my finger on the note or raise it, but the sound ceases the moment I have produced it. In whatever way I touch the keys, the tone is always even. It never jars, it is never stronger or weaker or entirely absent; in a word, it is always even. It is true that he does not sell a pianoforte of this kind for less than three hundred gulden, but the trouble and the labour which Stein puts into the making of it cannot be paid for. His instruments have this special advantage over others that they are made with escape action. Only one maker in a hundred bothers about this. But without an escapement it is impossible to avoid jangling and vibration after the note is struck. When you touch the keys, the hammers fall back again the moment after they have struck the strings, whether you hold down the keys or release them. He himself told me that when he has finished making one of these claviers, he sits down to it and tries all kinds of passages, runs and jumps, and he polishes and works away at it until it can do anything. For he labours solely in the interest of music and not for his own profit; otherwise he would soon finish his work. He often says: "If I were not myself such a passionate lover of music and had not myself some slight skill on the clavier, I should certainly long ago have lost patience with my work. But I do like an instrument which never lets the player down and which is durable." And his claviers certainly do last. He guarantees that the sounding-board will neither break nor split. When he has finished making one for a clavier, he places it in the open air, exposing it to rain, snow, the heat of the sun and all the devils in order

¹ Franz Jakob Späth (1714-1798), a famous manufacturer of organs and claviers at Regensburg. Like Stein he also built pianofortes, and Mozart evidently possessed one of these.

that it may crack. Then he inserts wedges and glues them in to make the instrument very strong and firm. He is delighted when it cracks, for he can then be sure that nothing more can happen to it. Indeed he often cuts into it himself and then glues it together again and strengthens it in this way. He has finished making three pianofortes of this kind. To-day I played on one again.

We lunched to-day, the 17th, with young Herr Gassner, a handsome young widower, who has lost a pretty young wife. They had only been married two years. He is a very fine, polite young fellow. We were most royally entertained. At lunch there was also a colleague of Abbé Henri, Bullinger, and Wishofer, an ex-Jesuit, who is now Kapellmeister in the Augsburg Cathedral. He knows Herr Schachtner very well, for he was his choirmaster at Ingolstadt. His name is Pater Gerbl, and he asked me to send his greetings to Herr Schachtner. After lunch Herr Gassner, one of his sisters-in-law, Mamma, our little cousin and I went to see Herr Stein. At four o'clock the Kapellmeister turned up and so later on did Herr Schmittbauer, organist at St. Ulrich, a nice, oily, old gentleman. There I just played at sight a sonata by Beecke, which was rather hard and *miserabile al solito*.¹ Really I cannot describe the amazement of the Kapellmeister and the organist, who kept crossing themselves. Here and at Munich I have played all my six sonatas by heart several times.² I played the fifth, in G,³ at that grand concert in the Stube. The last one, in D,⁴ sounds exquisite on Stein's pianoforte. The device too which you work with your knee is better on his than on other instruments. I have only to touch it and it works; and when you

¹ Wretched as usual.

² K. 279-284, of which the last one was written for Baron von Dürnitz. Cp. p. 418, n. 4.

³ K. 283, composed in 1774.

⁴ K. 284, the so-called "Dürnitz-sonata", composed in 1775.

shift your knee the slightest bit, you do not hear the least reverberation. Well, to-morrow perhaps I shall come to his organs—I mean, I shall come *to write about them*; and I am saving up his little daughter for the very last. When I told Herr Stein that I should very much like to play on his organ, as that instrument was my passion, he was greatly surprised and said: “What? A man like you, so fine a clavier-player, wants to play on an instrument which has no *douceur*, no expression, no piano, no forte, but is always the same?” “That does not matter”, I replied. “In my eyes and ears the organ is the king of instruments.”

“Well,” he said, “as you like.” So off we went together. I noticed at once from what he said that he thought that I would not do much on his organ; that I would play, for instance, in a thoroughly pianistic style. He told me that he had taken Schubart¹ at his own request to this same organ. “I was rather nervous,” he said, “for Schubart had told everyone and the church was pretty full. For I thought of course that this fellow would be all spirit, fire and rapid execution, qualities which are not at all suited to the organ. But as soon as he began I changed my opinion.” All I said to Stein was: “Well, Herr Stein, do you think that I am going to canter about on your organ?” “Ah, you,” he replied, “that is quite another matter.” We reached the choir and I began to improvise, when he started to laugh; then I played a fugue. “I can well believe”, he said, “that you like to play the organ, when you play so well.” At first the pedal seemed a bit strange to me, as it was not divided. It started with C, and then D and E followed in the same row. But with us D and E are

¹ Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739–1791), a Swabian by birth. In 1768 he became organist at Ulm, but moved about from Mannheim to Munich and Augsburg. He founded in 1774 the *Deutsche Chronik*, and for his revolutionary opinions was imprisoned for ten years, 1777–1787, at Hohenasperg. See *ZMW*, Jan. 1934, p. 43.

above, as E \flat and F \sharp are here. But I soon got the hang of it. I have also been to St. Ulrich to play on the old organ there. The staircase there is perfectly dreadful. I begged them to get someone to play on the organ, saying that I should like to go down and listen, for up above it produces no effect whatever. But I could form no opinion, for the young choirmaster, a priest, rushed up and down the keyboard in such a fashion that one could not get the least idea of anything. And when he wanted to play a few chords, the result was simply discords, for the notes did not harmonise. Afterwards we had to go off to a wine-shop, as my Mamma, my little cousin and Herr Stein were with us. A certain Father Emilian, a conceited ass and a sorry wit of his profession, was very sweet on my little cousin and wanted to jest with her, but she made fun of him—finally when he was a bit tipsy, which soon happened, he began to talk about music and sang a canon, saying: "In my life I have never heard anything more beautiful". I said: "I am sorry that I cannot join in, but nature has not bestowed on me the gift of intoning". "That does not matter", he said. He began. I took the third voice, but I invented quite a different text, i.e., "Pater Emilian, oh, you idiot, you, lick my arse, I beg you". All this, *sotto voce*, to my cousin. Then we laughed together for another half-hour. He said to me: "If only we could be together longer, I should like to discuss composition with you". "Then", I replied, "we should soon have dried up." *On the scent, Towser.* To be continued in my next.

W. A. MOZART

(226) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, October 18–20th, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

I received yesterday your letter from Augsburg, dated October 14th, which must have been sent off on the 15th. First of all, *with regard to October 11th, I must finish my case for the prosecution.* I know that I am right and that you made a mistake, for the letter was signed by my dear spouse with these unmistakeable words—“*Munich, October 11th, at eight o'clock in the evening*”. Then my son and heir steps in and writes the following words: “*Munich, October 11th. I am writing this at a quarter to twelve at night, and so on*”.¹ So you were then already in Augsburg? Who is right now? I guessed, of course, that the letter did not leave Munich until mid-day on Saturday, at the same time that you did. *Toot, toot!* We did not receive the Schuster duets until yesterday evening, for Herr von Kleinmayr's luggage only came by the last mail coach. We lit our candles at once and to my delight Nannerl played them off, yes, to my great astonishment, without the slightest hesitation and on the whole performed her part in the Adagio with taste and expression. Herr Bullinger, who was with Abbé Henri, came in just as we were unpacking them and we were glad that you mentioned in the letter you enclosed that Herr von Kleinmayr was bringing them, or we should never have believed the servant who delivered them. Oh, how Herr Bullinger laughed! I am glad that you danced at the *altum tempus ecclesiasticum* and I am only sorry that owing to the lack of good partners you had such a poor time. It is quite possible that the Bishop of Chiemsee

¹ See p. 450.

has spoken to Counts Sensheim and Bergheim and, if so, no harm has been done. *Non si deve lasciare strada intentata*,¹ and so on. The Bishop went off at once to a confirmation in Werfen; he is then going to his bishopric for a visitation and later on to Bischofshofen to see the new building. As soon as he returns I shall pay my respects to him. The concert on Albert's name-day must have sounded very strange with a violinist like Dupreille, who is so sure of his time! Count Seeau probably knows all about him, which explains why he asked Johannes Cröner² to lead the orchestra for your opera buffa.³ I am not surprised that when you played your last Cassation they all opened their eyes. You yourself do not know how well you play the violin, if you will only *do yourself credit and play with energy, with your whole heart and mind, yes, just as if you were the first violinist in Europe*. You must not play carelessly, or people will think that from some foolish conceit you consider yourself to be a great player, seeing that many people do not even know that you play the violin, since you have been known from childhood as a clavier-player. So whence could you draw the grounds for such conceit and presumption?—Say these words first: "*I really must apologise, but I am no violinist*". Then play with your whole mind and you will overcome all difficulties. Oh, how often you will hear a violinist play, who has a great reputation, and feel very sorry for him! What you tell me about Augsburg and your visit to the Magistrate Longotabarro is precisely what I expected. That letter of yours made me and all of us laugh very heartily, and not least Herr Bullinger. Whenever I thought of your journey to Augsburg, Wieland's

¹ We must leave no avenue unexplored.

² See p. 402, n. 2.

³ "La finta giardiniera", which Mozart composed for the Munich carnival season, 1775.

Abderiten¹ occurred to me. How often does one not experience in real life some circumstance of which one has read and which at the time seemed utterly impossible! Herr Longotabarro was extraordinarily clever at his studies, but he never got beyond Salzburg and Innsbruck, where he was obliged to continue them and where he became Juris Utriusque Doctor. He was then immediately appointed to the lowest post in the magistracy, served through all the grades in the Augsburg municipality, and finally became Magistrate, which is the highest rung in the ladder. He has therefore seen nothing of the world. You may have thought it strange that my brother had to wait in the lobby, but he will not have thought so. All the citizens of Salzburg, even the leading merchants, must appear in their cloaks at the Town Syndicate, and the Syndic makes them, and particularly the ordinary citizens, wait for hours in the lobby; yet, after all, the Syndic is only a syndic and not the reigning prince. On the other hand the Magistrate of Augsburg is their little king. Moreover the natives are accustomed to treatment of this kind, for they have the most extraordinary respect for their Syndic, because they have no greater lord.

Monday, October 20th

I have just received your letter of the 17th and I am very curious to read the continuation of the Augsburg story. Everyone knows about the beggarliness of the patricians and every honest man there laughs about it. That is why they are *in the pay of the rich merchants*, who can get anything for money from their hungry

¹ Christoph Martin Wieland (1733–1813), a native of Wurtemberg, enjoyed a great reputation in his day as a poet and man of letters. He published in 1774 *Die Abderiten, eine sehr wahrscheinliche Geschichte*, an admirable satire on German provincialism and one of his most attractive prose writings.

superiors. As for young Herr von Longotabarro, he has not had to go in search of his love of quizzing and jeering, for his cher père was also given to it. It is thus due to his upbringing; and indeed this is the sole privilege which the young patricians have ever claimed and still do claim—to jeer at others, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Therein consists their great nobility. But the effect of anyone lowering himself to their vulgar level is at once to make them drop into their jeering habits, which they usually adopt only towards people of their own class. You made yourself too cheap with that fellow. You went to the theatre together! You were merry! You were not sufficiently reserved, you were far too familiar! In short, you were far too free and easy with such a *puppy*, and he thought, of course, that he could make fun of you. Let that serve as a lesson to you *to associate freely and naturally with grown-up people* rather than with such ill-bred, unfledged boys whose only boast is that their father is the magistrate of the town. *Such fellows should always be kept at arm's length; their society should be avoided and, still more so, their intimate companionship.* One thing is quite certain—they would have had great difficulty in *dragging me to their beggarly concert.* Basta! You did it to please Herr Stein and I take it that by now you will have given a public concert and have left Augsburg or at least be about to leave it. I sent off to you by the last post a very big letter franco, in which there is a collection of good scores, and which by this time you will have received.

I have told you that I wrote to Mysliwecek. When you reach Mannheim, the principal person, and one whom you can trust absolutely, is *Signor Raaff*,¹ an

¹ Anton Raaff (1714–1797), one of the most famous tenors of the eighteenth century. He was born at Gelsdorf, near Bonn, where the Elector Clemens August had him trained as a singer. Raaff studied at Bologna under Ber-

honest *God-fearing* man, who loves German musicians and can give you very valuable help and counsel. Would that he could arrange for the Elector¹ to retain you for the winter in order to find out what you know and to give you an opportunity of displaying your powers! Anyhow, Signor Raaff can give you the best advice and you should ask for a special interview with him. Herr Danner,² the violinist, who is an old friend and acquaintance of ours, will introduce you to him. But you must say no word of your intentions to anyone but Signor Raaff, who will tell you whether you should have an audience with the Elector, and who can perhaps arrange one for you himself. *At first you should only endeavour to get a hearing. Afterwards you should have an audience and set things going.* Even if nothing more can be done, you will still get some fine present. *When you have given your performance, you should present one of your compositions to the Elector, and finally you yourself should ask him to test you more thoroughly and give you an opportunity of showing your ability in all kinds of composition, especially in church music.* You must make a point of going to the chapel and observing the style employed there—length, shortness and so forth. For these lords always consider the one style to which they are accustomed to be the best. *Consuetudo est altera natura!* I believe that there is in Mannheim a better com-

nacchi, and returned to Germany in 1742. He then had long residences abroad, 1752–1755 in Lisbon, 1755–1759 in Madrid under Farinelli and 1759–1769 in Naples. He again returned to Germany in 1770 and took an appointment at Mannheim under the Elector Karl Theodor. His last public performance was in 1781 in Mozart's "Idomeneo". The remaining years of his life were spent in retirement in Munich. For a full account of his career see Dr. Heinz Freiburger, *Anton Raaff*, Bonn, 1929.

¹ Karl Theodor, Elector of the Palatinate.

² Christian Danner (1745–c. 1807). According to Leopold Mozart's *Raiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 22, the Mozarts met the Danner family at Schwetzingen in 1763.

poser of church music than in Munich, probably some good old fellow. In Mannheim, too, there is an opportunity of writing for the German stage. But see to it that you do not confide in anybody. For many a one says: "*I should like you to remain here*", in order to worm your intention out of you and then work against you. Basta! Common sense! And reserve! May God give you good health. I, thank God, am a hundred per cent. better; my cough has gone and with God's help I hope to come in for what will be better times for poor fools like ourselves. Hold fast to God, I beg you, Who will see to everything. For all men are villains! The older you become and the more you associate with people, the more you will realise this sad truth. Just think of all the promises, flatteries and the hundred circumstances we have already experienced, and draw for yourself the conclusion as to how much one can build on human aid, seeing that in the end everyone always finds, or invents some plausible excuse for throwing the failure of his good intentions on the shoulders of a third person. I kiss Mamma, wish her patience and urge her to protect herself well against the cold. I kiss you and beg you to think over courageously everything you are about to do and not to give your friendship and your full confidence to every flatterer so readily. God bless you on your journey, and, while I kiss you both a million times, I am your old

MOZART

(226a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Brother*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

DEAREST BROTHER!

SALZBURG, *October 20th, 1777*¹

I am glad that, praise and thanks be to God, you and Mamma are well. I am sorry that I cannot write more

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

often; but, firstly, I have no time and, secondly, when I have leisure to do so, Papa always happens to be writing. I thank you for the Schuster duets, which are very pretty and attractive. Who gave them to you? Must we copy them and return them to you? We had some shooting yesterday at home. Next Sunday Mamma is to provide the target and, as you told me to let you know when your turn would come, I should like you to write at once and give me your idea for a target. Then I could let the others know immediately and it could be got ready in a fortnight. I kiss Mamma's hands and I embrace you.

(226b) *Leopold Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

Greetings from us both to my dear brother, to my sister-in-law and to your little cousin. I am altogether delighted to hear that my niece is beautiful, sensible, charming, clever and gay, and so far from having any objection to make, I should like to have the honour of meeting her. Only it seems to me that she has too many friends among the priests. If I am mistaken, I shall be charmed to beg her pardon on bended knee. But I only say: *it seems to me*. For appearances are deceptive, particularly at such a distance as Augsburg is from Salzburg, and particularly at this season when mists are falling so thickly that it is impossible to see further than thirty feet. Now you can laugh as much as you like! I am quite pleased to hear that she is a bit of a scamp, but these ecclesiastical gentlemen are often far worse. I am waiting for the continuation of your story about Stein's instruments and the Duchess Smackbottom and the rest.

(227) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR WIFE!

SALZBURG, October 23rd, 1777

Tell Wolfgang that the Court Baker's saucer-eyed daughter who danced with him at the Stern, who often paid him friendly compliments and who ended by entering the convent at Loreto, has returned to her father's house. She heard that Wolfgang was going to leave Salzburg and probably hoped to see him again and to prevent him from doing so. Will Wolfgang be so kind as to refund to her father the money which the pomp and all the fine preparation for entering her convent cost him! You are still in Augsburg? Bravissimo! My last letter to you was enclosed in one to my brother, as I thought that you might by now have cleared out over hedges and ditches. I see however that you will not get away before the 24th or 25th, and that you are therefore staying for a fortnight. Of course, if you want to give a concert, you must make it known several days in advance. I only hope that it may be profitable! Though I doubt whether it will bring in much. Everyone who comes will probably pay one gulden, twelve kreutzer; but will a great many turn up? *I am very curious to hear all about it.* I knew already that the orchestra was very poor; it is indeed disappointing. *Herr Hagenauer has just sent me the news sheet and Frau von Gerlichs has this moment brought the paper; both contain an announcement of your concert.* It is all to the good that you have left two items free.¹ The concert is very well announced. So you are going to play the clavier concerto for three harpsichords?² Perhaps Herr

¹ Leopold Mozart means that no works are mentioned. Probably Mozart intended to improvise.

² K. 242, composed in 1776 for the Countess Antonia Lodron and her two daughters, Aloisia and Josepha.

Stein's little daughter is going to play? Perhaps she will play on the first harpsichord, you on the second and Father Stein on the third? This is only guess-work on my part! By the time you read this letter the concert will be over *and I hope to have a few words of news as to how it went off.* I am glad that Herr Stein's pianofortes are so good, but indeed they are expensive. Herr Gasser (not Gassner) has only just lost his pretty young wife, as I read in a letter which he sent a short time ago to Herr Hagenauer. So he entertained you in princely fashion? He is indeed an uncommonly helpful and pleasant man. You have also called on Herr von Zabuesnig, for he mentioned it in a letter to Johannes Hagenauer, adding that he would gladly have invited you to his home, had not his wife been approaching her confinement, but that he would be delighted to go to your concert. Now do not forget to make careful preparations for your departure, as the cold is becoming more and more bitter. Thank God I am well, I have neither a pain in my chest nor a cough and I have made a complete recovery. By this time you will probably have become more accustomed to walking than you were in Salzburg, as you have now to walk for a quarter, or as much as half an hour when you go to St. Ulrich or when you visit Herr Stein, that is, if he still lives on the Lech, outside the town. With all this exercise I trust that you are well. God keep you both. I am your old

MOZART

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

I am to wish you happiness on your name-day! But what can I now wish you that I do not always wish you? And that is, the grace of God, that it may follow you everywhere, that it may never leave you. And this it will never do, if you are diligent in fulfilling the duties of a true Catholic Christian. You know me. I am no pedant and no praying Peter and still less am I a hypocrite. But

surely you will not refuse the request of a father, that you should take thought for your soul's welfare so that in the hour of his death you may cause him no anxiety, and that in that dread moment he may have no reason to reproach himself for not having watched over your soul's salvation. Farewell! Be happy! Be sensible! Honour and care for your mother, who in her old age is having much anxiety. Love me as I love you. Your truly affectionate father

LEOPOLD MOZART

(227a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST BROTHER!

SALZBURG, October 23rd, 1777¹

I wish you all happiness and blessings and that God may ever keep you in good health. When things fare well or badly with you, think of us, who are obliged to live sadly here, separated from you both. I only wish that what Herr Cassel² came to congratulate us about were true, that is, that you and Papa were appointed to Munich and were to draw 1600 gulden. I am sure that it is Haydn's wife³ and her vulgar set who concoct these lies. For they would like to see Papa leave Salzburg, so that her husband might be certain of the post of Kapellmeister.

Katherl Gilowsky sends her greetings to Mamma and congratulations to you on your name-day. As the Chamberlain is back again, she never has time to visit us except on Sundays. Tresel and Bimperl also send you their congratulations. Farewell and keep in good health. I kiss Mamma's hands and I kiss you with a real dog's smack.

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

² Josef Thomas Cassel played the violin (and occasionally the double bass) in the Salzburg court orchestra.

³ Maria Magdalena, wife of Michael Haydn. She was the daughter of Franz Ignaz Lipp, organist in the Salzburg Cathedral, and was a singer.

(228) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*AUGSBURG, *October 23rd–24th, 1777*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

My concert duly took place yesterday, Wednesday, the 22nd. Count Wolfegg¹ was very active in connection with it and brought several highborn elderly ladies with him. During the first days of our stay I called at his lodgings to pay my respects to him, but he was away. He returned a few days ago and when he heard that I was here, he did not wait for me to call on him, but came in at my door just as I was taking my hat and sword to visit him. But before I come to the concert, I must give you some account of our first few days. As I have already written, I went last Saturday to St. Ulrich. A few days before, my uncle had taken me to see the Abbot² of the Heiligkreuz Monastery, an excellent, honest old man, and on the Saturday before my visit to St. Ulrich I again went to the Heiligkreuz Monastery with my cousin, as the Dean and the Procurator were not there on the former occasion and my cousin said that the latter was such a jolly fellow.

(228a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*AUGSBURG, *October 23rd, 1777*

To-day, the 23rd, Wolfgang is lunching again at the Heiligkreuz Monastery and I too was invited, but, as the

¹ Count Anton Willibald Wolfegg, canon of the Salzburg Cathedral.

² Bartholomäus Christa was Abbot of the Heiligkreuz Monastery from 1760 to 1780. Mozart gave him copies of his masses, K. 192 and K. 220.

cold has given me pains in my belly, I have stayed at home. Is it as cold at Salzburg as it is here, where everything is frozen hard just as if it were midwinter? If nothing prevents us, we intend to leave for Wallerstein¹ on the day after to-morrow, Saturday. The concert here was an amazing success. The papers will tell you more. Herr Stein took infinite trouble and rendered us many kindnesses. You must write him a letter and thank him. I hope that you and Nannerl are in good health, but somehow I am dreadfully anxious lest you should be unwell, as we have not had a line from you this week. Do write to me soon and relieve me of my anxiety. I am very much surprised that you have not received the Schuster duets—

(228b) *Mozart resumes writing*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

Why, of course he has received them.

Mamma. Not at all, he has kept on writing that he has not yet received them.

Wolfgang. I detest arguing. He has certainly got them and that's an end of it.

Mamma. You are wrong, Wolfgang.

Wolfgang. No, I am right. I will show it to Mamma in black and white.

Mamma. Where then?

Wolfgang. There, read that.

Mamma is reading your letter now. Last Sunday I attended mass in the Heiligkreuzkirche and at ten o'clock I went to Herr Stein. That was on the 19th. We rehearsed a few symphonies for the concert. Afterwards I lunched with my uncle at the Heiligkreuz Monastery. During the

¹ A small suburb of Nördlingen, and the residence of Prince Kraft Ernst of Öttingen-Wallerstein, an enthusiastic patron of music.

meal we had some music. In spite of their poor fiddling I prefer the monastery players to the Augsburg orchestra. I performed a symphony and played Vanhall's violin concerto in B \flat ,¹ which was unanimously applauded. The Dean, who is a cousin of Eberlin,² by name Zeschinger, is a fine, jolly fellow and knows Papa quite well. In the evening at supper I played my Strassburg concerto,³ which went like oil. Everyone praised my beautiful, pure tone. Afterwards they brought in a small clavichord and I improvised and then played a sonata⁴ and the Fischer variations.⁵ Then the others whispered to the Dean that he should just hear me play something in the organ style. I asked him to give me a theme. He declined, but one of the monks gave me one. I put it through its paces and in the middle (the fugue was in G minor) I started off in the major key and played something quite lively, though in the same tempo; and after that the theme over again, but this time arseways. Finally it occurred to me, could I not use my lively tune as the theme for a fugue? I did not waste much time in asking, but did so at once, and it went as neatly as if Daser⁶ had fitted it. The Dean was absolutely staggered. "Why, it's simply phenomenal, that's all I can say," he said. "I should never have believed what I have heard. You are a first-rate fellow. My Abbot told me, it is true, that he had never in his life heard anyone play the organ so smoothly and so soundly." (For he had heard me a few days before, when the Dean was

¹ Johann Baptist Vanhall or Wanhal (1739-1813) was born in Czechoslovakia of Dutch extraction. In 1760 he was taken to Vienna where he was trained as a violinist by Dittersdorf. After a prolonged stay in Italy he settled in Vienna. He was a most prolific and popular composer of symphonies, string quartets and all kinds of church music.

² Johann Ernst Eberlin (1702-1762), a former court organist and Kapellmeister in Salzburg and an eminent composer of sacred music.

³ K. 218. See p. 433, n. 1.

⁴ Probably one of his clavier sonatas, K. 279-284.

⁵ K. 179. See p. 372, n. 5.

⁶ A Salzburg tailor.

away.) At last someone produced a sonata in fugal style and wanted me to play it. But I said: "Gentlemen, this is too much. Let me tell you, I shall certainly not be able to play that sonata at sight." "Yes, that I can well believe", said the Dean very pressingly, for he was my strong supporter. "It is too much to expect. No one could tackle that." "However," I said, "I should like to try it." I heard the Dean muttering behind me all the time: "Oh, you little villain, oh, you rascal, oh, you——!" I played until eleven o'clock, for I was bombarded and besieged with themes for fugues. When I was at Stein's house the other day he put before me a sonata by Beecke—I think that I have told you that already. That reminds me, now for his little daughter.¹ Anyone who sees and hears her play and can keep from laughing, must, like her father, be made of stone.² For instead of sitting in the middle of the clavier, she sits right up opposite the treble, as it gives her more chance of flopping about and making grimaces. She rolls her eyes and smirks. When a passage is repeated, she plays it more slowly the second time. If it has to be played a third time, then she plays it even more slowly. When a passage is being played, the arm must be raised as high as possible, and according as the notes in the passage are stressed, the arm, not the fingers, must do this, and that too with great emphasis in a heavy and clumsy manner. But the best joke of all is that when she comes to a passage which ought to flow like oil and which necessitates a change of finger, she does not bother her head about it, but when the

¹ Maria Anna (Nannette) Stein (1769–1838) was the infant prodigy of Augsburg, where she had given her first recital in 1776, at the age of seven. After her father's death in 1792 she managed his business. In 1793 she married Johann Andreas Streicher, a piano-maker from Stuttgart, famous for his friendship with Schiller. The Streichers moved to Vienna, where they established a piano factory and where in later years Nannette proved a staunch friend to Beethoven.

² Mozart puns on the word "Stein", which means "stone".

moment arrives, she just leaves out the notes, raises her hand and starts off again quite comfortably—a method by which she is much more likely to strike a wrong note, which often produces a curious effect. I am simply writing this in order to give Papa some idea of clavier-playing and clavier-teaching, so that he may derive some profit from it later on. Herr Stein is quite crazy about his daughter, who is eight and a half and who now learns everything by heart. She may succeed, for she has great talent for music. But she will not make progress by this method—for she will never acquire great rapidity, since she definitely does all she can to make her hands heavy. Further, she will never acquire the most essential, the most difficult and the chief requisite in music, which is, time, because from her earliest years she has done her utmost not to play in time. Herr Stein and I discussed this point for two hours at least and I have almost converted him, for he now asks my advice on everything. He used to be quite crazy about Beecke; but now he sees and hears that I am the better player, that I do not make grimaces, and yet play with such expression that, as he himself confesses, no one up to the present has been able to get such good results out of his pianofortes. Everyone is amazed that I can always keep strict time. What these people cannot grasp is that in tempo rubato in an Adagio, the left hand should go on playing in strict time. With them the left hand always follows suit. Count Wolfegg and several other passionate admirers of Beecke, publicly admitted at a concert the other day that I had wiped the floor with him. The Count kept running about in the hall, exclaiming: "I have never heard anything like this in my life". And he said to me: "I really must tell you, I have never heard you play as you played to-day. I shall tell your father so too as soon as I return to Salzburg." Now what does Papa think that we played immediately after the symphony? Why, the

concerto for three claviers.¹ Herr Demmler² played the first, I the second and Herr Stein the third. Then I gave a solo, my last sonata in D, written for Baron Dürnitz,³ and after that my concerto in Bb.⁴ I then played another solo, quite in the style of the organ, a fugue in C minor and then all of a sudden a magnificent sonata in C major, out of my head, and a Rondo to finish up with. There was a regular din of applause. Herr Stein was so amazed that he could only make faces and grimaces. As for Herr Demmler, he couldn't stop laughing. He is a quaint fellow, for when he likes anything very much, all he does is to burst into fits of laughter. In my case he even started to curse. Addio. I kiss Papa's hands and embrace my sister with my whole heart. I am your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

October 24th, 1777. Augusta Vindelicorum.

(229) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

AUGSBURG, October 25th, 1777

The concert, before expenses were deducted, brought in ninety gulden. So, adding the two ducats I was given in the Stube, we have now taken in one hundred gulden. The expenses of the concert amounted to about sixteen gulden, thirty kreutzer. I had the hall for nothing; and many of the performers, I think, will have given their services *free*. *Altogether* we are now twenty-six or twenty-seven gulden out of pocket; which is not too bad. I am writing this letter on Saturday, the 25th. I received this morning your letter containing the sad news of the death of the wife of the Chief Pur-

¹ K. 242, composed in 1776.

² Johann Michael Demmler (? -1784), organist at Augsburg Cathedral.

³ K. 284. See p. 418, n. 4. ⁴ K. 238, a clavier concerto composed in 1776.

veyor.¹ Fräulein Tonerl can now point her snout—and perhaps she will have to open it very wide—and then close it without having snatched *anything*. As for the Court Baker's daughter, I have no objection whatever to raise. I saw all this coming long ago and that was the reason why I was so reluctant to leave home and why I felt our departure so keenly. But I hope the story is not known all over Salzburg? I implore Papa most earnestly to keep it quiet as long as possible and for Heaven's sake to refund on my behalf the expenses which her father incurred in connection with her magnificent entry into the convent; pending my return to Salzburg when (like Father Gassner in his little monastery) quite naturally and without any sorcery I shall make the poor girl first ill and then well again and restore her to her convent for life. I kiss Papa's hands and thank him most humbly for his congratulations on my name-day. Papa must not worry, for God is ever before my eyes. I realise His omnipotence and I fear His anger; but I also recognise His love, His compassion and His tenderness towards His creatures. He will never forsake His own. If it is according to His will, so let it be according to mine. Thus all will be well and I must needs be happy and contented. I too will certainly endeavour to follow most strictly your counsel and the advice which you have been good enough to give me. I thank Herr Bullinger 1000 times for his congratulations. I shall write to him soon and express my gratitude. Meanwhile I can only assure him that I know of and possess no better, more sincere or faithful friend than he is. To Sallerl, whom I also thank most humbly, I shall enclose in my letter to Herr Bullinger some verses of thanks. I also thank my sister, who, by the way, may keep the Schuster duets and must not worry about any-

¹ Leopold Mozart's letter of October 23rd contains a full account of her fatal illness, which for reasons of space has had to be omitted.

thing in future. I wrote Gassner as the merchant's name and not Gasser on purpose, as everyone here calls him by that name. In his first letter Papa says that I made myself cheap with that young von Langenmantel. Not at all. I was just natural, that was all. I think Papa imagines that he is still a boy. Why, he is twenty-one or twenty-two and a married man. Is it possible to remain a boy when one is married? Since that episode I have not gone near them; but to-day as a parting message I left two cards at the house and apologised for not going up, explaining that I had too many important calls to pay. Now I must close, for Mamma insists *absolument* on our going to table and then packing. To-morrow we shall travel straight to Wallerstein. I think it will be best if Papa continues to address his letters to my uncle, until we have settled down somewhere, but not in prison, of course.¹ My dear little cousin, who sends greetings to you both, is not at all *infatuated with priests*. Yesterday, to please me, she dressed up as a Frenchwoman. When she does so, she is five per cent. prettier. Well, addio. I again kiss Papa's hands and embrace my sister and send greetings to all my good friends; and now off to the closet run I, where perchance shit some muck shall I, and ever the same fool am I.

WOLFGANG and AMADEUS MOZARTY
Augsburg, October 25th, seventeen hundred and seventy seven.

(230) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, October 27th, 1777

MY DEAREST MAMMA AND MY DEAR BROTHER,

Not a single letter! And we were looking forward to hearing how the concert had gone off. We hope that you

¹ Mozart is playing upon the two meanings of the word *sitzen*.

are both in good health. Thank God, we are well.

A castrato,¹ who happened to be passing through, sang yesterday at court. Papa was there and heard him, but he did not like his singing particularly, for he has a rather nasal voice and is a long-legged fellow with a long face and a low forehead. All the same, he sings far better than Madame Duschek. As the Archbishop is of the same opinion, perhaps he will take him into his service, for Signor Caselli,² who was offered 2000 gulden but no leave of absence during the carnival, is not coming. Otherwise I have no news. We hope to hear something from you soon. By the way, do not forget your target. I kiss Mamma's hands and wish you both good health and great success.

I am

your devoted sister

MARIE ANNE MOZART

(230a) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, October 27th, 1777³

It is never more necessary to write than when one is about to leave a place, even if the note consists only of two lines. We had not the slightest doubt that we would have received a letter from you to-day; yet nothing has come. If you have left Augsburg, my brother could or ought to have told us so. You are most fortunate in having very fine weather. To-day, the 27th, it is most

¹ Francesco Ceccarelli. He was appointed soon afterwards to the Archbishop's service for six years at an annual salary of 800 gulden.

² Probably Vincenzo Caselli, a male soprano, whom the Mozarts met at Mantua in 1770. See Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 50.

³ The continuation of Nannerl's letter.

beautifully warm. I do not yet know the name of the castrato,¹ but I gather that Rust wrote to him in confidence that he ought to come for an audition, for he now praises him and shoves him forward on every possible occasion. He sings rather through his nose, and produces some notes in his throat, and his voice is not at all strong; but if he does not cost much, he is quite good enough. The choral singer Egger has died.² Probably Hofstettner will take his place as tenor in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche. You must always leave a note at post offices, so that letters may be forwarded; otherwise they will be lost. This is the third letter which I am addressing to my brother. You will have received, no doubt, the parcel containing the scores of Eberlin's works, which I sent to the landlord of the Lamm. If you are in good health, all is well. God keep you! Lately dear Mamma has added nothing to your letters. I hope that the exercise which this journey involves will be good for her. Did she not buy herself some felt shoes in Augsburg? She has left her knickers behind as well. I, of course, was ill at the time, or I should have attended to a hundred things. You should examine your carriage very carefully and particularly the wheels; and, if there is little rain, you should often have them wetted. You ought to have a *second coachman* at your disposal, for if you lose one on the way, *there you are high and dry!* And this can happen to you any moment, for from now on you will have bad roads. Be sure *not to travel late at night*; it is far better to get up early in the morning, and, if you can avoid doing so, never mention at the inns *whither* and *when* you are travelling; for sometimes some bad fellow overhears these remarks and makes use of the information. Now I must close. I kiss you both a million times and, while I am always wishing to be with

¹ See p. 501, n. 1.

² Joseph Egger, a tenor in the Salzburg court choir.

you, I assure you from the bottom of my heart that I am
until death

your old husband and father

LEOPOLD MOZART

I must tell you that in everything which has to do with the house Nannerl is extraordinarily industrious, hard-working and amazingly attentive; besides which she plays as much as she can and is an excellent accompanist. Every evening we practise for two, or two and a half hours at least. Addio.

(231) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *October 29th, 1777*

Up to the present I have written to you by every post and although I read in Mamma's letter of October 23rd that she was anxious because she had received no letter from me that week, I hope and, judging by what you wrote about that Langenmantel boy, I assume that my letter, which I sent off from Salzburg on October 20th, has by this time reached you. Actually I have already addressed three letters to my brother and this is the fourth. I trust that you will write from every town you stay in and inform me, if possible, when you leave. If it is not possible to do so, then you must leave the name of the place on a card at the Post Office and thus no letter will be lost. The above is an extremely necessary precaution and you should make a point of doing this in person, for we have known of hundreds of instances of hired servants and valets who intercept letters when they arrive and open them in the hope of finding a credit note or draft; and of innumerable letters, which were to have been taken to the post, but were kept back by the servant who pocketed

the six kreutzer which he should have paid for the postage. This last is a very common trick. God be thanked that your concert in Augsburg went off so well. I long from my heart to read an account of it in to-morrow's papers, and I may say that all Salzburg is of the same mind. *You know, of course, why.* The whole town was delighted when they read the notice, which was worded so nicely, and after the concert everyone was anxious to see Thursday's and Friday's papers, which arrived here on Sunday, for they thought that something further would have been published in them, which, of course, was impossible. In Wednesday's paper there was only a notice at the foot of the page to the effect that the concert would begin at six o'clock. I know only too well that the Dean at Heiligkreuz is a gay fellow. He ought to have put before you his little galanterie pieces for the clavier which he had printed by Lotter eighteen or nineteen years ago. Then you would have found out the name of the author, who was such a sly rascal that he published his works under the name of Reschnezgi.¹

As for Herr Stein's little daughter, I am glad that her father is becoming sensible and that all who are in favour of making grimaces are beginning to think better of it. I suggested her for the first clavier, because you had not said very much about her; so I thought that perhaps she played very well. If you have an opportunity, try to find out (who Herr Beecke's father was. He was born in Wallerstein or somewhere in that district and his father was a schoolmaster or an organist.² Tell me also how Beecke behaves to you.)

October 30th. This very moment, at half past eleven in

¹ i.e. Zeschinger. See p. 495.

² Ignaz von Beecke (1733-1803) was born at Wimpfen im Tal on the Neckar. His father was warden of the Military College. See L. Schiedermair, *Die Blütezeit der Öttingen-Wallersteinschen Hofkapelle* in *Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft*, IX. 107 f.

the morning, I have received four letters—one from your little cousin, one from Herr Stein, one from Herr von Hamm and the fourth from Mysliwecek. Your cousin very sad at your departure, for her distress at parting from Mamma will not have been anything out of the ordinary. Moreover she solemnly protests against the accusation of being *too friendly with priests*. Herr Stein's letter is full of your praises and he even maintains that myself never heard you play as you played at that concert. Tell me whether I shall find more about it in the papers and whether you left on Sunday and whether your parting from your cousin was very sad and distressing. Herr von Hamm writes from Munich that he would like to send me his daughter in the spring. Herr Mysliwecek sends me six short clavier pieces for Nannerl and his letter is *in forma ostensiva* a polite and concise reminder about the music which he sent some time ago to the Archbishop. So I shall show this letter to the Countess.¹ *I had advised him to adopt these tactics*. If the Countess refuses to deal with the matter, then I shall take it up with the Chief Steward. I should like Mysliwecek to be paid decently. The letter is drafted quite clearly; he mentions that the copying and binding of both batches of musical scores cost him about ten ducats.

I have just received a paper which contains a splendid article about your concert. I gather from your letter that from Wallerstein you will go straight to Mannheim; and Herr Stein tells me the same. I suppose therefore that Prince Taxis has already gone to Regensburg; and I imagine that you have been given a letter to his Director of Music,² as you have mentioned nothing more about

¹ Countess Lodron, the Archbishop's sister.

² Joseph Riepel (1708–1782), Kapellmeister to Prince Thurn and Taxis at Regensburg. He composed church music, operas, chamber music and wrote works on the theory of music. See Burney, *Present state of music in Germany*, etc., 2nd edition, 1775, vol. ii. p. 320.

Dischingen. Thus owing to your long stay in Munich and Augsburg you have used up over 100 gulden, while, if you had remained for a shorter time in Munich, you would now have a surplus. But we can get over that, as something has been set going there—although really all you got there was *flattery* and expressions of good intentions. To some extent Augsburg has made up for your losses. Now you must be well on your guard, for Mannheim is a dangerous spot as far as money is concerned. Everything is very dear. You will have to move heaven and earth to obtain a hearing, then wait interminably for a present and in the end receive at most ten carolins—or 100 gulden, a sum which by that time you will have probably spent. The court is packed with people who look on strangers with suspicion and who put spokes in the wheels of the very ablest. Economy is most necessary. If Herr Danner or some other friend could take you from your inn to a private lodging, you would save half your money. You must consider carefully whether you ought to offer your services to the Elector, with a view, that is, to obtaining an appointment. For my part, I should say no! as he only offers a miserable remuneration. But if it can be arranged that the Elector shall test your knowledge and if no one in the orchestra thinks that you are looking for an appointment or trying to fly over the heads of others, then something may be arranged; and this you should discuss in confidence with the Elector, telling him frankly *that you are coming straight to him, because you are well aware that through other channels matters are frequently represented to the reigning lord in an unfavourable light and that the talents of the young are almost invariably kept back*. Now I must close. God keep you well. We kiss you both most cordially. Take care of your health. We are well. Do not leave us without letters. If you cannot do so, for you have to run about a great deal, perhaps Mamma

could undertake to write to me when you arrive at some destination. Nannerl and I, alive and dead, are the old, faithful, abandoned orphan and grass widower and everything that is sad.

MOZART

Mozart and his mother spent the next four months at Mannheim, which possessed one of the finest orchestras in Europe and where German opera was being gradually established. Here Mozart formed friendships with Cannabich, the two Wendlings and the Weber family, and met Vogler, Holzbauer, Raaff and Wieland. But all his efforts to interest the Elector in his future met with no response. His position soon became precarious and his prospects of making both ends meet very uncertain. Urged by his exasperated father, who was obliged to run up debts in order to provide money for the travellers and was beginning to doubt his son's capacity to meet life's responsibilities, Mozart reluctantly decided to try his luck in Paris. During his stay at Mannheim Mozart's chief compositions were three flute quartets and a flute concerto, written to order, two clavier sonatas, four violin sonatas and three arias. Letters 232-297.

(232) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAREST HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *October 31st, 1777*

Thank God, we both arrived here safe and sound yesterday, the 30th, at six o'clock in the evening. We left Augsburg last Sunday, the 26th, lunched at Donauwörth and drove in the afternoon to Nördlingen. At seven o'clock we reached Hohenaltheim, where the Prince of Wallerstein is staying and where we lodged in a wretched inn. We would have started off again on the following day, had I not caught a heavy cold which obliged us to spend two nights and one whole day there. Herr Perwein was with us most of the time. The Prince of Wallerstein is greatly to be pitied, for he is in the deepest melancholy and cannot look at anybody without bursting into tears. Wolfgang had a talk with him, but the Prince is so absent-minded that he asked him four or five times about the same thing. He refuses to listen to music and spends all his time with his child. We therefore left for Nördlingen on Tuesday, the 28th, St. Simon and St. Jude's day, at seven in the morning. Captain Beecke had given us our route, a horrible road to Ellwangen, and so through Schwäbisch-Hall and Heilbronn to Heidelberg and Mannheim. But the postmaster in Ellwangen strongly advised us not to go by this route, which, he said, nobody ever took when driving, but only if they were going on horseback. We thereupon drove from Ellwangen, to Aalen, Schwäbisch-Gmünd, Schorndorf, Cannstatt, Enzweihungen, Kündlingen, Bruchsal, Wagheussel, Schwetzingen and thence to Mannheim, this route being longer by only one stage and a half. Wolfgang has gone to see young Herr Danner,

who is already married, although he is a year younger than my son. Old Herr Danner is not here, but will return from his estate in the country on Monday. Meanwhile his son is taking Wolfgang to meet Messieurs Raaff and Cannabich.¹ We were only a few yards from Bruchsal yesterday when Herr von Schmidt, who was coming from Speyer, met us on the road. He recognised us, as Wolfgang did him. He got out of his coach at once and, shouting out "Halt", came up to our carriage and spoke to us. He was uncommonly glad to see us and was sorry not to be in Mannheim. He also advised us to take rooms at the "Pfälzischer Hof", where he always stays. So we are there and not at the "Prinz Friedrich", which is much dearer. If we find that we have to stay on for a good while, we shall go to some private house, for living in inns is far too expensive. I hope that you and Nannerl are well. And what is my Bimperl doing? I have not heard anything of her for a long time. I am sorry from my heart that the Chief Purveyor's wife died so suddenly. Fräulein Tonerl's mouth will probably water. Wolfgang is writing to-day to my brother-in-law in Augsburg to tell him to forward the letters he has received, for we told him to keep them until we should send him our address. So Wolfgang will hardly be able to write to you to-day, for he is at the rehearsal of the oratorio, the post goes at six o'clock and it is already half past four. So you will have to put up with my humble self.

¹ Christian Cannabich (1731-1798), born in Mannheim, was trained as a violinist by Johann Stamitz, a pioneer of the famous Mannheim school. He studied in Italy under Jommelli and in 1759 became leader of the Mannheim orchestra, and in 1775 conductor along with Holzbauer. In 1778 he followed the Elector Karl Theodor to Munich. Cannabich was a composer of note, but his chief merit lies in his work as leader of the Mannheim orchestra, solo violinist and teacher. In his day he trained nearly all the violinists of the Mannheim orchestra. According to Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 47, the Mozart family met Cannabich in Paris during their second visit in May 1766.

(232a) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MANNHEIM, *October 31st, 1777*

And please put up with my very mediocre self. I went with Herr Danner to-day to M. Cannabich, who was exceedingly courteous. I played to him on his pianoforte, which is a very good one, and we went together to the rehearsal. I thought I should not be able to keep myself from laughing when I was introduced to the people there. Some who knew me by repute were very polite and fearfully respectful; others, however, who had never heard of me, stared at me wide-eyed, and certainly in a rather sneering manner. They probably think that because I am little and young, nothing great or mature can come out of me; but they will soon see. Herr Cannabich himself is taking me to-morrow to Count Savioli,¹ the Intendant of the orchestra. It is a good thing that the Elector's name-day falls very soon. The oratorio, which is being rehearsed, is by Handel,² but I did not stay to hear it, for, before it came on, they rehearsed a Psalm—a Magnificat—by Vogler, the Vice-Kapellmeister here,³ and it lasted

¹ Count Louis Aurèle de Savioli.

² Handel's "Messiah", Part I, was performed on November 1st. Vogler conducted it. Berlin and Hamburg had already given performances of this oratorio.

³ Abt Georg Joseph Vogler (1749–1814), born in Würzburg, was the son of a violin-maker. He first studied law in Bamberg, but in 1773 the Elector Karl Theodor provided him with funds to study music under Padre Martini at Bologna. Vogler proceeded instead to Padua and became a pupil of Vallotti. He was ordained a priest in Rome. In 1775 he returned to Mannheim, was made Court Chaplain and became a famous teacher. Owing to his peculiarities he made many enemies as well as devoted friends. In 1780 Vogler followed the Electoral Court to Munich, where he trained the celebrated singer Aloysia Weber-Lange. He soon set out, however, on his many travels abroad, which included a visit to England in 1790. He was a prolific composer and writer of books on musical theory, but his fame rests on his success as a teacher of famous composers, such as Weber and Meyerbeer. See Schafhäütl, *Abt Georg Joseph Vogler*, Augsburg, 1888.

almost an hour. Now I must close, for I have still to write to my little cousin. I kiss Papa's hands and my sisterly beloved I embrace shortly and sweetly, as is proper.

JOHANNES*** CHRYSOSTOMUS SIGISMUNDUS**

WOLFGANG* GOTTLIEB MOZART

*To-day is my name-day! **That is my confirmation name!

***January 27th is my birthday!

Our greetings to all our acquaintances, and particularly to Count Leopold Arco, Herr Bullinger, Mlle Katherl and the whole company of shitters.

À Mademoiselle Rosalie Joli

A thousand thanks, dear Sally, for your wishes.

Now in your honour I shall drink whole dishes

Of coffee, tea, and even lemonade,

Dipping therein a sticklet of pomade,

And also—Oh! It's striking six o'clock!

Whoe'er denies it, well, he's just a—block.

To be continued in my next.

(233) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[Autograph in the possession of Dr. Richard Strauss]

MANNHEIM, October 31st, 1777¹

In continuation of my letter of October 50th, 1777.²

How very odd! I am to write something sensible and not one sensible idea occurs to me. Do not forget to remind the Dean to send me that music soon. Do not forget your promise; I shall certainly not forget mine. How can you doubt me? I shall send you very soon a whole letter

¹ The version of this letter is that given in Nottebohm, *Mozartiana*, p. 71.

² A nonsensical date was one of Mozart's favourite jokes. See p. 379.

in French, which you can then get Herr Forstmeister to translate for you. I hope that by this time you have started to learn French? Well, I have too little space left to jot down any more sensible remarks. Besides, too much sense gives one a headache. In any case my letter is full of sensible and learned stuff, as you must acknowledge if you have read it; and if you have not yet read it, please do so quickly, for you will draw a great deal of profit from it and some lines in it will make you shed bitter tears.

(234) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *November 1st-3rd, 1777*

I have this moment come in from the Cathedral service, during which Haydn's oboe mass¹ was performed, he himself conducting it. He had also composed the offertory and, instead of a sonata, he had set to music the words of the graduale, which the priest has to say. The mass was rehearsed yesterday after vespers. The Prince did not conduct the service, but Count Friedrich Lodron took his place, as the Bishops of Chiemsee, Breuner and Dietrichstein are in Augsburg for the All Saints Peremptorio and were therefore not available. I liked the whole mass very much, as there were six oboists, three double basses, two bassoons and the castrato *who has been taken on for six months at one hundred gulden a month.*² Ferlendis and Sandmayr played the oboe solos. The oboist at Lodron's, a certain student, the chief watchman and Oberkirchner³ were the oboists in the orchestra. Cassel

¹ Michael Haydn's mass which Leopold Mozart praises so highly is his so-called Hieronymus mass in C major, finished on September 14th, 1777.

² Francesco Ceccarelli. See p. 501, n. 1.

³ Johann Michael Oberkirchner, a native of Donauwörth. See Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 35.

and the choirmaster Knozenbry were the double basses, seated near the organ and beside the trombones; Estlinger was there with his bassoon; Hofner and Perwein were seated beside the oboists on the violinists' platform. What I particularly liked was that, since oboes and bassoons resemble very much the human voice, the tutti seemed to be a very strongly supported chorus of voices, as the sopranos and altos, strengthened by the six oboes and the alto trombones, admirably balanced the number of tenor and bass voices; and the *pieno* was so majestic that I could have easily done without the oboe solos. The whole affair lasted an hour and a quarter and I found it far too short, for it is really an excellent composition. It all flows along naturally; the fugues, and particularly the *Et vitam* etc. in the Credo, the *Dona Nobis* and the *Hallelujah* in the offertory are worked out in a masterly fashion, the themes being most natural and without any exaggerated modulations or too sudden transitions. The *graduale*, which was performed instead of the *sonata*, is a piece of pure counterpoint throughout *in pieno*. The voice of the castrato did on the whole good service here. If some time or other I can obtain this mass, I shall certainly send it to you. I should mention that Brunetti stood behind Ferlendis, Wenzl Sadlo¹ behind the bassoon-players and Hafeneder behind the other oboists. They watched Haydn throughout the performance and beat time on their shoulders; otherwise it would have really gone higgledy-piggledy in places and particularly in the fugues and in the running bass-accompaniments. The result may be at last an appointment as Cathedral Kapellmeister or Vice-Kapellmeister, for which Haydn has been working for so many years. But there are great difficulties. For you must know that Rust² is in wretched health; so much so that Dr

¹ Wenzl Sadlo played the horn in the Salzburg court orchestra. See Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 35.

² See p. 399, n. 4.

Barisani has told him that he must leave Salzburg as soon as possible unless he wants to leave his bones here this winter.

Sunday, November 2nd. The graduale was not by Haydn but by an Italian. Haydn had got it from Reutter¹ some time or other. I was with Countess von Lodron today from a quarter to eleven until after noon. She was, of course, very polite and said that she had read in the papers that you were in Augsburg and that she was sure that you would go to Mannheim not only on account of its great opera but because German operas are always performed there and the Elector values people of talent. This, it should be noted, tallies with a remark which she made at lunch yesterday and which Abbé Henri passed on to me: "*Mozart*", she said, "*will go to Mannheim and, whatever happens, I am persuaded that the Elector will retain him.*" She talked a great deal and, upon her asking me about Stein's pianoforte, I told her what you had written to me about it. She said that you were right, judging by the approval of Countess Schönborn,² who had told her that she had travelled through Augsburg on purpose in order to see these instruments and, finding them infinitely better than Späth's, had ordered one for herself at the cost of 700 gulden. I am surprised that Herr Stein said nothing to you of this. When we came to speak about Haydn's mass, I mentioned what I have just told you, and she immediately interrupted me: "*Yes,*" she said, "*that was precisely the Archbishop's opinion. Haydn did not understand him properly. He told me so the first time the Kyrie and Gloria were rehearsed, but he added 'I did not want to say anything more to him, so as not to make him confused and out of humour, as he has begun it like that.'*"

¹ See p. 18, n. 1.

² Countess von Lodron and Countess Schönborn were sisters of the Archbishop.

The Countess tried to get me to allow Nannerl to pay her a visit in order that she should play the clavier rondo which Mysliwecek has sent her. The object of my visit was in fact mainly on account of Mysliwecek's letter. She assured me that by the last post the Archbishop had sent to him at Munich a draft for twenty-five or thirty ducats. She invited me several times to visit her more often and she ended by asking me to send you her greetings. Then Count Potbelly¹ and their son and heir Sigerl both shouted out: "From me too! From me too!" She even asked me how Count Leopold Arco was getting on, a thing she has never yet done, and I praised him in appropriate fashion. By the way, Abbé Henri came to congratulate you on your name-day. You promised to write to him and you should do so when you get a free moment.

Monday, November 3rd. I have this moment come in from the Requiem, in which Signor Ceccarelli sang, as it was Festum Praepositum. He lives in the wig-maker's house, where Ferrari used to live at first. He is a good sight-reader and his method is excellent. He asked me all about you and said that he was sorry to have missed meeting a virtuoso, of whom he had heard such extraordinary accounts both in Italy and at Salzburg. I have invited him to see your portrait. Now I have something to tell you which will certainly infuriate you, as it has annoyed me very much. It is hardly believable, but on the day on which you gave your concert, our best friend, M. Grimm, arrived at the "Drei Mohren", next to the Concert Hall. I have read in the Augsburger Intelligenzblatt that *Herr von Grimm, envoy of Saxe-Gotha, was due to arrive from Saxony by the mail coach on the 22nd and would stay at the "Drei Mohren"*. Is it not maddening? I presume that he arrived late in the evening and

¹ Count Ernst Lodron, Marshal of the district of Salzburg. Sigmund Lodron was his son.

left again on the following morning; otherwise he would have read the announcement or would have heard people talking about you. Where on earth is he now? God knows. Perhaps you will run into him somewhere. Well, now you know at any rate that he is travelling. How delighted this man would have been and both you and Mamma also, if he had arrived *a tempo* and had been present at the concert. We had our usual shooting yesterday. Next Sunday we shall have as a target the sad parting of two persons dissolving in tears, Wolfgang and the "Bäsele". Where will you be reading this letter? Probably in Mannheim. For this is the second post-day on which we have received no letters. I hope that you will get something to do in Mannheim, where they are always performing German operas. Perhaps you will get a contract to compose one. If you do, you know that I need not urge you to imitate the natural and popular style, which everyone easily understands. The grand and sublime style is suited to grand subjects. Everything in its place. I hope that you are both well. That is our first wish and it should be your principal care. I am always a little bit worried about Mamma. You, dear Wolfgang, should keep to your usual diet, which is very important for your health. I need not be anxious about Mamma, if she only keeps warm. Now farewell. God preserve you, God bless you. Nannerl and I kiss you both a million times and I am your old

TRAZOM

(235) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MANNHEIM, November 4th, 1777

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

We wrote the day before we left Augsburg. It looks as though you haven't received the letter yet. I shall be

sorry if it is lost, for it is a long one and in it I described very fully my concert. It also contains something about Stein's daughter, and, further, my thanks for the congratulations on my name-day. But I hope that by now you have received it. This is my second letter from Mannheim. I am with Cannabich every day. Mamma too came with me to-day to his house. He is quite a different person from what he used to be and the whole orchestra say the same thing. He has taken a great fancy to me. He has a daughter who plays the clavier quite nicely;¹ and in order to make a real friend of him I am now working at a sonata for her, which is almost finished save for the Rondo.² When I had composed the opening Allegro and the Andante I took them to their house and played them to them. Papa cannot imagine the applause which this sonata won. It so happened that some members of the orchestra were there, young Danner, a horn-player called Lang,³ and the oboist ⁴ whose name I have forgotten, but who plays very well and has a delightfully pure tone. I have made him a present of my oboe concerto,⁵ which is being copied in a room at Cannabich's, and the fellow is quite crazy with delight. I played this concerto to him to-day on the pianoforte at Cannabich's, and, although *everybody knew that I was the composer*, it was very well received. Nobody said that it was not *well composed*, because the people here do not understand such matters—they had better consult the Archbishop, who will at once put them right.⁶ I played all my six sonatas ⁷ to-day at Canna-

¹ Cannabich's eldest daughter Rosa.

² K. 309. For the identification of this clavier sonata see Köchel, p. 353.

³ Franz Lang (1751- ?). He and his younger brother, Martin Lang (1755- ?), were horn-players in the Mannheim orchestra.

⁴ Friedrich Ramm (1744-1811) was appointed in 1759 oboist in the Mannheim orchestra, which he followed to Munich in 1778.

⁵ K. 314. See p. 466, n. 1.

⁶ This is ironical.

⁷ K. 279-284.

bich's. Herr Kapellmeister Holzbauer ¹ himself took me to-day to Count Savioli, the Intendant, and Cannabich happened to be there. Herr Holzbauer spoke to the Count in Italian, suggesting that the Elector ought to grant me the favour of a hearing. He added that I had been here fifteen years ago, when I was seven, but that now I was older and more developed in music as well as in body. "Ah," said the Count, "that is——" Goodness knows who he thought I was. But Cannabich stepped in at once, and I pretended not to hear and fell into conversation with some other people. I noticed, however, that he was speaking to the Count about me with an earnest expression. The latter then said to me: "I hear that you play the clavier quite passably". I bowed.

Now I must tell you about the music here. On Saturday, All Saints' Day, I was at High Mass in the Kapelle. The orchestra is excellent and very strong. On either side there are ten or eleven violins, four violas, two oboes, two flutes and two clarinets, two horns, four violoncellos, four bassoons and four double basses, also trumpets and drums. They can produce fine music, but I should not care to have one of my masses performed here. Why? On account of their shortness? No, everything must be short here too. Because a different style of composition is required? Not at all. But because, as things are at present, you must write principally for the instruments, as you cannot imagine anything worse than the voices here. Six sopranos, six altos, six tenors and six basses against twenty violins and twelve basses is just like zero to one. Is that not so, Herr Bullinger? The reason for this state of affairs is that the

¹ Ignaz Holzbauer (1711–1783), born in Vienna, became Kapellmeister at Mannheim in 1753 and held this appointment until the Elector's death in 1777. He composed eleven Italian operas, a famous German opera "Günther von Schwarzburg", produced at Mannheim in 1777, oratorios, masses and a great deal of church music.

Italians are now in very bad odour here. They have only two castrati, who are already old and will just be allowed to die off. The soprano would actually prefer to sing alto, as he can no longer take the high notes. The few boys they have are miserable. The tenors and basses are like our funeral singers. Vice-Kapellmeister Vogler, who had composed the mass which was performed the other day, is a dreary musical jester, an exceedingly conceited and rather incompetent fellow.¹ The whole orchestra dislikes him. But to-day, Sunday, I heard a mass by Holzbauer, which he wrote twenty-six years ago, but which is very fine. He is a good composer, he has a good church style, he knows how to write for voices and instruments, and he composes good fugues. They have two organists here who alone would be worth a special visit to Mannheim.² I have had an opportunity of hearing them properly, for it is not the custom here to sing the Benedictus, but during that part of the service the organist has to play the whole time. On the first occasion I heard the second organist and on the second, the first organist. But in my opinion the second is even more distinguished than the first. For when I heard him, I enquired: "Who is playing the organ?" I was told, the second organist. He played abominably. When I heard the other one, I asked: "Who is playing now?" I was told, our first organist. He played even more wretchedly and I think that if they were thrown together, something even worse would be the result. To watch these gentlemen is enough to make one die of laughing. The second, when seated at the organ, is like a child at stool, for his face tells you what he can do. The first, at any rate, wears spectacles. I went and stood at the organ and watched him in

¹ Mozart had already sided with Vogler's opponents. For a good account of Mozart's relations with Vogler see Abert, vol. ii. p. 982 ff.

² Nikolaus Bayer and Anton Marxfelder. The latter was organist in Mannheim from 1745 until 1778.

the hope of learning something from him. At every note he lifts his hands right up in the air. His forte is to play in six parts, but chiefly in five and eight parts! He often leaves out the right hand for fun and plays with the left hand alone. In short, he can do just what he likes, for he is completely master of his instrument. Mamma asks me to tell Nannerl that the lining for the coat is at the very bottom of the large box on the right hand side. She will find all sorts of bits for patching, black, white, yellow, brown, red, green, blue and so forth.

Mamma sends her greetings to all. It is impossible for her to write, for she still has to say her office, as we were very late getting home from the rehearsal of the grand opera. The cotton is not in skeins, but in a ball, wrapped up in a blue cloth. Yes, that is how it is and not otherwise! After High Mass to-morrow I have to go to that stern Electress, who *insists* on teaching me to knit. I am dreadfully nervous, as both she and the most honourable Elector want me to knit in public at the grand gala concert on Thursday evening. The young princess here, who is a natural child of the Elector, also knits very nicely. The Duke and Duchess of Zweibrücken arrived here punctually at eight o'clock. A propos, Mamma and I beg Papa very earnestly to be so good as to send a souvenir to our dear cousin, for we both regretted that we had nothing with us to give her; but we promised to write to Papa and to ask him to send her something, or rather two things, one from Mamma, a double fichu like her own, and one from myself, a trinket, such as a box or toothpick case, or whatever you like, so long as it is pretty, for she deserves it. She and her father took a great deal of trouble and wasted much time in our company. Moreover my uncle took in the money at my concert. Addio. Baccio le mani di vostra paternità ed abbraccio con leggiertà la mia

sorella e facendo i miei complimenti da per tutto sono di tutto cuore¹

WOLFGANGO MOZART

Mannheim, li 4 di novembre, 1777.

(236) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[Autograph in the possession of Stefan Zweig]

DEAREST COZ FUZZ! MANNHEIM, November 5th, 1777²

I have received reprieved your dear letter, telling selling me that my uncle carbuncle, my aunt can't and you too are very well hell. Thank God, we too are in excellent health wealth. To-day the letter setter from my Papa Ha! Ha! dropped safely into my claws paws. I hope that you too have got shot the note dote which I wrote to you from Mannheim. If so, so much the better, better the much so. Now for some sense. I am very sorry to hear that the Abbot rabbit has had another stroke so soon moon. But I trust that with God's cod's help it will have no serious consequences excrescences. You say lay that you will keep the compromise³ which you made me before I left Augsburg and that you will do so soon boon. Well, that will certainly be a shock to me. You write further, you pour out, disclose, divulge, notify, declare, signify, inform, acquaint me with the fact, make it quite clear, request, demand, desire, wish, would like, order me to send lend you my portrait. Eh bien, I shall certainly

¹ I kiss my father's hands and embrace my sister tenderly. I send greetings to everyone and remain with all my heart. . . .

² The autograph of this letter, a facsimile of which was published for private circulation by Herbert Reichner, Vienna, 1931, shows a tremendous flourish round the first letter of "Allerliebstes Bäsle Häse".

³ Mozart uses instead of *Versprechen* (promise) the word *Verbrechen* (crime).

despatch scratch it to you. Oui, par ma foi. I shit on your nose and it will run down your chin. A propos. Have you got that Spuni Cuni business? Do tell me! Do you still love me? I am sure you do! If so, so much the better, better the much so!

Well, so it is in this world, I'm told. One has the purse and another has the gold. Whom do you hold with? Surely with me—I am certain you do. But now things are more difficult. A propos. Would you not like to go and see Herr Goldschmidt again soon? . . . But, you ask, what for? What for?—Why, nothing at all—beyond asking about that Spuni Cuni business. Well, well; that's all right. Long live all those who . . . how does it go on? Well, I wish you good night, but first shit into your bed and make it burst. Sleep soundly, my love, into your mouth your arse you'll shove. Now I'm off to fool about and then I'll sleep a bit, no doubt. To-morrow we'll talk sensibly for a bit vomit. I tell a things of lot to have you, you imagine can't simply how have I much say to; but hear all to-morrow it will you. Meanwhile, good-bye. Oh, my arse is burning like fire! What on earth does it mean?—Perhaps some muck wants to come out? Why yes, muck, I know, see and smell you . . . and . . . what is that?—Is it possible . . . Ye gods!—can I believe those ears of mine? Yes indeed, it is so—what a long, melancholy note! To-day letter the writing am 5th this I. Yesterday I had a talk with the formidable Electress and to-morrow, the 6th, I am playing at the great gala-concert; and afterwards I am to play again to her in private, as she herself told me. Now for some real sense.

No. 1. A letter or letters addressed to me will reach you, which I must ask you to—to what? Why, a fox is no hare, well . . . Now, where was I . . . Yes, of course, at reach. Yes, they will reach you—well, what will?—Why,

now I remember. Letters, why, letters will reach you . . . But what sort of letters?—Why, of course, letters addressed to me, which I must ask you to forward without fail. I shall let you know where I go on to from Mannheim.

Now for No. 2. I must ask you, why not?—I must ask you, dearest dunce, why not?—if you happen to be writing to Madame Tavernier at Munich, to send my regards to the two Misses Freysinger, why not?—Strange!—Why not? And say that I beg the youngest one, Fräulein Josepha, to forgive me, why not?—Why should I not beg her to forgive me? Strange! Why should I not? Say that she must forgive me for not having yet sent her the sonata¹ I promised her and that I shall send it as soon as possible. Why not?—What?—Why not?—Why should I not send it?—Why should I not despatch it?—Why not?—Strange! I don't know why I shouldn't—Well then—you will do me this favour.—Why not?—Why should you not do it?—Why not?—Strange! I shall do the same for you, when you want me to. Why not? Why should I not do it for you? Strange! Why not?—I can't think why not?

Do not forget also to send my compliments to the Papa and Mamma of the two young ladies, for it is a gross fault to forget must shall will have one's duty to father and mother. When the sonata is finished, I shall send it to you and the letter as well; and you will be good enough to send it on to Munich. Now I must close, though it makes me morose. Dear Uncle, let us go at once to the Heiligkreuz Monastery and see if anyone is still up? We shall not stay long, we shall just ring the bell, that is all. Now I must tell you of a sad thing which has happened just this very moment. As I was doing my best to write this letter, I heard something on the street. I stopped writing—I got up—

¹ Saint-Foix, vol. iii. p. 18, suggests that this clavier sonata is K. 311, begun in Munich and finished in Mannheim.

went to the window . . . and . . . the sound ceased. I sat down again, started off again to write—but I had hardly written ten words when again I heard something. I got up again—As I did, I again heard a sound, this time quite faint—but I seemed to smell something slightly burnt—and wherever I went, it smelt. When I looked out of the window, the smell disappeared. When I looked back into the room, I again noticed it. In the end Mamma said to me: “I bet that you have let off one”. “I don’t think so, Mamma”, I replied. “Well, I am certain that you have”, she insisted. Well, I thought “Let’s see”, put my finger to my arse and then to my nose and—Ecce, provatum est. Mamma was right after all. Well, farewell. I kiss you 1000 times and remain, as always, your little old piggy wiggy

WOLFGANG AMADÉ ROSY POSY

A thousand compliments from us two travellers to my aunt and uncle. My greetings bleatings to all my good friends sends. Addio, booby looby.

♡ 333 to the grave, if my life I save.
Miehnnam, Rebotco eht ^{ht}5, 7771.

(237) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, November 6th, 1777

MY DEAR WIFE AND MY DEAR SON!

Thank God that you have arrived safely in Mannheim! I do not know, it is true, and I very much doubt whether Wolfgang will find there all those things which he has imagined and the great advantages which several people may perhaps have described to him. That long journey from Augsburg to Mannheim will have made

heavy inroads on your purse and Mannheim will hardly fill it again. Bastal! You are there, however. Herr Beecke will indeed be glad that neither Prince Taxis nor the Abbot at Kaysersheim heard you play. Thus he is still cock of the walk in his country and the clavier-god of his admirers. Herr Vogler is the person who, as far as I know, has published a treatise on musical composition.¹ He is well versed in counterpoint and in algebra and he has under his control the school of music or academy for young people. If, as is usually the case with courts of that kind, you are likely to be kept waiting, arrange for some other lodgings. Perhaps Wolfgang will be able to obtain from the Elector a commission to write a German opera. *I am indeed anxious*, for Mannheim is an expensive place. You know how we are placed at the moment. I hope that Herr Danner, to whom I send most polite greetings, will assist and guide you and I trust that Wolfgang will endeavour by ingratiating politeness to make friends of everybody. Vice-Kapellmeister Vogler must be a very clever man, for the Elector thinks very highly of him. I am anxious to hear whether you gain the favour of Herr Raaff, to whom I send my humble greetings. He has always been praised to me as a very honest Christian. I wrote to Mysliwecek and asked him to write to Raaff about you. Now I hope that you are both well and that Mamma's cold is better. Thank God, we are both in good health and Pimperl is too, for she has never been so fresh as she is now. Keep well. We both kiss you a million times and I am your old

MOZART

¹ *Tonwissenschaft und Tonsekkunst*, Mannheim, 1776.

(238) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*

MY DEAREST,

MANNHEIM, *November 8th, 1777*

We have received safely your last letter of October 29th and all the others; but it is absolutely impossible to answer all your questions as accurately as we should like to, for we can only steal the time and we generally write at night. We never get to bed before one o'clock, we get up late the following morning and we are just ready in time for lunch. After lunch we go to Herr Director Cannabich and at nine o'clock we come home to supper. The gala-days are now over. On the first there was a service at eleven o'clock, during which cannons and rockets were fired off. Afterwards Wolfgang had to go to the Electress to whom the Intendant, Count Savioli, had introduced him. She remembered that he had been here fourteen years ago, but she did not recognise him. After that there was a splendid banquet and during the evening a magnificent reception. On the second day the grand German opera, entitled "Günther von Schwarzburg", was performed.¹ It is very beautiful and the music is incomparably fine. There was also a marvellously beautiful ballet.² On the third day there was a grand concert at which Wolfgang played a concerto; then, before the final symphony, he improvised and gave them a sonata. He won extraordinary applause from the Elector and Electress and from all who heard him. On the fourth day there was a gala play, which we went to see with Monsieur and Madame Cannabich. We both lunched with Herr Cannabich on the day of the concert, and my son is lunching

¹ The text was by Professor Anton Klein and the music by Ignaz Holzbauer.

² The ballet was designed by Lauchéry and set to music by Cannabich.

alone with him to-day, as immediately after their meal he is going with him to the <Elector's children>. He was there yesterday and the <Elector> was present the whole time. There are four children and two of them play the clavier.¹ <The Elector is immensely attached to them,> and commanded the Intendant to arrange that Wolfgang should be taken to them. He is to play once more quite alone, for the Electress has promised this, so we must wait until she sends a command. Meanwhile, my dear husband, I wish you 1000 happinesses for your coming name-day, and I hope that you may enjoy everything beneficial to your soul and body, and constant good health. Above all I wish I were with you to congratulate you in person. But, as this is not possible now, we shall drink your health in a good Rhine wine (which we only wish from our hearts that you had) and we shall always think of you in the most pleasant hope of meeting again, if it be God's will, and then remaining together. I send my greetings to Nannerl. Please ask her whether her cousin has already sent her the silks, for she promised me to forward them to her at once. Baron Schafmann² and Herr Dehl called on us yesterday morning and left to-day for Wetzlar.

(238a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

I wrote out at Cannabich's this morning the Rondo to the sonata for his daughter, with the result that they refused to let me go. The Elector, the Electress and the whole court are very much pleased with me. At the con-

¹ They were the four children, one son and three daughters, of Countess Haydeck, née Seuffert, who had been an actress. The son later became Prince von Bretzenheim.

² Franz Felix Josef von Schafmann, Baron von Hammerles and Kanöowitz, Chief Magistrate of the Abtenau district.

cert, on both occasions when I played, the Elector and the Electress came up quite close to the clavier. After the concert Cannabich arranged for me to speak to them. I kissed the Elector's hand. He remarked: "I think it is about fifteen years since you were here last". "Yes, Your Highness, fifteen years since I had the honour of——" "You play admirably." When I kissed the Princess's hand she said to me: "Monsieur, je vous assure, on ne peut pas jouer mieux". I went yesterday with Cannabich on the visit Mamma has already referred to and there I talked to the Elector as to an old friend. He is a most gracious and courteous gentleman. He said to me: "I hear that you have written an opera at Munich". "Yes, your Highness," I replied, "I commend myself to Your Highness's good graces. My dearest wish is to write an opera here. I beg you not to forget me utterly. Thanks and praise be to God, I know German too",¹ and I smiled. "That can easily be managed", he answered. <He has a son and three daughters. The eldest girl and the young Count> play the clavier. The Elector put some questions to me in confidence about his <children,> and I expressed myself quite frankly, but without disparaging their <teacher.> Cannabich too was of my opinion. On leaving, the Elector thanked me very graciously. After lunch to-day at about two o'clock I went with Cannabich to Wendling, the flautist.² There they were all extremely polite to me. The daughter,³ <who was at one time the Elector's mistress,> plays the clavier very charmingly. I then played myself. I was in such excellent spirits to-day—words fail me to describe my feelings. I improvised and then I played three duets with violin accompaniment which I had never seen and

¹ Mozart's Munich opera "La finta giardiniera" was on an Italian text.

² The Mozarts had heard Wendling play in 1763 when they visited Schwetzingen, the summer residence of the Elector. See p. 35, n. 2.

³ Augusta Wendling, who was then twenty-one.

the composer of which I had never even heard of. They were all so delighted that I had to kiss the ladies. In the daughter's case this was no hardship, for she is not at all bad-looking. Afterwards we went back (to the Elector's natural children.) There I played again with my whole heart. I played three times. The Elector himself kept on asking me for more. He sat down each time beside me and did not move an inch. I also asked a certain Professor to give me a theme for a fugue which I proceeded to develop. Now for my congratulations:—

DEAREST PAPA!

I cannot write in verse, for I am no poet. I cannot arrange the parts of speech with such art as to produce effects of light and shade, for I am no painter. Even by signs and gestures I cannot express my thoughts and feelings, for I am no dancer. But I can do so by means of sounds, for I am a musician. So to-morrow at Cannabich's I shall play on the clavier a whole congratulatory composition in honour both of your name-day and of your birthday. All I can do to-day is to wish you, *mon très cher Père*, from the bottom of my heart what I wish you every day, both morning and evening; health, long life and good spirits. I hope too that you have now less cause for annoyance than when I was in Salzburg. For I must admit that I was the sole cause of it. They treated me badly and I did not deserve it. You naturally sympathised with me—but too feelingly. Believe me, that was the chief and most important reason for my leaving Salzburg in such a hurry. I hope too that my wishes have been fulfilled. I must now conclude with a musical congratulation. I wish you as many years of life as years will be needed until nothing new can be produced in music. Now farewell. I beg you most humbly to go on loving me just a little and in the meantime to put up with these poor

congratulations until I get new drawers made in my small and narrow brain-box, into which I can put that wisdom which I intend yet to acquire. I kiss Papa's hands 1000 times and remain until death, mon très cher Père,

your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Mannheim, November 8th, 1777.

(239) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, November 10th, 1777

In the greatest hurry I write to say that I received your letter of November 4th on my way to the service at the Cajetans, as to-day is the Feast of St. Andrew Avellino. I lunched there; and then I had to run to vespers in the Cathedral on account of St. Martin,¹ and now I have an hour left in which to write, as the post goes at five o'clock.

I should like you to win the Elector's favour and to be able to show what you can do *on the organ and in composition*. Indeed they need a good organist in Mannheim. I hope that you will send *your sister the sonata, which you have composed for Mlle Cannabich, copied out on small paper*. Did I not tell you recently that the Italians are not in favour at Mannheim? Why, I knew it! I hear that Vogler is a musical theorist, so he may well be (a fool or a comedian.) I have not seen any of his compositions. Herr Holzbauer was always an excellent, honest fellow. Please give my compliments to him and to Cannabich. You tell me nothing whatever about the grand opera and the theatre. Perhaps you will do so in your next letter.

¹ November 12th.

Are there no actors in Mannheim? Are German operas being performed? If you get an opportunity of really showing what you can do, then you have hopes of remaining there; for just to play a concerto and nothing else is something which anyone can do who has practised it. I am sorry that we are now so far from one another. By the time I write to you about any matter, it is all over as far as you are concerned. Have you not tried to leave your inn and get private rooms and cheaper board? Herr Cannabich will surely advise and help you. I shall certainly send your cousin something and I shall write to her to-day about it in the letter to her which I began yesterday. We two and Bimperl and Theresa are well, as I hope and trust that you both always are. We kiss you both a million times and I am your old husband and son

MOZART

(240) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, November 13th, 1777

I think that I have told you that Mysliwecek wrote a letter to me *in forma ostensiva* (as I had asked him to, in order that I might show it to the person in question), in which he urged me to find out whether the music he sent both some years ago and again recently had been delivered to the Archbishop. As a result, he was sent a draft for twenty-five ducats. He now informs me that he received it on November 8th and that on his doctor's advice he will remain a while longer in Munich for the benefit of his health, which is improving, and so that he may be able to travel in greater safety. He adds that he is going to present to the Elector a cantata (*Enea negl' Elisi*) which, he feels sure, will be performed together with

Monza's opera,¹ as the Elector has ordered the score to be copied immediately. He tells me, further, that, as I requested, he has written to Signor Raaff, that he has received his own scritte for the operas for May 30th and November 4th and that he is now waiting for the scrittura for you, which, however, cannot arrive for another month. As soon as he receives it, he will forward it to me at Salzburg. To tell the truth I am really not counting on this contract, for you know what excuses these Italians make and what tangles of wires there are at Naples. I heard to-day that the Archbishop commissioned Brunetti yesterday to write to Mysliwecek and order some concertoni, which may or may not be included in the twenty-five ducats. The graduale in counterpoint which I liked so much was by the famous Maestro Lotti, who died a long time ago.² As for your resignation from the Archbishop's service, Herr Duschek has been strongly suspected of having influenced both yourself and the rest of us, and this suspicion has now been extended to Counts Hardik and Lützwow. Duschek told me this himself. Certainly, if you had gone to Prague, the Archbishop would have been convinced that his suspicions were justified! But, as it is, he is simply being made a fool of. On St. Martin's Day I lunched in the priests' house and the healths of both of you were drunk. Nannerl invited herself that day to old Hagenauer's, and he has told her that whenever I lunch out, she must take her meal with them.

My dear Wolfgang, in your last letter of November

¹ "Attilio Regolo", by Carlo Monza (1740-1801), who in 1787 became maestro di cappella in Milan Cathedral, and was already an operatic composer of note. According to Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 51, the Mozarts had met him in Milan in 1770.

² Antonio Lotti (c. 1667-1740), an eminent Venetian composer, who in 1704 became organist at St. Mark's, Venice. He wrote a number of operas, one of which, "Giustino", was produced in Venice when he was 16. After 1719 he only composed church music.

4th, signed on St. Charles's day, there is so much confusion that it is impossible for me to know when this and that took place. You keep on saying, "*To-day I played my six sonatas at Cannabich's. Herr Holzbauer took me to-day to Count Savioli. But to-day, being Sunday, I heard the mass by Holzbauer. Mamma cannot write—we got home very late from the rehearsal of the opera. To-morrow after High Mass I have to go to the Electress*"—and all this, according to your signature, happened, it seems, on November 4th, St. Charles's day. Surely the opera, and not the rehearsal took place on that day? So my common sense tells me that you did not write the letter on November 4th, but only closed it on that day. Why can you not do as I do? When I break off writing and go on the next day, I set down whether it is Sunday or Monday. It is then possible to tell in what order things have happened; and it may sometimes be important to have this information. Meanwhile I had already written to Herr Pfeil and Herr Otto in Frankfurt to find out about winter concerts and whether you could not obtain a well-paid appointment there, such as Meisner and Reiner used to have. I received an answer at once, written on November 4th, which arrived at the same time as your letter, and in which, in the most sincere and friendly manner and to his great regret, Herr Pfeil informed me on behalf of old Otto that nothing could be done. He added that of course you could give a private concert on your own, but that the music-lovers were so apathetic and so few in number that you would run the risk of not even making your expenses. Thus, much as he would like to have you, he would not advise you in your own interest to make a special journey to Frankfurt. But if your tour were to bring you there, your visit would give him infinite pleasure, and he said that you would find at his house a collection of instruments which would mean for you an embarrassment of choice.



MARIA ANNA THEKLA MOZART, THE "BASLE" (1778)

From a drawing by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

He mentioned that in addition to his large Friederici harpsichord with two manuals like our own, he had a perfectly new and very large fortepiano in mahogany, which he described at length and with the greatest enthusiasm. Further, he has a clavichord also in mahogany, which he would not sell for 200 gulden, as he says that this instrument simply has not got its equal; that the descant sounds like a violin being played softly, and the bass notes like trumpets. In addition, he has a number of fortepianos all made by Friederici, as he deals in these. He regrets that his large collection of clavier music contains no composition of yours. As far as I can see, most of it comes from Lang in Coblenz, to whom he offers to give you letters of introduction. He closes with the remark: "How are your dearest wife and your daughter? Tell your son that if he is travelling through Frankfurt, he must not forget me, for I shall show him how much I loved him as a child and how much I love him still." So in this direction little or nothing can be done. I am really at a loss as to how to advise you, for, if there is no prospect of your remaining in Mannheim, you will surely go on to Mainz, and from there it is only a short trip to Frankfurt. Returning, you could then go on to Coblenz and call on the Elector of Trier, who is Prince Clement of Saxony. You will remember that seated at table between him and the Elector of Bavaria you once wrote a composition in pencil when we were passing through Munich on our way back from England.¹ But whither could you go after that? To the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, where Lucchesi is still Kapellmeister? That visit would not even pay the expenses of your journey and, besides, it would take you too far to the right of the direct route to Holland through the Netherlands—and so to Paris? What a fearful distance! Where on earth would you raise the money for such a

¹ See p. 100.

journey? Indeed I did not think that you would decide on going to Mannheim immediately, as you never even mentioned it to me, which you ought to have done from Augsburg, the more so as I wrote to you on purpose, saying that I would send you my considered opinion as to what steps you should take there. I know well that I wrote to you very fully, but I was proposing to send you a written statement, a document which you could have handed to the Elector.

You say that after the service you were summoned to the Electress. There you had an opportunity of ingratiating yourself and, if circumstances permitted, of making a beginning with the plan you have in mind. But why should I trouble to write at length! Who knows whether this letter will reach you in Mannheim? And even if you are still there, I do not know how things are in that town. Mannheim has poor organists. If there is no hope of your getting an appointment there, the Elector might keep you for a year, or at least for this winter, the more so as *you could give as a good excuse to the Electress your mother's age and the strain of a winter journey, which would be very uncomfortable indeed for an elderly woman.* If you have to stay there, you will not lack opportunities of showing what you can do in every branch of music and of making yourself popular. Then, if you must leave in the spring or summer, you have only to go to Spa, which is swarming with English people. In a word, if you do not ask for a *permanent* appointment, an Elector who so loves and values talents, will give you an opportunity for a short time at least of displaying your genius at his court, that famous court, whose rays, like those of the sun, illumine the whole of Germany, nay even the whole of Europe. Herr Cannabich would gain a great deal if you were to help his daughter *without getting in the way of her teacher.* But everything will depend on your audience with the Elector and the Electress and on the skill with

which you address them. Women sympathise with one another, and Her Highness knows what old age means. Count Savioli must not be pushed aside, but by treating him respectfully you should make a friend of him, which is your duty and at the same time good diplomacy. All this is neither intrigue nor deception, but is the way which will enable you to gain sufficient time to display your gifts in all directions. For your youth and your appearance prevent people from realising the wealth of the Divine grace which has been bestowed on you in your talents. You have left behind you many places, where people never got to know half of what you can do. I have nothing more to say, as I have received no letter to-day, and so I do not know how you are getting on. Perhaps, as has often happened already, I shall receive a letter to-morrow by the extra post. But in that case I cannot reply until Monday. I repeat, however, that I do not doubt but that the Elector will keep you for the winter and perhaps even longer, if Mamma represents to the Electress the discomfort of a journey. <If you do spend a winter there, I feel sure that you will be appointed permanently and with a good salary.> I hope that you are both well, as, thank God, we are. Nannerl and I kiss you cordially a million times. I shall write every post-day, as I have always done, and I am your old husband and father

MOZART

I repeat that *on your departure you should leave at the post office a note stating to what address your letters should be forwarded*. Herr Bullinger and all Salzburg send their greetings. I am exceedingly anxious to hear whether this letter reaches you in Mannheim. We are now separated by a very great distance, for a letter takes six days, and if you do not write every post-day, we have no idea where you are or what you are doing. Do but write

"*we are well*", nothing more—and surely my dear wife, who will sometimes be alone at home, can do that.

(241) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, November 13th, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

We have received your last two letters dated October 29th and November 6th. I must now answer all your questions. I did not get the letter in which you asked me to find out (about Beecke's parentage), until I had reached Mannheim, consequently too late for me to do so. It would never have occurred to me to do anything of the sort, as it really does not concern me in the least. Well, would Papa like to know how Beecke received me? Why, very favourably and most politely. He asked me where I was going. I said that, as far as I knew, it was to Paris. He then gave me a good deal of advice, remarking that he had just been there himself. "You will make heaps of money by giving lessons," he added, "for in Paris they are very fond of the clavier." He at once arranged for me to be taken to the officers' mess and took steps to secure me an audience with the Prince.¹ He expressed great regret that he himself happened to have a sore throat (which was perfectly true) and that he could not therefore take me out himself, and entertain me. He was sorry too that he could not arrange some music in my honour, but on that very day most of the performers had taken a holiday and gone out walking to some place or other. At his request I had to try his clavichord,

¹ Prince Kraft Ernst von Öttingen-Wallerstein. Mozart is describing their visit to Hohenaltheim, of which his mother had already written a short account. See p. 511.

which is a very good one. He frequently exclaimed, "Bravo!" I improvised and played my sonatas in B^b and D.¹ In short, he was very polite and I was the same, but perfectly serious. We fell to talking of various things, amongst others of Vienna, and how the Emperor was no great lover of music. "That is true," he said; "he knows something about counterpoint, but that is all. I can still remember (here he rubbed his forehead) that when I had to play to him, I had not the least idea what to play. So I started to play fugues and such-like foolery, and all the time I played I was laughing up my sleeve." When I heard this, I was scarcely able to contain myself and felt that I should love to say to him: "Sir, I well believe that you laughed, but surely not as heartily as I should have done, had I been listening to you". He then went on to say (which is quite true) that music is performed in the Imperial apartments which would drive a dog away. I remarked that whenever I heard that kind of music and could not get away from it, it always gave me a headache. "Oh, it does not affect me at all", he retorted. "Bad music never gets on my nerves; on the other hand, beautiful music does; and then I sometimes do get a headache." Once more I thought to myself: "Yes, a shallow pate like yours no doubt begins to ache, when it hears something which it cannot understand".

Now for some news from Mannheim. Yesterday I had to go with Cannabich to Count Savioli, the Intendant, to fetch my present. It was just as I had expected. No money, but a fine gold watch. At the moment ten carolins would have suited me better than the watch, which including the chains and the mottoes has been valued at twenty. What one needs on a journey is money; and, let me tell you, I now have five watches. I am therefore seriously thinking of having an additional

¹ Probably K. 281, 284.

watch pocket on each leg of my trousers so that when I visit some great lord, I shall wear both watches (which, moreover, is now the "mode"); so that it will not occur to him to present me with another one. I see from Papa's letter that he has not seen Vogler's book.¹ I have just read it, as I borrowed it from Cannabich. Let me give you a short history of Vogler. He came here, absolutely down and out, performed on the clavier and composed a ballet.² People took pity on him and the Elector sent him to Italy.³ When the Elector happened to be in Bologna,⁴ he asked Padre Vallotti about him and received this reply: "O altezza, questo è un gran uomo!"⁵ He also asked Padre Martini, who informed him: "Altezza, è buono; ma a poco a poco, quando sarà un poco più vecchio, più sodo, si farà, si farà, ma bisogna che si cangi molto".⁶ When Vogler returned to Mannheim, he took orders and was immediately made court chaplain.⁷ He produced a Miserere which, everyone tells me, simply cannot be listened to, for it sounds all wrong. Hearing that his composition was not receiving much praise, Vogler went to the Elector and complained that the orchestra were playing it badly on purpose. In a word, he was so clever at pulling strings (he had had more than one naughty little affair with women, who were useful to him) that he was appointed Vice-Kapellmeister. But he is a fool, who imagines that he is the very pitch of perfection. The whole orchestra, from A to Z, detest him. He has caused Holzbauer a great deal of annoyance. His book is more useful for teaching arithmetic than for teach-

¹ See p. 528, n. 1.

² In 1771.

³ Early in 1773.

⁴ The Elector Karl Theodor went to Italy in 1774. The conversation must have taken place in Padua, where Vallotti had been maestro di cappella since 1730.

⁵ Oh, Your Highness, he is a great man!

⁶ Your Highness, he is good; and gradually, as he becomes older and surer of himself, he will improve. But he will have to change considerably.

⁷ In 1775.

ing composition. He says he can turn out a composer in three weeks and a singer in six months, but so far no one has seen him do it. He disparages the great masters. Why, he even ran down Bach¹ to me. Bach has written two operas here, the first of which was more popular than the second, "Lucio Silla". Now, as I too had composed a "Lucio Silla" in Milan, I wanted to see Bach's opera and I had heard from Holzbauer that Vogler possessed a copy. So I asked him for it. "Delighted," he said. "I shall send it to you to-morrow. But you will not make head or tail of it." When he saw me a few days later, he asked me with an obvious sneer: "Well, do you find it beautiful? Have you learnt anything from it?—It has one fine aria. Let me see, what are the words?" He turned to somebody who happened to be standing beside him. "What sort of aria?" asked his companion. "Why, of course, that hideous aria by Bach, that filthy stuff—yes, yes, *Pupille amate*, which he certainly wrote in his cups." I thought I should have to seize his front hair and pull it hard, but I pretended not to hear him, said nothing and walked off. He has had his day with the Elector. My sonata for Mlle Rosa Cannabich is now finished. Last Sunday I tried the organ in the chapel for fun. I came in during the Kyrie and played the end of it, and, when the priest had finished intoning the Gloria, I played a cadenza. As my performance was so different from what they are accustomed to here, they all looked round, especially Holzbauer. He said to me: "If I had known this, I should have put on another mass". "Yes," I replied, "so that you could have caught me out!" The elder Toeschi² and Wendling

¹ Johann Christian Bach, whose operas "Temistocle" and "Lucio Silla" had been performed at Mannheim in 1772 and 1774.

² Carlo Giuseppe Toeschi (c. 1724–1788), a pupil of the great Johann Stamitz, became a violinist in the Mannheim orchestra in 1752, and in 1759 Konzertmeister in Mannheim. He was a prolific composer in all branches of orchestral and chamber music.

were standing beside me all the time. The people were splitting with laughter. Now and then the music was marked pizzicato and each time I just touched the keys very lightly. I was in my very best spirits. Instead of a Benedictus the organist has to play here the whole time. So I took the theme of the Sanctus and developed it as a fugue. Whereupon they all stood gaping. Finally, after the *Ita missa est*, I played a fugue. The pedal there is different from ours, which put me out a bit at first; but I soon got the hang of it. Now I must close. Papa should continue to write to us at Mannheim. It is safer. I shall see that we get his letters all right. I know what Mysliwecek's sonatas are like, for I played them at Munich. They are quite easy and pleasing to the ear. I should advise my sister, to whom I send my most humble greetings, to play them with plenty of expression, taste and fire and to learn them by heart. For they are sonatas which are bound to please everyone, which are easy to memorise and very effective when played with the proper precision. I kiss Papa's hands and remain his obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART
Mannheim, November 13th, 1777.

(241a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Library of the University of Prague]

MANNHEIM, November 13th, 1777¹

To-day, the 13th, we received your letter of November 1st, which therefore arrived a post-day later than your last letter. Thank God, we are well. Wolfgang has received from the Elector a watch of the finest workmanship, small but beautifully designed. The day before

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter. See Facsimile no. 3.

yesterday, being the feast of St. Martin, we lunched with old Herr Danner and yesterday with young Herr Danner. We and especially my son have also lunched very often with Herr Cannabich. I too am with them every day and they are extremely courteous to us. Herr Danner sends you his greetings and longs to see you. Wolfgang wants to know whether the Bishop of Chiemsee has arrived in Munich, for he would like to write to him. *I must close, for Wolfgang must go out and he has to write the address and take the letter to the post.* I kiss you and Nannerl many 1000 times and I send greetings to the whole of Salzburg. I remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(242) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[Autograph in the possession of D. N. Heineman, Brussels]

MANNHEIM, November 13th, 1777

Now do send her a sensible letter for once. You can make jokes in it all the same. But tell her that you have received all your letters which she forwarded, so that she may no longer worry and fret.¹

Ma très chère nièce! cousine! fille! mère, sœur et épouse!

Bless my soul, a thousand curses, Croatsians, damnations, devils, witches, sorcerers, hell's battalions to all eternity, by all the elements, air, water, earth and fire, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, Jesuits, Augustinians, Benedictines, Capuchins, Minorites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carthusians and Brothers of the Holy Cross,

¹ The autograph of this letter begins with this apparently disconnected sentence. Mozart evidently jotted down what his mother happened to say to him.

Canons regular and irregular, all slackers, knaves, cowards, sluggards and toadies higgledy-piggledy, asses, buffaloes, oxen, fools, nit-wits and dunces! What sort of behaviour is that, my dears—four smart soldiers and three bandoliers? . . . Such a parcel to get, but no portrait¹ as yet! I was all eagerness—in fact, I was quite sure—for you yourself had written the other day that I was to have it soon, very, very soon. Perhaps you doubt that I shall keep my word? Surely you do not doubt me? Well, anyhow, I implore you to send me yours—the sooner, the better. And I trust that you will have it done, as I urged you, in French costume.

How do I like Mohmheim?² As well as I could like any place without my little cousin. Forgive my wretched writing, but the pen is already worn to a shred, and I've been shitting, so 'tis said, nigh twenty-two years through the same old hole, which is not yet frayed one whit, though I've used it daily to shit, and each time the muck with my teeth I've bit.

On the other hand, I hope that, however that may be, you have received all my letters, that is, one from Hohenaltheim and two from Mannheim; and this one, however that may be, is my third letter from Mannheim, but the fourth in all, however that may be. Now I must close, however that may be, for I am not yet dressed and we are lunching this very moment, so that after that we may shit again, however that may be. Do go on loving me, as I love you, then we shall never cease loving one another, though the lion hovers round the walls, though doubt's hard victory has not been weighed and the tyrant's frenzy has crept to decay; yet Codrus, the wise philosopher, often eats soot instead of porridge, and the Romans, the props

¹ The "Bäsele" sent Mozart her portrait in February 1778. It is a pencil drawing, which is now in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg. See illustration no. 15.

² i.e. Mannheim.

of my arse, have always been and ever will be—half-castes. Adieu. J'espère que vous aurez déjà pris quelque lection dans la langue française, et je ne doute point que—écoutez—que vous saurez bientôt mieux le français que moi; car il y a certainement deux ans que je n'ai pas écrit un mot dans cette langue. Adieu cependant. Je vous baise vos mains, votre visage, vos genoux, et votre—enfin, tout ce que vous me permettez de baiser. Je suis de tout mon cœur

votre très affectionné neveu et cousin

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Mannheim, le 13 novembre, 1777.

(243) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MOHMHEIM, *November 14th, 1777*

DOMESLIME

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

I sent you off a letter only yesterday and I am beginning another one again to-day. You asked in yours whether Wolfgang has gained the favour of Herr Raaff. Well, all I can tell you is that Raaff is a good, honest fellow, but all the same he can do nothing. He's been singing in the opera here. You can see that he must have been a good singer in his time; but he is packing up like Herr Meisner, to whom by the way I much prefer to listen. But Raaff is the most honest fellow in the world. I spoke to him at the concert and he congratulated me on my son's ability and seemed to be absolutely amazed at him; likewise Herr Kapellmeister Holzbauer, who has a great opinion of my son.

(243a) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*

MANNHEIM, November 14-16th, 1777

I, Johannes Chrysostomus Amadeus Wolfgangus Sigismundus Mozart, hereby plead guilty and confess that yesterday and the day before (not to mention on several other occasions) I did not get home until midnight; and that from ten o'clock until the said hour at Cannabich's house and in the presence and company of the said Cannabich, his wife and daughter, the Treasurer,¹ Ramm and Lang I did frequently, without any difficulty, but quite easily, perpetrate—rhymes, the same being, moreover, sheer garbage, that is, on such subjects as muck, shitting and arse-licking—and that too in thoughts, words—but not in deeds. I should not have behaved so godlessly, however, if our ringleader, known under the name of Lisel (Elisabetha Cannabich),² had not egged me on and incited me; at the same time I must admit that I thoroughly enjoyed it. I confess all these sins and transgressions of mine from the bottom of my heart and in the hope of having to confess them very often, I firmly resolve to go on with the sinful life which I have begun. Wherefore I beg for the holy dispensation, if it can be easily obtained; if not, it's all one to me, for the game will go on all the same. *Lusus enim suum habet ambitum*, as the late Meisner, the singer, says (chap. 9, p. 24); so does Saint Ascenditor too, patron of burnt soup coffee, musty lemonade, almondless milk of almonds and, more particularly, of strawberry ice full of bits of ice, as he himself is a great connoisseur and artist in ices. As soon as I can, I shall have the sonata which I have written for Mlle

¹ Gres, who appears to have held an official appointment at the Mannheim court.

² Cannabich's second daughter.

Cannabich copied out on small paper and shall send it to my sister. I began to teach it to Mlle Rosa three days ago. We finished the opening Allegro to-day. The Andante will give us most trouble, for it is full of expression and must be played accurately and with the exact shades of forte and piano, precisely as they are marked. She is very smart and learns very easily. Her right hand is very good, but her left, unfortunately, is completely ruined. I can honestly say that I often feel quite sorry for her when I see her struggling, as she so often does, until she really gets quite out of breath, not from lack of skill but simply because she cannot help it, for she has got into the habit of doing what she does, as no one has ever shown her any other way. I have told her mother and I have told her too that if I were her regular teacher, I would lock up all her music, cover the keys with a handkerchief and make her practise, first with the right hand and then with the left, nothing but passages, trills, mordants and so forth, very slowly at first, until each hand should be thoroughly trained. I would then undertake to turn her into a first-rate clavierist. For it's a great pity. She has so much talent, reads quite passably, possesses so much natural facility and plays with plenty of feeling. They both said that I was right. Now for the opera, but quite briefly. Holzbauer's music is very beautiful. The poetry doesn't deserve such music. What surprises me most of all is that a man as old as Holzbauer should still possess so much spirit; for you can't imagine what fire there is in that music.¹ The prima donna was Mme Elizabeth Wendling, not the flautist's wife, but the fiddler's.² She is

¹ Holzbauer was sixty-six when he composed his opera "Günther von Schwarzburg", which was performed on January 5th, 1777, and was still running.

² Elizabeth Auguste Wendling, *née* Sarselli (1746-1786), wife of Franz Anton Wendling, brother of Johann Baptist Wendling and a violinist in the Mannheim orchestra.

always indisposed and, what is more, the opera was not written for her, but for a certain Danzi, who is at present in England; ¹ consequently it is not suited to her voice, but is too high for her. On one occasion Raaff sang four arias, about 450 bars in all, in such a fashion as to call forth the remark that his voice was the strongest reason why he sang so badly. Anyone who hears him begin an aria without at once reminding himself that it is Raaff, the once famous tenor, who is singing, is bound to burst out laughing. It's a fact. I thought to myself: "If I didn't know that this was Raaff, I should double up with laughing". As it is, I just pull out my handkerchief and hide a smile. Moreover, he has never been, so people here tell me, anything of an actor; you'd only have had to hear him, without even looking at him; nor has he by any means a good presence. In the opera he had to die, and while dying sing a very very very long aria in slow time; well, he died with a grin on his face, and towards the end of the aria his voice gave out so badly that one really couldn't stand it any longer. I was sitting in the orchestra beside Wendling the flautist. He had objected beforehand that it was unnatural for a man to keep on singing until he died, as it was too long to wait. Whereupon I remarked: "Have a little patience. He'll soon be gone, for I hear it." "So do I", he said and laughed. The second female singer is a certain Mlle Strasser (not a street-walker, in spite of her name) who sings very well and is an excellent actress.² There is a permanent German National Theatre here as in Munich. German singspiele are performed occasionally, but the singers in them are wretched. I

¹ Franziska Danzi (1759-1791), daughter of the Mannheim cellist, Innocenz Danzi, became a famous prima donna. In 1778 she married the Mannheim oboist, Ludwig August Le Brun.

² Barbara Strasser. She married later Karl Ludwig Fischer, one of the most celebrated bass singers of his day and the original Osmin in Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail".

lunched yesterday with Baron and Baroness von Hagen. The Baron is Master of the Hunt. Three days ago I went to see Herr Schmalz, the merchant, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Herr Herzog, or rather from Nocker and Schiedl. I expected to find a very amiable and honest man. I handed him the letter. He read it through, made me a slight bow and—said nothing. At length (after many apologies for not having paid my respects to him long ago) I mentioned the fact that I had played before the Elector. “Really?”—*altum silentium!* I said nothing. He said nothing. At last I said: “I shall not trouble you any longer. I have the honour——” At this point he interrupted me: “If I can be of any service to you, please——” “Before I leave I shall take the liberty of asking you——” “*For money?*” “Yes, if you will be so kind as to——” “*Oh! that I cannot do. There is nothing in the letter about money. I cannot give you any money. But if there’s anything else——?*” “But there is *nothing else* you can do for me, nothing whatever that I know of. I have the honour to take my leave of you.” Yesterday I wrote the whole story to Herr Herzog in Augsburg. We must now wait for an answer. Consequently Papa can go on writing to Mannheim. Please remember me to all my good friends. I kiss Papa’s hands 100,000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart, and since Papa wrote in his last letter “I am your old husband and son”, I now remain your young brother and father.

On this day, the 16th, I finished this letter, this letter, otherwise Papa will not know when it was sent off. Have you finished it?—the letter? . . . Yes, Mamma, it’s finished now, the letter.¹

¹ Mozart jots down the remarks he is exchanging with his mother.

(244) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, November 17th, 1777

MY DEAR WIFE! AND MY DEAR SON!

I received only to-day, November 17th, your letter of the 8th. So it must have been sent to the post too late or have been left lying there. I thank you both for your congratulations and wish you both good health and happiness and that we shall meet again joyfully—and possibly over a glass of Rhine wine! Anyone who reads your letters of congratulation and this reply of mine, would think that we are constantly handling full glasses, as we talk so glibly about Rhine wine. Meanwhile you will have received my letters of the 3rd, the 6th, the 10th and the 13th. In the last one I was a little bit peevish, as I had had no news from you. I sent you my views about Mannheim, but perhaps they will arrive too late. I admit that your letter of the 8th, to which I am now replying, raises my hopes, as *(you are going to have an opportunity of speaking to the Elector and also, if necessary, of playing to him.)* If you can only remain there for six months and *(show what you can do in all styles of music, you will certainly be appointed—especially if there are such wretched organists there.)* Have you not played *(the organ)* as well? My dear spouse complains that the only time she can write is at night. I can believe it, as I know only too well how it is on journeys, especially when you want to write a letter at a moment's notice—anywhere if need be. But if *every evening* you write down, *just as Wolfgang used to do at home*, what has happened on that day, even a few words, then on the post-day you need only finish the letter and everything has been put in. Do not be annoyed with me, my dear ones. For tell me, what



CHRISTIAN CANNABICH (1779)

From an engraving by Egide Verhelst
(Städtisches Schlossmuseum, Mannheim)

entertainment have Nannerl and I in Salzburg now, except—the post-days! As it is, I am never sure whether a letter will reach you in the same place. We are very far apart and I think I can and ought to hope that you will be able to stay in (Mannheim.) Basta! God in His most holy providence will guide both you and ourselves along the true path. Herr Wolfgang Mozart contributed a charming target to our shooting yesterday. An Augsburg maiden stood on the right and handed a parting bouquet to a young man in riding boots and about to leave; in the other hand she held an enormous linen cloth which trailed along on the ground and with which she was drying her weeping eyes. The young dandy was dragging a similar linen sheet with which he was doing the same, and in the other hand he held his hat containing the bull's eye, which could be spotted there more easily than on the bouquet. Above were the words:

Adieu, my pretty cousin!

Adieu, my gallant cousin!

I wish you good luck on your journey, good health and fine weather!

We have spent very nicely and gaily a fortnight together.

'Tis this that makes parting so sad for us twain.

These dear ones we welcomed must leave us again.

Hateful Fate! Now I weep bitter tears, but in vain!

The weather was dreadful, so we stayed at home and played cards until five o'clock with Katherl Gilowsky and Cajetan Andretter, who send their greetings to you. The rest of the evening we two spent at the clavier as usual. We are alone every day and if we go on practising during the winter, Nannerl will be able to accompany everything, figured or unfigured, in the easiest or the most difficult keys, and, what is more, with the most unexpected changes of key. For in this respect your compositions afford her ample opportunity to perfect herself. Moreover we always

which is not at all bad—well—it will certainly not remain *not at all bad* for long, but will soon become—beautiful? God forbid!—bad and thoroughly bad; and that in two or three different ways. Either the idea has scarcely been introduced before another comes along and ruins it; or he does not round it off naturally enough to reserve its merit; or it is not in the right place; or, finally, it is ruined by the instrumentation. That's Vogler's music. Cannabich is now a much better composer than he was when we knew him in Paris.¹ But what Mamma and I noticed at once about the symphonies here is that they all begin in the same manner, always with an introduction in slow time and in unison. I must now tell Papa something about the Heiligkreuz Monastery in Augsburg, which I have kept on forgetting to mention.

I received a great many kindnesses there and the Abbot the best man in the world, an excellent old dunce, who, however, is likely to pop off at any moment, as he is very short of breath. For instance, he had a stroke quite recently, in fact on the very day we left. He, the Dean and the Procurator made us swear that if ever we came to Augsburg again we would drive straight to the Monastery. The Procurator is a jolly fellow like Father Leopold Seeon. My cousin had told me beforehand what he was like, and so at our first meeting we were on as good terms as if we had known one another for twenty years. I left with them there my mass in F, the first of the short masses

C and my contrapuntal Offertory in D minor.² My cousin is acting agent-in-chief for me. I have got back safely the Offertory, which I asked to be returned first. Now they have all plagued me, including the Abbot, to give them a litany *De Venerabili*. I told them that I didn't one with me; and as a matter of fact I was not

¹ In 1766, when Mozart was ten years old. Cp. p. 512, n. 1.

² K. 192, 220, 222.

quite sure whether I had. I looked for it, but could not find it. But they wouldn't leave me in peace, they thought I was just trying to put them off. So I said: "Look here, I haven't got it with me, it's in Salzburg. Write to my Papa. It's for him to decide. If he sends it to you, well and good. If not, I can do nothing." So I expect that a letter from the Dean to Papa will soon make its appearance. Do just as you like. If you want to send them one, send them my last one, in Eb.¹ For they can provide the full forces needed, as a great many performers turn up at that time. They even engage them, as it is their chief festival. Adieu. I kiss Papa's hands 100,000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(245a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum
von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

MANNHEIM, *November 20th, 1777*²

Our greetings to all our acquaintances, especially to Herr Bullinger, Jungfer Sallerl, Jungfer Mitzerl, Katherl Gilowsky, Herr Gött. I send greetings too to Theresa. Thank God, we are well. To-day the grand opera is being performed again. Yesterday, on the feast of St. Elizabeth, Wolfgang and I lunched with Herr and Madame Wendling, I mean, the flautist. Wolfgang is a tremendous favourite with them. They have an only daughter who is very beautiful and whom that Bach³ in England wanted to marry. She has been delicate for more than a year and

¹ K. 243, composed in 1776.

² A postscript to Mozart's letter, written inside the cover.

³ Johann Christian Bach.

a half, as she never recovered completely from a fever. It is a pity about the creature. Addio. Take care of yourselves. I kiss you and Nannerl several thousand times and remain your faithful

old wife

FRAU MOZART

(246) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, November 20th, 1777

As much as your letter of November 8th filled me with a certain hope and delighted all of us, especially Herr Bullinger, so much were we distressed by your letter of the 13th, which to our great surprise we received on the evening of the 18th, that is on the fifth day after its despatch, whereas all the others took six days at the very least. It would have been very much better, I admit, if you had received fifteen louis d'or, instead of a watch, which you say has been valued at twenty louis d'or, since for travelling money is very necessary, indeed indispensable. Where will you read this letter, I wonder? Probably in Mainz. For the love of Heaven, *(you really must try to get some money.)* You will not have received my letter of the 13th in Mannheim, as probably you had left already. I had planned everything in advance and in regard to Frankfurt I reported to you in detail what Leopold Heinrich Pfeil wrote to me. What earthly use was all the information I made a point of sending you! However, what is done cannot be helped. Further, I was never privileged to hear why you had to hurry off immediately to Mannheim. I presume that it was at the urgent persuasion of various people who thought they

knew better, and possibly in order not to miss the fine German opera. But indeed your journey was not a direct one, for Herr Beecke *in his malevolence* sent you off on a roundabout track, since, as Bullinger says, everyone there knows that the way to Mannheim is by Cannstatt and Bruchsal and *not by the other route*, which people sometimes choose. And, pray, has Herr Beecke himself never travelled to Mannheim? That tiresome journey to Ellwangen was all to no purpose; and again you have to thank Herr Beecke's kindness for this unnecessary expenditure. And had Prince Taxis already returned to Regensburg? Well! It can't be helped! But now you must see to it not only that the *Elector of Mainz* hears you play but that you receive a present of money and, if it is at all possible, give a concert in the town as well. For Mainz is the centre of a great aristocracy and the seat of the government, which is not true of Mannheim, as the government and people of importance there reside in Düsseldorf. Konzertmeister Kreusser is the best person to help you in all these matters and to arrange everything. For in regard to your first object, he himself knows as a traveller that money is necessary; and, when you have played before the Elector, you can tell him everything quite frankly, the more so as in Mannheim you only received a *galanterie*. As for your concert, Kreusser can do a great deal, for he is popular in Mainz. If he is not there, then the leading singer, Franziska Ursprünger, to whom I send most devoted greetings, will tell you to whom you should apply—perhaps to the cellist Schwachhofen junior, to whom I send my regards, who could also introduce you to Prince von Biberach who lives close by and takes lessons from him. I am talking at random about Mainz, simply because I presume that you are there, although you do not say a single word about where you are going to. But Mainz is the nearest court; and to reach it may have cost you ten

to eleven gulden in coach fares and tips. There you will have an opportunity of presenting Choirmaster Stark with clavier compositions, which, after simplifying their difficult passages, he can then hand on to his pupils. Why did you not make a point of giving the Elector of Mannheim some of your compositions? I sent you that enclosure not only *for your own purpose* but in order that *you should make your compositions known*, for there is such an excellent orchestra there. Well, probably you had no time to think of this. Where are you going to now? To Paris? What route will you take? Are you making for Paris without any introductions? What route will you choose so as to be able to make some money on the way? You must make some, for you doubtless appreciate what a sum will be necessary for this terrific journey. And when you reach Paris, to whom will you apply? Surely you must have enough money in your pocket to enable you to live until you have made the necessary acquaintances who will help you to earn something? You can do a great deal in Paris by giving lessons. That is quite certain. But no one obtains pupils at once; and are people going to dismiss their own teachers immediately and take a stranger who has only just arrived? A great deal of money can be made by having your compositions engraved and sold. Yes, but for all these schemes it is necessary to have some patron, a friend or two, a subscription list; and does not all this presuppose that you have already made a number of acquaintances?—Well, let us drop this for the moment. It is quite certain that the journey and the first period of your stay in Paris will necessitate a well-filled purse. (You know that we owe Herr Bullinger three hundred gulden and Herr Weiser more than a hundred. I forget how much we owe Kerschbaumer, but it probably amounts to forty gulden. In the New Year I shall be getting bills from the dressmaker

and the tailor, not to mention other trifling accounts of *a few gulden* and our daily unavoidable expenses. Food does not cost much, but there are many other expenses, *especially now in the winter, what with wood, candles* and many other small items, so that I have to rack my brains to fit them all in.) Nevertheless I am willing, if you really wish to go to Paris, to arrange for you to draw there *an advance of twenty or thirty louis d'or* in the hope that this sum will come back to me doubled and trebled. But is our good friend Grimm there now? Why would ill luck have it that you were both quite close to one another in Augsburg without knowing it? Perhaps he is in Paris? Perhaps when he was in Augsburg he was about to leave for Paris? But who knows? How would it be if Wolfgang were to write now to M. Grimm, Envoyé de S. A. Sérénissime, Le Duc de Saxe-Gotha, à Paris? In this letter he could tell him about his journey and express his regret that they should have been so close to one another in Augsburg, where Wolfgang's concert took place on the very evening when Grimm turned in to the "Drei Mohren". You must send him an address to reply to, possibly Coblenz or wherever you may be going to. And, as a note left behind at the Post Office on your departure will ensure that your letters are forwarded, you will certainly have a reply from him, if he is in Paris. If not, it does not matter if the letter is lost, as there will be nothing compromising in it. It would be wiser, however, not to put your signature too low down or to leave too much empty space, for, if a letter of this kind were to fall into unknown and evil hands, some rascal might cut out the name and write in the space above a demand for a few louis d'or. I have already reminded you twice that by means of a note left behind giving your address, you are sure to receive your letters, as it is in the interest of the Post Office to forward to its destination *a letter which has not*

yet been paid for. Good friends, whom you might ask to do this, might forget it. So when you arrive at some town, you must enquire several times at the Post Office. What I have said about a money advance in Paris *(cannot be arranged, if you now proceed to draw money in Frankfurt.* Therefore you really must *endeavour to obtain a present of money)* or at any rate see that some lady shall undertake *(to exploit)* your *(watch)* among the nobility, as Lamotte did in Prague with all the galanteries he had received there. Herr von Dalberg's ¹ handsome wife could do that for you. Herr Krauser knows best how to arrange it. But that is not all! When I ask Mamma about the journey to Paris, she will say: "But how shall we travel?" *Why, you must take the same old road as we took many years ago.* Mamma will remember that there are thirty-four stages. But I must remind you that you cannot use our chaise any longer, as four horses and two postillions are necessary. I beg you to send me your ideas as to how you are really thinking of continuing your journey.

The Prince of Chiemsee has had an attack of gout at Zeill in Swabia. Otherwise he would have been in Munich long ago. But if you write to him now at Munich, he will certainly have got there by this time. You seem to like Munich better than Mannheim. I too should prefer Munich, in spite of the fact that the orchestra in Mannheim is excellent. But Mannheim has no singers and every year they make changes in the singers and maestri at the opera. Would you not write to Prince Zeill and ask him to suggest to the Elector and Count Seeau that they should take you on for a year or two, as the latter usually does with his castrati? Say that you will not ask for a certificate of appointment, that you are a young man who is not yet trying to get established, but has still time

¹ Baron W. Heribert von Dalberg (1750-1806), manager of the Mannheim Theatre and later Schiller's active patron.

to make his fortune in the world—but that you have a great desire to serve the Elector for any period of time he may choose. You could write *a separate letter* to the Prince, mentioning that His Excellency Count Seeau would not lose by this arrangement, seeing that you would undertake to touch up his German singspiele and that you would give an assurance, perhaps even a written undertaking, that you will not beseech or worry the Elector to retain you any longer than the period arranged for, unless of course he himself wishes to do so. What I feel is that if you were in Munich, you would be nearer Italy. Then, if you obtained a *scrittura*, he would let you go and your salary would continue. And even if you do not obtain a *scrittura* now, your work in Munich would be the best way to obtain one eventually and, in addition, a hundred other things which I need not mention. There are an amazing number of castles of the nobility and monasteries in the neighbourhood of Munich and, once you are known, there will always be plenty of amusement to be had, what with hunting, riding and driving. There will also be countless opportunities to compose for the church and the theatre, besides more entertainments in winter than in any other place I know of. I must close. We both kiss dear Mamma and yourself and I am your old husband and father

MOZART

We had no letter from you to-day. Perhaps we shall get one by Friday's post. About that German opera you mentioned, who composed it? Who sang and how? *Not a word!* And that concert you mentioned, who played, sang, blew and whistled? Was the music good? *Not a word!* You are nice people indeed! Ah yes, Mamma *did say that the music of the opera was fine*. That is so—but for the rest—we may whistle for it! What sort of people

played the violin concertos there? Herr Fränzl?¹ We may whistle! And what about that ancient philosopher and mummified Raaff? We may whistle indeed!

(247) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, November 22nd, 1777
In the evening, or rather, *nocte*
temporis,
Puncto and *accurat* on the stroke of
ten.

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

(I nearly dropped into the feminine.)

First of all I must inform you that my most truthful letter to Herr Herzog in Augsburg, puncto Schmalzii,² has had a very good effect. He has written a most polite letter to me in reply and expressed his annoyance that I got such a cold reception from the said Herr Butter. He sent me the other day a sealed letter for Herr Milk, together with a draft for 150 gulden on the said Herr Cheese. You must know that although I had only spoken to Herr Herzog on one single occasion, I couldn't refrain from asking him in my letter to be so kind as to send me a draft on Herr Schmalz, alias Butter, Milk, Cheese or on anyone else he chose. A ça, apparently the joke came off. So there's no need to knock and offer sympathy. This morning, the 21st, we received your letter of the 17th. I was not at home but at Cannabich's, where Mr.

¹ Ignaz Fränzl (1736-1811), a famous violinist, who became a member of the Mannheim orchestra in 1747 and its leader in 1774. When the court was transferred to Munich in 1778, Fränzl remained in Mannheim and was musical director of the Hoftheater from 1790 to 1803.

² On the subject of Herr Schmalz see p. 551. Mozart proceeds to pun on his name, which means "lard".

Wendling was rehearsing a concerto which I had scored for him. At six o'clock to-day the gala-concert took place. I had the pleasure of hearing Herr Fränzl (who is married to a sister of Mme Cannabich) play a concerto on the violin. I like his playing very much. You know that I am no great lover of difficulties. He plays difficult things, but his hearers are not aware that they are difficult; they think that they could at once do the same themselves. That is real playing. He has too a most beautiful, round tone. He never misses a note, you can hear everything. It is all clear cut. He has a beautiful staccato, played with a single bowing, up or down; and I have never heard anyone play a double trill as he does. In a word, in my opinion he is no wizard, but a very sound fiddler. If I could only get rid of this habit of slanty writing! I am very sorry that I was not in Salzburg during Madame Adlgasser's sad experience, so that I might have consoled her.¹ For I'm very good at that—especially with such a pretty woman as Mme Nadlstrasser.² All that you write about (Mannheim) I know already—but I never like to write about anything prematurely. Everything will be all right. In my next letter I may perhaps be able to tell you something *very good* for you, but only *good* for me, or something *very bad* in your eyes, but *tolerable* in mine; or it may be something *tolerable* for you, but *very good, precious and valuable* for me! Rather in the style of an oracle, is it not? Well, it is obscure, yet intelligible. Remember me to Herr Bullinger. I feel ashamed, whenever I get a letter from you, as there is generally some message from him in it; and when I think that I have not yet written to the man who is my best and truest friend, and who has shown me so much kindness and sympathy! But

¹ Mozart refers to a story in his father's letter of November 17th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

² Mozart is punning on the name Adlgasser.

—I shall make no excuses—No. I shall ask him instead to make my excuses for me as far as he can and I promise to write to him as soon as I feel *settled*. Up to the present I have never been so. For as soon as I know that as likely as not and in all probability I shall have to leave a place, then I simply cannot settle down. And although I now have just a faint hope, I still can't feel settled until I know where I am. Part of the oracle must come to pass. I think it will be either the middle section or the third. It's all the same to me. For it's all one at all times whether I gobble up the dirt or Papa chews it. Bother, I can't say it properly! I meant to say: it's all one whether Papa chews the dirt or I gobble it up. Well, I would rather chuck it. I can see it's no use. A propos. Did you reply to Herr von Hamm at Munich? Are you taking on his daughter? I hope I told you that Holzbauer's grand opera is in German? If not, I am telling you now. It is entitled "Günther von Schwarzburg", but not our worthy Herr Günther, Barber and Councillor of Salzburg. During the next carnival "Rosemunde" will be performed, a new text by Wieland with new music by Schweitzer.¹ Both of them are coming here. I have already seen some of the opera and played it on the clavier, but I will not say anything about it yet. The target you had painted for me as Master of the Shoot is superb and the verses are incomparable. Well, there's nothing left for me to write except to wish you all a thoroughly good rest and that you will all sleep soundly until I wake you up with this present letter. Adieu. I kiss Papa's hands 100000000 times and embrace my sister, that darling blister, with all my heart,

¹ Anton Schweitzer (1735–1787) was first Kapellmeister of Seyler's theatrical company in Hildburghausen, which performed German singspiele. After studying in Italy he became musical director at the Ducal Theatre in Weimar, for which he composed "Alceste", on a text by Wieland. This opera was performed at Mannheim in 1775, and he and Wieland were commissioned by the Elector to write an opera for the 1778 carnival.

until I smart, just a little or not at all, and remain your most obedient son, hoping away you will not run,

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Knight of the Golden Spur and, as soon as I marry, of the Double Horn, Member of the Grand Academies of Verona and Bologna. Oui, mon amil

(247a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, November 22nd, 1777¹

We have received all your letters safely and, thank God, we are well, and I am glad that you are both in good health. We are still in Mannheim and you may go on sending all our letters here. If we leave, we shall certainly make arrangements to have them forwarded. I am very sorry for poor Martinelli.² What on earth will Lenerl do now, for the inheritance will probably not be very large? You do not tell us very much about Salzburg. Are there no players there? Are no operas being performed? Is Dr. Barisani still out of favour? Does our Chief Purveyor still pay attention to Fräulein Tonerl? I should like to know all these things in detail. We send special greetings to Mlle Sallerl and M. Bullinger. Please tell them that we think of them every day. This very moment Nannerl will please lay aside whatever she is doing and give Bimperl a kiss on her little paws and make it smack so loudly that I can hear it in Mannheim. Remember me to the Hagenauers, Robinigs, Frau von Gerlichs, the Barisanis, Jungfer Mitzerl, Katherl Gilowsky, to whom we send congratulations on her coming name-day. Remember us too

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

² Frau Mozart is referring to a passage in her husband's letter of November 17th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

to Theresa. Now I think I have sent greetings to all and our compliments and thanks. Keep well, both of you, and think of us, as we do of you. Then we and you shall all be happy. Addio. I kiss you and Nannerl many 10,000,000,000 times without number, and remain your faithful wife,

both in body and soul,

FRAU MARIA ANNA MOZART

(248) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, November 24th, 1777

Indeed I do not know what to say to you. I am so amazed at your last letter of November 16th, in which you inform me *with the greatest sans-gêne* that Herr Schmalz, probably the father, brother or friend of Herr Schmalz of the leather-shop at Munich, or possibly even he himself, excused himself by saying that he had no instructions to provide you with money. That I can well believe and he was quite right. You ought to have asked Herr Herzog or somebody in the firm of Nocker and Schiedl to arrange for you to have a small credit elsewhere, *as I used to do*. For these people had no orders from Hagenauer to extend this credit to other houses, and no true business man exceeds his literal orders. But they would have done so if you had asked them beforehand. This incident, however, was described to me as frankly and coolly as if I had chests full of money and as if I were going to be horribly annoyed that payment had not been made to you at once. I shall not waste time with a lengthy description of our circumstances, for you yourself know them and so does Mamma. In my letter of the 20th I enumerated our chief debts and even so forgot to mention a *(rather large sum*

which we owe to Hagenauer, and which at the moment *(we are not reducing by a single farthing.)* What astonished me most of all in your last letter was that all of a sudden you trotted out this story, without mentioning a word about it in your previous one, in which you just said that for your journey money would be more necessary and more welcome than a present, although you both knew at the time that financially you were in very low water. So, if Herr Schmalz had obliged you, I should have been saddled with a bill, *without having received the slightest warning from you beforehand, and that too at a time when it was the last thing I expected.* Very nice of you, indeed! I leave it to you to think over, bearing in mind all my circumstances. You wrote to me from Augsburg that you were only 27 gulden on the wrong side. I have now worked out that if you were 30 gulden on the wrong side, you would still have 170 gulden; and if that silly trip to Mannheim through Wallerstein cost you 70 gulden, you should still have 100 gulden. Even if it cost you more, *have you still not enough* to take you both to Mainz? There you would be near Frankfurt and, if it were absolutely necessary, you could draw a little with your second letter of credit from Herr Bollongari. Then you would only have to apply to some merchant in Mainz who is in touch with Herr Bollongari and who would undertake to send him the letter of credit and give you the sum you require. Would that not be more sensible than to sit down in Mannheim and use up your money to no purpose, particularly as with this sum you could meet the expenses of the journey which costs only about 15 to 16 gulden? For the distance to Worms is only $1\frac{1}{4}$ stages, to Oppenheim 2 and to Mainz 1, that is, only about $3\frac{3}{4}$ stages in all. And if on your arrival you had little or no money, we have acquaintances there who would stand by you; and no gentleman need be ashamed if he has not a farthing in

his pocket, provided he can produce a letter of credit. For to be short of money can happen to the wealthiest and most respectable people. Why, it is even a maxim when travelling, only to carry, if possible, the sum that is absolutely necessary. I keep on talking at random about Mainz, all pure supposition, as you have not done me the honour of telling me in a single letter where you are thinking of going. You wrote to me from Augsburg at the very last moment: "We are off to Wallerstein tomorrow"; and Herr Stein wrote to me: "They left for Wallerstein and Mannheim at 7.30 on Sunday". Surely you should let me know your arrangements some time beforehand, as now and then I might make useful preparations and send reminders, as I endeavoured to do for Frankfurt by writing to Otto and Pfeil.—But indeed your journey does not concern me! Is it not so? As it is, you could have taken quite a different route from Mannheim, I mean, to Würzburg, and thence to the Margrave of Darmstadt and on to Frankfurt and Mainz. But how can I fathom your intentions, or make any suggestions, seeing that I am never consulted and was never told how things were progressing in Mannheim? On the contrary I got a different impression from your letter (in which you mentioned an opportunity of a heart-to-heart talk with the Elector), and thought that you would be staying there for a long time. All your plans and views, inclinations, intentions and so forth, whatever they may be, you ought to have reported candidly and in good time, as even by the quickest and safest route it takes *twelve days* to receive a letter from you and answer it. This too, however, you did not take the trouble to consider, seeing that in your last letter, dated the 16th, you told me *that I could go on writing to Mannheim*, although you could only receive this letter after 12 days at the earliest, that is, not before the 28th. But I did not receive your

letter until Friday, 21st, as a present on *our wedding day*, and thus could not reply before the 24th. So you will read this letter—God knows where, on the 1st or 2nd of December. You must not think that I do not realise how many incidental expenses crop up on journeys and how money disappears, especially if one is too generous or too kind-hearted. My dear wife prided herself on getting up early, on not dawdling and on doing everything briskly and economically. *But 16 days in Munich, 14 days in Augsburg*, and now, to judge by your last letter of November 16th, *17 days in Mannheim*, which, if you await the reply from Augsburg, will be prolonged to three weeks—that is lightning speed, in truth! You have now been away eight weeks, that is, two months, and have already reached Mannheim! How amazingly quick! When we travelled to England we spent nine days in Munich, where we performed before the Elector and Duke Clemens and had to wait for a present. We spent a fortnight in Augsburg, but we gave three concerts there, on June 28th and 30th and July 4th. We left Salzburg on June 9th and only arrived in Munich on the 12th, because in Wasserburg we had to have new wheels put on our carriage. Yet we reached Schwetzingen on July 13th, although we stopped at Ulm, Ludwigsburg and Bruchsal. So you see that your long and quite unnecessary sojourn has ruined all your prospects; the most beautiful autumn within living memory has gone by and so far you have just had a holiday and have spent the time in enjoyment and amusement. Now the bad weather, short days and the cold have arrived and these conditions will become worse, while our prospects and purposes become more costly and more distant. You cannot go on travelling the whole winter, and if you want to make a stay, you ought to do so in a large town where there is a society and where merit has hopes and opportunities of being rewarded—

and where is there such a place abroad? Nowhere except Paris. But if you want to live in Paris, you must adopt quite a different manner of living and an entirely different outlook. There must be attention and daily concentration on earning some money and you must cultivate extreme politeness in order to ingratiate yourself with people of standing. I shall write more about this in my next letter, in which I shall put forward my ideas about another route which you could take in order to reach Paris more quickly. Meanwhile, whatever route you take, see that you get letters of recommendation to Paris from anyone who will give them, merchants, courtiers and so forth. And is there no French Ambassador or Resident in Mainz or Coblenz? No, I think not. You have no letters of introduction—whereas I had masses of them. These are absolutely necessary if you want to procure patrons and acquaintances at once. A journey of this kind is no joke. As yet you have had no experience of it. You should have more important things in your mind than practical jokes; you should be endeavouring to arrange a hundred things in advance, or you will find yourself suddenly in the soup, and without money—and where there is no money, friends are no longer to be found, and that too even if you give a hundred lessons for nothing, compose sonatas and, instead of occupying yourself more profitably, play the fool every evening from ten o'clock until midnight. Then ask for money credit! Suddenly jokes will cease, and in a moment the most laughter-raising countenance will certainly become serious. I do not blame you at all for putting the Cannabich household under an obligation to you by your friendly kindness. That was a sensible thing to do. But you might have devoted a few idle hours in the evening to your father who is so anxious about you and you might have sent him not just a rigmarole dashed off in a hurry, but a proper, confidential and detailed report

of the expenses incurred on your journey, of the money you still have in hand, a few particulars about the journey you are going to undertake and about your intentions with regard to Mannheim; and then you would have had advice from him. I hope that you yourself will have the good sense to see this. For in the long run everything recoils on your poor old father. As I said above, I received your letter on the 21st, but I could not reply to it before to-day. Yesterday, the 23rd, I made my confession at Holy Trinity and with weeping eyes recommended you both to the protection of Almighty God. Bullinger, who sends you his greetings, was rather surprised at your letter and, in view of our serious circumstances, did not appear to relish your joke about your open confession. At 5.30 I went to see Hagenauer to ask *that if Nocker and Schiedl did not inform him by post that they had given you a draft, he might have a letter to this effect sent by to-day's post to Augsburg*. This morning I again went to the shop and saw Herr Joseph and found that, although they had had letters from Nocker and Schiedl, no mention had been made of you. He promised me to write to-day. Now I have seen to everything and trust that in the meantime you will have got some money. The firm of Nocker and Schiedl will not report until they know how much money you have drawn. Remember, it is always better, whenever you draw money, to do so, not in guildens, but in pieces, for instance, six or seven louis d'or, carolins or whatever the coinage may be. I have now unburdened my whole heart to you and in the light of truth, such as is pleasing to God. Experience will teach you that it is no joke to undertake such a journey and to have to live on whatever sums you happen to make, and that above all you must pray earnestly to God for good health, protect yourself carefully against wicked people and earn money by every means you know of and can use, and spend it with the

greatest economy. I prefer when travelling that a man to whom I have perhaps given very little and whom I may never see again in this life, should say of me that I am a skinflint, rather than that he should laugh at me behind my back for giving him too much. The page is full and I am tired, my eyes especially. Nannerl and I wish you the best of health and kiss you cordially a million times and I am your old husband and father, but not your son

MOZART

I hope that you received my letter of the 20th in which I told you to write to M. Grimm in Paris, and also what you ought to write to the Prince of Chiemsee in Munich. By the next post I shall send you particulars of all the stages to Paris and my ideas and so forth, and also the list of our former acquaintances there. Addio.

(249) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *November 26th, 1777*

You want to know why we came here in such a hurry? Well, first of all, I must tell you that Prince Taxis was no longer in Dischingen and that some time before he left, he sent off his orchestra to Regensburg. Then, when we were in Hohenaltheim, Prince Taxis was staying with some other noble family on their estate. So where should we have gone? Perhaps to Würzburg? But the Bishop was then in Bamberg. And when we left Würzburg we should have had to travel through the Forest of Spessart. So we preferred to come to Mannheim.

(249a) *Mozart continues the letter*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

And, moreover, everyone who knows it, the gentry included, advised me to come to Mannheim. The reason why we are still here, is that I am thinking of staying on for the winter. I am only waiting for a reply from the Elector. Count Savioli, the Intendant, is a very honest gentleman, and I told him to be so kind (as to tell the Elector that, as in any case the weather is at present bad for travelling, I should like to stay here and teach the young Count.) He promised me to do his best, but begged me to have patience until the gala-days were over. All this took place with the knowledge and *at the instigation* of Cannabich. When I told him that I had been to Savioli and what I had said to him, he remarked that he would sooner believe that it would happen than that it would not. Cannabich had himself mentioned the matter even before (the Count spoke to the Elector.) I must now wait and see. To-morrow I shall draw my 150 gulden from Herr Schmalz, as I have no doubt that our landlord would rather hear the sound of money than of music. I never imagined I should get a watch for a present here, but such is the case. I should have left long ago if they hadn't all said: "Where will you spend the winter then?—It's a very bad time of the year for travelling. Stay where you are." Cannabich is very anxious for me to stay on. So I have now put out a feeler, and, as an affair of this sort cannot be hurried up, I must just wait patiently. I hope soon to be able to send you really good news. I already have two pupils in prospect (not counting my Arch-pupil),¹ who will most probably give me a louis d'or each per month. But without the Arch-one, it is true, it can't

¹ i.e. the young Count.

be managed. Now do let me drop all that, how it is and how it will be. What is the use of needless speculation? What will happen we know not—and yet we do know! It is God's will. Cheer up then, Allegro, non siate sì peggio.¹ If after all we do leave Mannheim, we shall go straight to—where do you think?—to Weilburg or whatever the place is called, to the Princess, the sister of the Prince of Orange, whom we knew so well à la Haie.² And there we shall remain, that is to say, as long as the officers' table is to our taste; and we shall get at least six louis d'or. Herr Sterkel³ came here from Würzburg a few days ago. The day before yesterday, the 24th, Cannabich and I lunched again with Herr von Hagen, Chief Master of the Hunt, and I spent the evening at Cannabich's *al solito*. Sterkel came in. He played five duets, but so fast that it was hard to follow them, and not at all clearly, and not in time. Everyone said the same. Mlle Cannabich played the sixth and, to tell the truth, better than Sterkel. Now I must close as I have no room for more, for I can't write in bed, and it is an effort to stay up, as I'm so sleepy. I shall write more the next time, but I can't to-day, for lack of space, I mean. I will have a large supply of paper for my next letter. Adieu. Confound it! There's still some more to write. I kiss Papa's hands and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever

your faithful son
WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Mannheim, November 26th, 1777.

If I could find some more room, I would send 100,000 compliments from us 2, I mean, from us two, to all our

¹ Don't be so lazy.

² Princess Caroline von Nassau-Weilburg, to whom Mozart dedicated in 1766 his clavier sonatas, K. 26-31.

³ Abt Johann Franz Xaver Sterkel (1750-1817), born in Würzburg, was a distinguished clavierist and a very prolific and popular composer. In 1778

good friends: particularly to the A's:—the Adlgassers, Andretters and Arco (Count); B's:—Herren Bullinger, Barisani and Berantzky; C's:—Czernin (Count), Cusetti and the three organ blowers (Calcanten); D's:—Herren Daser, Deibl and Dommeseer; E's:—Mlle Barbara Eberlin, Herr Estlinger and all the asses (Eseln) in Salzburg; F's:—Firmian (Count and Countess and their little molly-coddle), young Franz and the Freihof of St. Peter's; G's:—Mlle, Mme and the two MM. Gilowsky and the Councillor too; also Herren Grétry and Gablerbrey; H's:—the Haydns, Hagenauers, Theresa Höllbrey: J's:—Joli (Miss Sallerl), Herr Janitsch the fiddler and Hagenauer's Jakob; K's:—Herr and Frau von Küsinger, Count and Countess Kühnburg and Herr Kassel; L's:—Baron Lehrbach, Count and Countess Lützow, Count and Countess Lodron; M's:—Herren Meisner, Medlhammer and Moserbrey; N's:—Nannerl, our court ninny, Father Florian, and all night watchmen; O's:—Count Oxenstirn, Herr Overseer and all the oxen in Salzburg; P's:—the Prexes, Count Prank, the Lord High Cook, and Count Perusa; Q's:—Herren Quilibet, Quodlibet and all quakers; R's:—Father Florian Reichsigel, the Robinigs and Maestro Rust; S's:—Herren Suscipe, Seiffert and all the sows in Salzburg; T's:—Herr Tanzberger, our butcher, Theresa and all trumpeters; U's:—the towns of Ulm and Utrecht and all the clocks (Uhren) in Salzburg, especially if you put an H in at the beginning;¹ W's:—the Weisers, Hans the Wurst-maker and Woferl; X's:—Xantippe, Xerxes and all whose names begin with an X; Y's:—Herr Ypsilon, Herr Ybrig and all whose names begin with a Y; and, lastly, Z's:—Herr

he became chaplain and organist to the Elector of Mainz, in whose service he remained until 1805.

¹ Mozart's joke is that by prefixing an H to "U(h)ren", one obtains the word "Huren" (whores).

Zabuesnig, Herr Zonca and Herr Zezi at the castle. Addio. If I had room I would write something more, at least my compliments to my good friends. But it is impossible, for I don't know where I could work them in. I can't write anything sensible to-day, as I am rails off the quite. Papa be annoyed not must. I that just like to-day feel. I help it cannot. Warefell. I gish you nood-wight. Sound sleeply. Next time I'll sensible more writely.

(250) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *November 27th, 1777*

I received on the 25th, five days after its despatch, your letter of the 20th, written on a scrap of paper, *as you had no more in the house*. But, as usual, there was not a word in it as to whether in the meantime you had had a letter from me, although you must have received the one I wrote on the 13th, seven days previously. Besides I have already told you that up to the present I have written every post-day; and as you are aware that the Salzburg post goes on Mondays and Thursdays only, you may know for certain whether you have received all my letters; and surely it is not much trouble for you to mention at the beginning of yours: "I have received your letter of the —". Further, there is *not a word* about where you are going to or what plans you are thinking of making. Although I keep on hoping from one letter to another, yet every time there is—*nothing—not a single word!* The object of your journey, the very necessary object was and is and must be, to obtain (an appointment or to make money.) So far I see little prospect of the one or the other; unless, of course, it has to be kept a secret

from me. You sent me from Munich most detailed news about everything. Thus I knew how matters stood, and up to the present I have still been able to arrange things and think out what measures you might adopt in order to get something done. From Augsburg too you sent me a full report—my only objection being that both in Munich and Augsburg you stayed too long—but at least *<something to your credit appeared in the papers.>* I was expecting, however, a reply to my suggestions about your journey, to know whither you were travelling, and why this plan—and not that—but—not a word—and then you write to me from Mannheim *<about a watch and no money.>*—A pretty kettle of fish; and yet not a syllable about your plans for your next journey. I keep on racking my brains—and write myself blind. I do want to arrange things in advance. You, however, make light of everything, you are indifferent, you tie my hands when I want to advise and help, since you do not say a word about where you are going to next. I shall give you a clear instance of an unpardonable piece of thoughtlessness on your part. As you do not mention anything *<about your wish to remain in Mannheim>* or that *<you have told the Elector>* or that you have taken any further steps on these lines, I am driven to think that you are planning another journey. So, as I mentioned in previous letters, you will probably be thinking of going on to Paris. Now, whatever route you choose, *you cannot hope to earn enough money* on the way to defray the expenses of this costly journey. Did it never occur to you both that at some point on this long route a credit would have to be arranged? *<You have only reached Mannheim>* and you are already in that predicament. When you leave Mainz, you cannot draw any more money in Frankfurt. If you draw some now in Mannheim, then, in the name of Heaven, you must not draw any more in Frankfurt, where, to be sure, you can-

not make any. So it is to be hoped that in Mainz, Coblenz and Bonn you will make enough money out of the three Electors to take you to Brussels. During our grand tour we travelled from Bonn to Cologne, from Cologne through Jülich to Aachen, from Aachen to Liège; thence through Tirlmont to Brussels. Aachen and Liège are expensive places and in the winter the former is empty. I see on my map, *on which all the routes are marked*, that your most direct one is from Cologne straight to Maastricht, a distance of 14 German miles at most. From Maastricht the route proceeds through Tongres (or Tongern in German)—St. Trond—Tirlmont—and Louvain direct to Brussels. From Maastricht to Brussels is a distance of not more than 14 German miles. Hence the whole route from Cologne to Brussels is 28 German miles, that is, 3 miles more than from Salzburg to Augsburg, which is 25 miles. So there is not much difference. As you are travelling by post-chaise and can stop wherever you like, Maastricht and Louvain are two places, especially the latter, which is a well populated town with a great University, where you could perhaps give a concert. It could be arranged in this way. First find out from your landlord who is the *Kapellmeister or Music Director* of the place, or, if there is none, *who is its leading musician*. Arrange to be taken to him, or, if he is not too grand a person, ask him to call on you. You will then know at once whether giving a concert there is an expensive business, whether you can count on having a good harpsichord, whether an orchestra is available and whether there are many lovers of music. Perhaps you might be introduced to someone who from a love of music would interest himself in your undertaking. In short, you must find out quickly whether something can be done or not—and you should do this on your arrival and without unpacking anything: just put on a few fine rings and so forth, in case when you call you should find a harpsichord there

and be asked to perform. As great violinists are rarely to be found in towns of that size, you might play a violin concerto which can be easily accompanied. *But no doubt your violin is having a rest!* That I can well imagine. I should be more inclined to count on Louvain, where we turned in at the "Wilder Mann" and were very well done; I only paid 2 gulden 30 kreutzer for lunch for five people. I don't think that there is much to be made in Maastricht.

To return to our discussion about a credit. You ought to have written to me about continuing your journey—for you surely realise that you must get credit in Brussels, since it is impossible to foretell all eventualities and the distance is extraordinarily great. It might not be possible to arrange to give a concert quickly and you would then run the risk of having to sit there for two or three weeks and spend money to no purpose. *I dare not advise you* to choose the other route through Trier and Luxemburg, which I mentioned the other day, for things might not turn out well and, moreover, I do not know whether money is to be made in either of these centres; whereas on the Rhine route you will find *three Electors*; and in Brussels and Louvain perhaps something might be done. A little meditation and common sense should convince you that it is most necessary to think things out and to take these wearisome and constant precautions and that fruitless over-anxiousness is not prompting me to write as I do, nor timorous melancholy imaginings, but simply experience. I am longing to hear where you are and to know whither you are going, so that I may make further arrangements. My dear wife always writes very little; but as she does tell us where she is being invited to lunch, we know at least that she is in good health. God bless you and keep you well! We too are flourishing, thank God, and jog along as well as we can. Nannerl attends to everything and I spend my day, partly with my numerous services in

the churches, and partly with my pupils, with writing to you and sitting with Nannerl at the clavier from 5.30 to 8.30 in the evening. All our friends send their greetings, and so do Bullinger and Gött, who are with me at the moment; and also Jungfer Sallerl, Mitzerl, the Hagenauers, Andretters, Katherl Gilowsky, Frau Moshammer, I mean, Marianne, the wife of the Contrôleur, who did not even know that you had left Salzburg. We kiss you a million times and I am ever your old husband and father

MZT.

The copy of your portrait, which is a splendid likeness, is being sent to Bozen by Herr Triendl on December 3rd or 4th and thence to Bologna.¹ Your portrait has already been framed in a black frame with thick gold beading.

(251) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, November 29th, 1777

In the evening

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

Your letter of the 24th reached me safely this morning. I see from it that you would never be able to adapt yourself equally to good fortune or bad fortune, if perchance some adversity should befall us. Up to the present all four of us, as things are, have been neither fortunate nor unfortunate, and I thank God for that. You make many reproaches to us both—all quite undeserved. We spend nothing beyond what is necessary; and what is necessary when travelling you know as well as we do and even better. That we stayed so long in Munich was

¹ i.e. the copy sent to Padre Martini. See p. 394, n. 3.

entirely due to *me*; and if I had been alone, I should most certainly be there still. Why did we spend a fortnight in Augsburg? I am almost driven to think that you never received the letters I sent from there. I wanted to give a concert. I was let down. In this way I lost a week. I wanted absolutement to leave. They wouldn't let me. They wanted me to give a concert. I wanted them to press me to do so; which they did. I gave a concert. That accounts for that fortnight. Why did we make straight for Mannheim? That I answered in my last letter. Why are we still here? Well—do you really believe that I would stop anywhere without a reason? But I might have told my father—very well, you shall hear the reason and, what is more, the whole course of events. But God knows that I did not want to say anything about it, simply because I could give you no details (any more than I can now) and because I know you well enough to realise that a *vague* account would only cause you worry and anxiety; and this I have always tried to avoid. But if you attribute it to my negligence, thoughtlessness and laziness, I can only thank you for your good opinion of me and sincerely regret that you do not know your own son.

I am not careless, I am simply prepared for anything and am able, in consequence, to wait patiently for whatever may come, and endure it—provided that my honour and the good name of Mozart are not affected. Well, as it must be so, so let it be. But I must beg you at the outset not to give way prematurely to joy or sadness. For come what may, all is well, so long as a man enjoys good health. For happiness consists—simply in imagination. Last Tuesday week, November 18th, the day before St. Elizabeth's Day, I went to Count Savioli in the morning and asked him whether it wasn't possible (that the Elector might keep me here this winter? I would like to instruct the young Count.) He said: "Yes, I will (suggest

it to the Elector; and, if it rests with me, it will certainly be arranged". In the afternoon I was at Cannabich's. As I had gone to the Count on his advice, he asked me at once whether I had been there. I told him everything. He then said: "I should very much like you to <stay with us for the winter,> but I should like it still more <if you could get a permanent post"> I replied that it was my dearest wish to be near them always, but that I really did not know how it would be possible for me to be so <permanently.> I added: "You have <two Kapellmeisters> already, so I don't know <what I could be.> I shouldn't like to be subordinate to <Vogler!>" "That you shan't", he rejoined. "<None of the musicians here are subordinate to the Kapellmeister,> or even to the <Intendant. Why, the Elector could make you his chamber-composer.> Just wait, I shall <discuss it with the Count.>" On the following Thursday there was a grand concert. When <the Count> saw me, he apologised to me for not having yet <mentioned the matter: the gala> was still in progress, but as soon <as it was over,> that is on Monday, he would <certainly put in a word.> I waited for three days and, as I had heard nothing whatever, I went to him to inquire. That was yesterday, Friday. "My dear Mr. Mozart," he said, "there was a <hunt> on to-day, <so it was not possible for me to speak to the Elector.> But this time to-morrow <I shall certainly be able to give you an answer.>" I begged him not to forget. To tell the truth I was rather annoyed when I left him and I decided to take my six easiest variations on Fischer's minuet ¹ (which I had copied out here expressly for this purpose) <to the young Count> in order to have an opportunity <of speaking to the Elector in person.> You can hardly imagine how delighted <the governess> was to see me. I was received most courteously. When I pulled out the variations and told her that <they

¹ K. 179, composed in 1774.

were for the Count,) she said: "Oh, that is good of you; but have you something for <the Countess too?>" "Not yet," I said, "but if I stay here long enough to have time to compose something, then I shall——" "A propos," she said, "I am glad to hear <that you are staying for the winter.>" "What? That is the first I have heard of it!" "You surprise me. How very strange. <The Elector told me so himself> the other day. 'A propos,' he said, '<Mozart is staying here for the winter.>' " "Well, if you heard it from him, you heard it from the one person who has the right to say it. For without <the Elector> I naturally <cannot stay here.>" I then told her the whole story. We arranged that the next day (that is to-day) I should come some time after four o'clock and bring with me something for <the Countess.> In the meantime <she would speak to the Elector,> who would <still be there when I came.> I went there to-day, but he had not arrived. But I shall go again to-morrow. I have composed a Rondo¹ for <the Countess.> Now, tell me, have I not reason enough to stay here and await the result? Should I go off now, just when I have taken the most important step? I now have the chance of <speaking to the Elector in person.> I shall in all probability <stay here for the winter. For the Elector likes me, thinks highly of me and knows what I can do.> In my next letter I hope to be able to give you some good news. But once more I beg you neither to rejoice nor to worry too soon, and to take no one but Herr Bullinger and my sister into your confidence. I send her herewith the Allegro and Andante of the sonata for Mlle Cannabich.² The Rondo will follow the next time. It would have made the packet too thick to send them all together. You must put up with the original. You can have it copied for six kreutzer the sheet more easily than I can for twenty-four. Don't you think that's dear? Adieu.

¹ There is no trace of this composition.² K. 309.

I kiss your hands 100,000 times and embrace my sister
with all my heart and remain your most
obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

You may have heard something of my sonata, for at Cannabich's it is sung, strummed, fiddled or whistled at least three times a day! only *sotto voce*, of course!

(251a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, November 29th, 1777¹

I kiss you and Nannerl many 1000 times and beg you to give our greetings to all our acquaintances. I shall write more the next time. But now it is midnight already. Addio. I remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(252) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, December 1st, 1777

Yesterday, Friday, morning old Fräulein von Küfstein passed over into eternity, and in the afternoon, when Bullinger was with us as usual, we received your letter of the 23rd. *Blast your oracular utterances and all the rest!* I hinted in my last letter that there must be secrets which I am not allowed to know. You are perfectly right. Whether they turn out well or ill, I shall hear them soon enough. In the same letter I could only write in pure supposition and as cautiously as possible: and I must con-

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter, written on the cover.

fess that as I could not find any facts in your letters except your approaching journey and your <lack of money,> I was naturally extremely anxious. Moreover as I know the world better than either of you, and how few, yes, most certainly, how few <true friends> are to be found, my hope hangs by <a very slight thread.> Still you must <have found a friend in Herr Cannabich, for on account of his daughter, it is to his interest> to be one. Really I do not know <what to say.> But if in this instance <nothing should come of it all? Well, let us leave <it to Almighty God!>

What you wrote about the Litany for the Heiligkreuzkirche you could have done without so much circumlocution, *ad captandam benevolentiam*. Besides I should not have been opposed to it, as I know that usually they choose this kind of Litany. But as for engaging people to play in the orchestra, I know perfectly well that *that is not so*. I was a descanter there myself for a while and used to sing, standing on the steps beside the organ. They engage the *town musicians* and the *court trumpeters*, when the latter happen to be there. So far I have heard nothing from Augsburg. I should prefer to send them a copy of the parts rather than the score in your handwriting, as many years ago the Dean, who was then organist, held on to one of my scores for three years, before I could get it back. Besides I could have it copied here much more satisfactorily than they would, if they let their students play about with it and smudge it. Moreover you are aware that to one who is not in the habit of reading your scores, many passages in them are difficult to make out. So I prefer to have it copied neatly and without untidy corrections and possibly fresh errors.

I had a letter some time ago from Herr von Hamm, Secretary for War, and sent him a reply, asking him to state what he would be willing to pay me for boarding

and teaching his daughter. He then wrote again to say that he hoped I would be content with 150 gulden a year inclusive, that is, 12 gulden 30 kreutzer a month; but he did not forget to mention that her daily breakfast should consist of a small bowl of coffee and a white roll. I have not yet replied, as I have not had time. Besides there is no hurry, for in his first letter he said that he would not send his daughter until next spring and repeated this in his second letter, in which he talked about travelling in winter and added that first of all she would have to be well supplied—or rather equipped with everything. So I take it that her trousseau has to be collected first. Perhaps I am even to marry her! In accordance with her father's proposal I should thus have the honour of giving Fräulein von Hamm for 25 kreutzer a day her board and drink, breakfast, lodging and instruction in every subject. I shall write to him soon again and point out carefully that it is impossible for me to take her under 200 gulden a year. Well, before next spring there will have been many a snowstorm and much water will have flown under the bridges. Herr Leutgeb, who has now bought in a suburb of Vienna a cheesemonger's shop (the size of a snail's shell), wrote to us both after your departure, promised to pay me in due course, and asked you for a concerto. But he must know by now that you are no longer in Salzburg. Mme Duschek wrote to me the other day. She and her husband want to know where you are and how you are getting on. In conclusion, I should like to hear whether Baron Dürnitz paid you in Munich? or whether you made him a present of your composition? ¹—or whether you or I ought not to remind him? I think that is all. Nannerl is at the Hagenauers at the moment and is then going on to the Robinigs where I shall join her, as Fräulein Louise

¹ Probably K. 284, the clavier sonata written for Baron Thaddäus von Dürnitz. Cp. p. 418, n. 4.

wants to hear us play Schuster's duets. Keep in as good health as we are. We kiss you both many 10000000000 times and I am ever, like those innocent angels who puff along without joy and sorrow, your husband and father

MZT.

(253) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 3rd, 1777*

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

I can still write nothing definite about my position here. Last Monday, after going for three days in succession, morning and afternoon, (to his natural children,) I had at last the good fortune to meet (the Elector.) We all thought indeed that once more our efforts were to be in vain, as it was then quite late. (But at last we saw him coming. The governess) at once told (the Countess) to seat herself at the clavier and I placed myself beside her and gave her a lesson; and that was how (the Elector found us when he came into the room. We stood up but he told us to go on.) When the Countess had finished playing, the governess was the first to speak and said that I had composed a very fine Rondo. I played it and he liked it very much. At length he asked: "But will she be able to learn it?" "Oh yes," I replied. "I only wish (that I might have the good fortune to teach it to her myself." He smiled and said: "I should like it too. But would not her playing be spoilt if she had two different masters?" "Oh no, Your Highness", I replied. "All that matters is whether she has a good one or a bad. I hope Your Highness will not doubt—and will have confidence in me.") "Oh, most certainly", (he replied. The governess then said:) "See, Herr Mozart has also written some

variations on Fischer's minuet for <the young Count".> I played them and <he liked them> very much. He then began to jest <with the Countess.> I thanked him <for his present.> He said: "Well, <I shall think it over. How long are you going to stay here?>" *My reply*: <"As long as your Highness commands. I have no engagements whatsoever: I can stay as long as Your Highness requires."> That was all. I went there again this morning. I was told that yesterday <the Elector> had again remarked: <"Mozart is staying here for the winter".> Well, we are now in the thick of it and I am bound to wait. To-day, for the fourth time, I lunched with Wendling. Before we sat down, Count Savioli came in with Kapellmeister Schweitzer, who had arrived the night before. Savioli said to me: <"I spoke to the Elector again yesterday, but he hasn't yet made up his mind".> I told him that I should like to have a word with him, and we went to the window. I told him about <the Elector's> hesitation and complained that things were dragging on so long. I said that <my expenses here were already heavy> and I begged him <to persuade the Elector to grant me a permanent appointment,> as I feared that <he would give me so little during the winter that I should probably not be able to stay on.> "He ought", I said, <"to give me some work. I like work."> Savioli said that <he would certainly suggest it to the Elector> but that he could not do so this evening, <as the Elector is not going to court to-day;> but he promised to give me <a definite answer to-morrow.> Well, I'm prepared for anything now. <If he does not retain me, I shall press for a *contribution towards my travelling expenses*, for I don't intend to make him a present of the Rondo and the Variations.> I assure you that it is because I am convinced that, whatever happens, things will certainly turn out well that I am so calm about it all. I have resigned myself entirely to the will of God.

We received yesterday your letter of November 27th. I hope you got the Allegro and Andante of my sonata! Here is the Rondo. Herr Kapellmeister Schweitzer is a good, worthy, honest fellow, dry and smooth like our <Haydn,> but better-spoken. There are some very beautiful passages in his new opera and I do not doubt that it will be a real success. His "Alceste",¹ which is not half as fine as "Rosemunde",² was very popular. The fact that it was the first German singspiel had, of course, a lot to do with it. It no longer makes so strong an impression on people who are only carried away by novelty. Herr Wieland, who wrote the libretto, is also coming here this winter. I should like to meet him. Who knows? Perhaps—by the time Papa reads this, it will all, with God's will, be settled. <If I stay here, I am to go to Paris in Lent> in the company of Wendling, Ramm, who plays very beautifully, and Lauchéry, the ballet-master.³ Wendling assures me that I shall never regret it. He has been twice to Paris; and has only just returned. He maintains that it is still the only place where one can make money and a great reputation. He said: "Why, you are a fellow who can turn your hand to anything. I will tell you the way to set about it. You must compose all sorts, opera seria, opera comique,

¹ "Alceste", for which Wieland had written the text, was performed at Weimar on May 28th, 1773, with tremendous success, and soon found its way to other theatres. The Elector Karl Theodor had it performed in Schwetzingen on August 13th, 1775. It was the first attempt to produce a German opera.

² After the successful performance of "Alceste" in Mannheim, the Elector commissioned Wieland to write a new German opera, for which Schweitzer was to compose the music. "Rosemunde" was to have been performed on January 11th, 1778, but owing to the death of the Bavarian Elector on December 30th, 1777, and the immediate departure of the Elector Karl Theodor for Munich, the performance was dropped. The opera was given in Mannheim on January 20th, 1780. See F. Walter, *Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik am Kurpfälzischen Hofe*, Leipzig, 1898, p. 246 ff.

³ Étienne Lauchéry, who since 1774 had been maître de ballet at the Mannheim theatre.

oratorio, everything, in fact. Once a man has written a couple of operas in Paris, he is sure of a settled yearly income. Then there is the *Concert Spirituel* and the *Académie des Amateurs*, which pay five louis d'or for a symphony. If you take pupils, the usual fee is three louis d'or for twelve lessons. Further, you can get sonatas, trios and quartets engraved *par souscription*. Cannabich and Toeschi send a great deal of their music to Paris." Wendling is an experienced traveller. Please let me have your views about this scheme, which strikes me as being useful and sensible. I shall be travelling with a man who knows Paris (present-day Paris, for it has changed considerably) thoroughly. My expenses will be no greater. Indeed I don't think that I shall spend half as much, as I shall only have myself to pay for, since Mamma would stay here, probably with the Wendlings. Herr Ritter,¹ a fine bassoon-player, is off to Paris on December 12th. Now if I had been alone, this would have been an excellent opportunity for me. He mentioned it to me himself. Ramm, the oboist, is a very good, jolly, honest fellow of about 35, who has already travelled a great deal, and consequently has plenty of experience. The chief and best musicians here are very fond of me and show me great respect. They never call me anything but "Herr Kapellmeister". I may say that I very much regret not having a copy of at least one mass with me. I should have certainly had one performed, for I heard one of Holzbauer's recently and it is quite in our style. If only I had the "Misericordias"² copied out. But it cannot be helped now. There's no altering it. I would have decided to have one copied, but copying is much too expensive

¹ Georg Wenzel Ritter (1748-1808), bassoon-player, was appointed in 1768 to the Mannheim orchestra, which he followed to Munich in 1778. In 1788 he took an appointment under King Frederick William II of Prussia.

² K. 222, composed in 1775.

1777

FRAU MOZART TO HER HUSBAND

L. 253a

here and I might not have got as much for the mass as it would have cost me to have it copied. They are not very generous here. Now please remember me to all my good friends, especially Count Arco, Mlle Sallerl, Herr Bullinger and the whole company of marksmen. I kiss Papa's hands 100000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and hope that my sonata will please you, my sister and Herr Bullinger and all who hear it as much as it has pleased all who have heard it here. Adieu. I am your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(253a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *December 3rd, 1777*¹

You see that I can't write very much to you, as Wolfgang has left me no room. In any case he has told you all there is to tell, so that I have no more news for you about our affairs. Often I just wish that I could spend at least one day with you, so that I could talk to you about all the things we cannot write about. To do so is quite impossible, for the letters would be far too long. We write to you twice every week, so you ought to get as many letters as we do. Addio. Keep well. I kiss you both many 100000 times and remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages to all our acquaintances.

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter, written on the cover.


(254) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla*
Mozart, Augsburg

[*Copy in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 3rd, 1777*

MA TRÈS CHÈRE COUSINE!

Before I write to you, I must go to the closet. Well, that's over. Ah! At last I feel lighter, a weight is off my heart; and now I can guzzle again. Oh, oh, when you've emptied yourself, life is far more worth living. Your letter of November 25th would have reached me safely, if you hadn't written that you had had pains in your head, throat and arms; but as you say that now, at the moment, for the present, for the nonce, at this instant you feel no more pains, I have safely received your letter of November 26th. Yes, yes, my dearest Miss Cousin, thus has it been since days of old, Tom has the purse and Dick has the gold; and what do you hold it with? with your

, don't you? Huzza, copper-smith, come, be a man, catch if you can, lick my arse, copper-smith. Yes, and true it is that whosoever believes it, is happy and whosoever does not, will go to Heaven, but straight, and not in the way I am writing. You see now that I can write just as I like, both fair and untidy, both straight and crooked. The other day I was in a bad humour and I wrote a fair, straight and serious hand; to-day I am in good spirits and I am writing an untidy, crooked and jolly one. So all depends now on what you prefer. You must make the choice (I have no medium article to offer you) between fair and untidy, straight and crooked, serious and jolly, the three first or the three last. I expect to hear your decision in your next letter. My decision is taken; when it's necessary, I go somewhere;

but it all depends on circumstances. If I have diarrhoea, I run: and if I can't contain myself any longer, I shit into my trousers. God preserve thee, foot, on the window-sill lies the hamstring. I am much obliged to you, my dear Miss Cousin, for the compliments from your Fräulein Freysinger, which your dear Fräulein Juliana has been so kind as to send me. You say: "I could tell you a great deal more, but too much is more than enough". In *one* letter it is too much, I admit, but one can write a great deal by instalments. You see what I mean? As for the sonata,¹ she must possess herself in patience for a little longer. If it had been for my dear coz, it would have been finished long ago. Who knows whether Mlle Freysinger hasn't forgotten all about it? All the same I'll get it done as soon as possible, write a letter to accompany it and beg my dear coz to deliver them safely. A propos, since I left Augsburg, I have not taken off my trousers, except at night before going to bed. What will you think when you hear that I am still in Mannheim, dug in? It is due to my not having left and gone somewhere else! But now I think that I shall soon leave Mannheim. Yet Augsburg, through you, can continue to write to me and address letters to Mannheim until further notice. My uncle, my aunt and my cousin send their greetings to my Mamma and to me. They were very anxious about us and thought that we must be ill, as they had received no letter from us for so long. But at last to their delight they received the day before yesterday our letter of November 26th, and to-day, December 3rd, they have had the pleasure of replying to me. So I am to keep my promise to you? Ah, you are glad to hear this. Be sure you don't forget to compose the Munich for sonata, for what one has once performed, one must promise, one must always be a word of one's man. Well, let's be serious.

¹ See p. 526, n. 1.

I must tell you something very briefly. I did not lunch at home to-day, but with a certain Mr. Wendling. Now you must know that he always takes his lunch at two o'clock, that he is married and has a daughter who, however, is always ailing. His wife is singing in the new opera and he plays the flute. Well, can you believe it, but when it was half past one we all, except the daughter who stayed in bed, we all, I say, sat down to table and began to eat.

Please give a whole arseful of greetings from us both to all our good friends. Our remembrances to your parents will be found on Page 3, line 12. Well, I've no more news to give you, save that an old cow has shit some new muck. So now adieu, Anna Maria Schlosser, née Schlüsselmacher. Take care of yourself and continue to love me. Write without delay, for it is cold to-day and keep your promise too or else forsooth I'll spue. Adieu, mon Dieu, I send you a great dollop of kisses, slap bang wollop!

Mannheim
without slime,
The 3rd of December,
To-day's not an Ember,
1777 in dark obscurity,
From now to all eternity
Amen.

Ma très chère cousine,
Were you never in Berlin?
Your cousin of virtues rare
In weather foul or fair
W. A. MOZART,
Who shits without a fart.

(255) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, December 4th, 1777

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

That you have had to await the result of what you wrote to me about I quite understand. Further, you need not have troubled to describe all that happened contrary

to what I was expecting and to what would have been to our advantage, as it is all over now and can no longer be remedied. But that you, my son, should tell me *that all planning is needless and useless, since after all we do not know what is going to happen*, argues indeed a scattered brain; and you must have written that quite thoughtlessly. No sensible man, I need hardly say, no Christian will deny that *all things will and must happen in accordance with the will of God*. But does it follow therefore that on all occasions we are to act blindly, ever live carelessly, make no plans and merely wait until something drops down from the sky of its own accord? Does not God himself and do not all sensible folk require that in all our actions we should consider, as far as our human reason enables us to, their consequences and their result, and should endeavour to see as far ahead as we can? Now if this is essential in all our actions, how much more necessary is it not in your present circumstances and on a journey? Surely you have already experienced some of the consequences of your actions? Or do you really think that it is enough to have made that *démarche* (<to the Elector with a view to spending the winter in Mannheim?) Surely you must think out, as you ought to have done long ago, a plan which you can adopt, if this present business should not come off. And surely you ought to have told me about it long ago and obtained my views. And now you write—what? “If after all we do leave Mannheim we shall go straight to Weilburg, to the Princess of Nassau-Weilburg (for whom you wrote the sonatas in Holland).¹ And there we shall remain as long as the <officers’ table> is to our taste.”² What sort of a yarn is that? Those are the words, as are indeed all the remarks which precede them,

¹ K. 26-31, six sonatas for the clavier with violin accompaniment, written for and dedicated to the Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg in 1766.

² See p. 576.

of a man <who has lost his reason> and who is trying to delude himself and me. But <you still hope> to get six louis d'or, and that will make everything right. I should now like to enquire whether you know for certain that the Princess is there; if she is, there must be a special reason, seeing that her consort, on account of his military profession, has to reside at The Hague. Surely you ought to have told me this long ago? There is another question—whether you would not do better to go to Mainz—and thence to Weilburg via Frankfurt; for if you now go straight to Weilburg, you will strike the road to Frankfurt; and as you are not staying in Weilburg for good, the road to Mainz will take you back through Frankfurt. But if you go to Mainz first and from there to Weilburg, you will have a short distance to go from Weilburg to Coblenz via Nassau. But perhaps you want to give up Mainz, where we have so many good friends and where we took in from three concerts 200 gulden, although we did not play before the Elector, who happened to be ill. Tell me, my dear son, do you really think now that these are useless speculations? Our dear good Mamma promised: "I shall keep a careful account of our expenses". Excellent! I do not ask and have never dreamt of asking you to produce detailed statements of your expenditure. But when you reached Augsburg, you might have written to say, "We paid out so much at Albert's in Munich, and so much slipped away in travelling expenses, so that we now have such and such a sum". You wrote to me from Augsburg that in spite of what you took in at your concert you were about twenty gulden on the wrong side. You ought to have told me at least in your second letter from Mannheim that the journey cost you so much and that now you stood as follows . . . and then I should have made arrangements in time. But perhaps you think that my plan to provide you with a letter of credit for Augsburg was also

an unnecessary precaution? Do you imagine that Herr Herzog, *who is a good old friend of mine*, would in response to all your letters from Mannheim have provided you with money, if you had not brought a letter of credit with you already? Far from it! The most he might have done would have been to make enquiries from me first. Why was I not to hear from you that you needed money, until you were absolutely down and out? (*You wanted to wait and see what the Elector would give you.*) Your object in acting thus was to prevent me from worrying. But it would have cost me far less anxiety if I had been told everything quite frankly and in good time. For I know even better than you do that on such journeys a man must be prepared for all emergencies, if he is not to be unpleasantly embarrassed at some moment when he is least expecting it. In such moments all one's *friends* disappear! *One should be cheerful and enjoy oneself, I admit.* But at other times *one should be serious*; and travelling is a serious occupation, during which not a day should be wasted. The days, which at this season are short and moreover cost money in an inn, slip away rapidly. Good God! You ask me not to plan ahead, although (*it is solely on your account that I am in debt to the extent of 450 gulden;*) and you think perhaps to put me in a good humour by sending me a hundred silly jokes. I am delighted when you are in good spirits; but instead of the greetings you sent in the form of an alphabet,¹ I should have been better pleased if you had sent me the reasons for your proposed journey to Weilburg. In a word, this is not unnecessary circumspection. Whoever acts otherwise is a stupid, careless fellow who, particularly *in the world as it is to-day*, with all his cleverness will always be left behind, and may even meet with disaster, the more so as he is sure to be taken in by flatterers, fawners and back-

¹ See p. 577.

biters. Mark well, my son, that *to find one man in a thousand*, who is your true friend from unselfish motives, is to find *one of the greatest wonders of this world*. Think of all those who call themselves or seem to be your friends and you will surely detect some reason why they act thus. If they are not self-interested themselves, then probably they are professing friendship in the interest of some other friend, who is necessary to them; or they keep up their friendship with you in order by picking you out, to cause a third person annoyance. If this letter does not reach you in Mannheim, that is, if you are in Weilburg already, I cannot help you. But if you are still at Mannheim and have to leave, then Mamma will see on the map that your best move is to go to Mainz first, or else Mainz will have to be omitted or you will have to come back a bit on your route. Remember that in Weilburg, where everyone is (either Lutheran or Calvinist,) you will not find (a Catholic church.) So I do not want you to stay there too long.

And who informed you, pray, that from Würzburg to Mannheim would take you through the Forest of Spessart, which, as everyone knows, is near Aschaffenburg and between Fulda and Frankfurt? It was probably Herr Beecke who told you that cock and bull story. Why, Aschaffenburg and Würzburg are ten miles apart.

You must now seriously consider how you are going to deal with your present difficulties, travel with all possible economy and make sensible plans. Under no circumstances must you sell our chaise. God keep you both and myself. Nannerl and I kiss you many 10000000 times and I am your old husband and father

MZT.

Count Czernin asks me to send you his greetings. There was a rumour the other day that the Archbishop was not

only sending Haydn to Italy but that he had wanted to send him off to Bozen with Triendl, who, however, had got out of it. My dear Wolfgang, I beg you to think out your plans and to give up writing to me about matters which are over and done with. Otherwise we shall all be most unhappy.

(256) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 6th-7th, 1777*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I can still tell you nothing more. I'm beginning to get sick of this joke. I am only curious now as to how it will end. <Count Savioli> has already spoken three times <to the Elector and each time his reply has been> a shrug of the shoulders and the remark that he would certainly <give me an answer, but that he had not yet made up his mind.> My good friends quite agree with me that all this hesitation and reserve is rather a good sign than a bad one. <For if the Elector had no intention of taking me on at all, he would have said so at once; as it is,> I attribute this delay to—<denari siamo un poco scroconni.>¹ Moreover I know for a fact that <the Elector likes me.> A buon conto, we must just wait a little longer. I may say at once that I should be glad <if the affair turned out well,> as otherwise I should regret <having sat about here for so long and wasted our money.> However, come what may, it can never be bad, if it is in accordance with God's will; and that it may be so is my daily prayer. Papa is right in his guess as to the chief reason <for Herr Cannabich's friendship.> But there is one other little matter for which <he can make use of me.> He has to produce selec-

¹ We are a little stingy with the cash.

tions of all (his ballet music,) but these must be arranged for (the clavier.) He is quite unable to transcribe them in such a way as to render them effective and at the same time easy. So he finds me very handy (for this,) as he did on one occasion already when I arranged a contredanse for him.¹ He has been away hunting for the last eight days and doesn't return until next Tuesday. Such things, of course, contribute (a good deal to a close friendship,) but all the same I do not think, to say the least, that he (would work against me;) for he has altered considerably. When a man reaches a certain age and sees his children growing up, his ideas are bound to change a little. His daughter who is fifteen, his eldest child, is a very pretty and charming girl. She is very intelligent and steady for her age. She is serious, does not say much, but when she does speak, she is pleasant and amiable. Yesterday she again gave me indescribable pleasure; she played the whole of my sonata—excellently. The Andante (which must *not be taken too quickly*) she plays with the utmost expression. Moreover she likes playing it. I had already finished the Allegro, as you know, on the day after my arrival, and thus had only seen Mlle Cannabich once. Young Danner asked me how I thought of composing the Andante. I said that I would make it fit closely the character of Mlle Rosa. When I played it, it was an extraordinary success. Young Danner told me so afterwards. It really is a fact. She is exactly like the Andante. I hope that you received the sonata safely. Your letter of December 1st reached us this morning. To-day I lunched with Wendling for the sixth time and with Schweitzer for the second. To-morrow for a change I shall lunch there again. I go there regularly for meals. But now I must go to bed.

I wish you both good night.

¹ There is no trace of these compositions.

(256a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MANNHEIM, *December 7th, 1777*

Wolfgang is lunching with Herr Wendling to-day, December 7th. So I am at home alone, as I usually am, and have to put up with the most horrible cold. For even if they light a small fire, they never put any more coal on it, so that when it burns out, the room gets cold again. A little fire of this kind costs twelve kreutzer. So I make them light one in the morning, when we get up, and another in the evening. During the day I have to put up with dreadful cold. As I write I can hardly hold my pen, I am freezing so. You must not be so accommodating about Herr Hamm. As it is, 200 gulden is little enough, for that will include her laundry. You must bear in mind all our expenses. In a convent she would have to pay 100 gulden for food and drink alone, and that would not include a teacher and other extras. So charge him what is right and see that you make some profit for your trouble. Only death costs nothing—and even that's not true. I am really delighted that you have given Jungfer Sandl¹ that room, for she is a good girl and will not give you much trouble. Up to the present we have not been to any balls and only to one gala-play, for the tickets are very expensive. You have to pay 45 kreutzer in the parterre and 1 gulden in the cheaper boxes and besides you have to get there early, if you want to be sure of a good seat. So we have not bothered. No one gets in free. Everyone has to pay, both the performers in the orchestra and those connected with the theatre, for the Elector pays

¹ Sandl Auer was a poor cap-mender to whom Leopold Mozart had offered a room at the back of his house. He had mentioned this in Letter 252 (portion omitted).

them all and gives them big salaries. The leading actor in the theatre, Herr Marshall, gets 3000 gulden a year, and the most wretched singer, even a beginner, gets 600. In the orchestra too they get fine salaries. Herr Cannabich as Director now draws 1800 gulden, Herr Fränzl as Konzertmeister 1400 gulden, Kapellmeister Holzbauer almost 3000 gulden, and in addition they get presents for any new compositions. Rather different this from (Salzburg.) It makes your mouth water. We are now relying on that God who, if it is His divine will, will see to it that the (Elector) will retain us. Things are moving a bit slowly. We must just wait and see, and be grateful for the time being that he has not refused altogether.

(256b) *Mozart resumes writing*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

I have just this moment come back from Wendling's. As soon as I have taken this letter to the post I shall run off there again, for they are going to rehearse the opera¹ *in camera caritatis*.² At 6.30 I am going on to Cannabich's to give my usual daily lesson on the clavier.

A propos. I must correct a statement I made. I told you yesterday that Mlle Cannabich was 15; she is, however, only 13, though she is getting on for 14. Our greetings to all our good friends, especially to Herr Bullinger. Mamma is burning with indignation, rage and jealousy at the thought that all that Papa has to do is to move the chest and open the door in order to get to that pretty young chambermaid.³ I assure you that I deeply regret that I am away from Salzburg, as this would have been a splendid opportunity for me to forget all my troubles in

¹ Schweitzer's "Rosemunde".

² i.e. between ourselves.

³ Sandl Auer, see p. 603, n. 1.

the arms of such a beautiful, charming, blue-nosed maiden. But so it had to be. I must just console myself with the thought that there are many women quite as fair. Now I must close, or else I shall miss the post. Hoping (for the third time!) that in my next letter I really shall have some news to tell you, whether it means a fulfilment of our hopes or not, I kiss your hands 1000 times and remain, as always,

your { most obedient son
faithful wife

WOLF. AMADÉ MOZART
MARIA ANNA MOZART¹

My sister,
Who sleeps at Sylvester,
I do embrace with all my might
In Lent as well as on Carnival night.

(257) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *December 8th, 1777*

It is evident that we have not understood one another. The step you took was, in my opinion, well taken and my letters told you so. But did you write to tell me whether you had made any plans or not? And as to whether the step you took led to anything? Not a single word! But suddenly I get your letter, saying: <“*The present was a gold watch. In view of our journey I should have much preferred some money.*”> Then you go on to say: “I called on Herr Schmalz <*who excused himself by remarking that he had no orders to give me money.*>” What else could I gather from these statements but that <you wanted to leave and could not do so for lack of money?> Surely

¹ This signature is in Mozart's handwriting.

you must understand my astonishment at having news like this dumped on me when I was least expecting it, and particularly as you had never prepared me for it. How?—What?—Why?—Whither? If you had only said that you were staying on, (that you were *intending to spend the winter in Mannheim*, that you had *approached* the Elector or were proposing to do so,) then Nannerl, Bullinger and I would have understood everything quite clearly and would not have been anxious. At the same time I was aware that a prolonged stay in any one centre meant money. So naturally I was plagued by a thousand thoughts and I had to write a great many things to you which I otherwise should not have written.

You are convinced that I should *never be able to adapt myself equally to good fortune or bad fortune*. True, for there is only one occasion when I *can* adapt myself, and that is, when in spite of all the preparations which I have made, ill luck comes upon me. Then I have nothing with which to reproach myself. When I was dangerously ill in England,¹ I had thought out already the arrangements for entrusting you to safe hands in the event of my death. And during the dangerous illnesses of yourself and Nannerl at The Hague² and at Olmütz,³ Mamma and I managed to comfort one another. But the fact remains that in all our misfortunes we always knew where to get money. However, my mind is now at rest and I am prepared for any eventuality. Your anxiety that your affairs should be kept secret is quite unnecessary. For do you imagine for one moment that I would give (the Archbishop, who seems to hear everything, an opportunity of laughing at us,) if nothing should come of your scheme? Can you believe this of me? I have not yet told you that after you left, everybody kept on asking me, *where you were going to?* I always replied, as I still do, that I did

¹ In 1764.² In 1765.³ In 1767.

not know myself. Indeed I could say so truthfully, as at the moment I did not know. They read about Augsburg in the papers and Baron Schafmann wrote about Mannheim. When people ask me with a significant look why you are still in Mannheim, I always say that I myself do not know whether you are still there. You stayed on there for the Elector's name-day and perhaps you may not leave now until after his birthday, which is December 12th. For, if I remember rightly, he was born on December 10th or 12th, 1724.¹ Well, enough of this. But nothing makes my heart so heavy or makes me feel so restless as *ignorance and doubt* and anxiety for those who are more precious to me than *life itself*. I should like you to remain in Mannheim for the winter, particularly as a long journey at this time would not be very suitable for Mamma. So I have been wondering what better arrangement could be made. *(If you are appointed to instruct the young Count,)* you will have ample opportunity *(of ingratiating yourself with the Elector;)* and I need hardly tell you *(that you must make a good friend of the governess too.)* The last point in your letter about which I have something to say is your wild statement that *happiness consists only in imagination*. I quite agree. But would you apply your dictum so universally that, for instance, a traveller who is *(stranded in an inn or a post-house without money with which to proceed on his journey)* and who is exposed, in consequence, to the rude taunts *(of a landlord or a postmaster,)* ought to console himself with the thought that happiness consists only in imagination?—My dear Wolfgang, this dictum is a moral saw only applicable to people who are perpetually discontented. Most of us, nay almost all of us, are never content, and everyone considers his neighbour to be more fortunate than himself. So this saying is to instruct, guide, and

¹ The Elector Karl Theodor was born on December 1st, 1724.

remind us that everyone should be content with his station in life and should not envy his neighbour, whom he probably never would envy, if he were thoroughly well acquainted with the private circumstances of the latter. For we always judge by appearances, and most people are careful to hide their real misfortunes.

There is a rumour that a handsome winter suit has been ordered in the guardarobba for Herr Haydn on the occasion of his journey to Italy. How I should like to hear him talking to the Italians in Italy! They will certainly exclaim: "Questo è un vero tedesco!"¹ Now I must close, for the sheet is really covered, quite seriously—not, as it was in your case, to provide a joke. If you stay on in Mannheim, I shall send you the two sonatas a quattro mani,² copied out on small paper for your two pupils. We kiss you both with all our hearts and wish you good health and so forth and along with Nannerl I am your young husband and father

MZT.

Greetings upon greetings!—you must imagine them yourselves, for there are so many of them, that I have not been able to make a note of them, remember them and write them down. Bimperl is barking and drowning them all with the row she is making at the moment.

(257a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, December 8th, 1777³

I am really delighted that, thank God, you are both well. We are as fit as one can be in this dull Salzburg.

¹ He's a real German!

² Probably K. 381 and 358, composed in 1772 and 1774.

³ A postscript to her father's letter.

Thanks for the first movement and the Andante of your sonata which I have already played through. The Andante requires indeed great concentration and exactness in playing. But I like the sonata very much. One can see from its style that you composed it in Mannheim. I am now looking forward to the Rondo. The wife of Anton Lodron, the Marshal of the Court, has died. There is no other news. I do hope that you will be able to stay in Mannheim for the winter, as it would be too trying for Mamma to have to travel at this time of the year. Keep well, both of you, and do think of us very often. I kiss Mamma's hands and embrace my brother.

(258) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 10th-11th, 1777*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

There's nothing to be hoped for at present (from the Elector). The day before yesterday I went to the concert at court to get (his answer. Count Savioli) studiously avoided me, but I made my way up to him. When he saw me, he shrugged his shoulders. "What," I said, "no answer yet?" "Please forgive me," he replied, "unfortunately none." "*Eh bien*," I said, "the Elector might have told me so before." "True," he said, "but he would not have made up his mind even now, if I had not prodded him and pointed out that you had been hanging on here for such a long time and were using up all your money at the inn." "That's what worries me most of all", I retorted. "It's not at all nice. However, I am very much obliged to you, Count (we don't address him as Your Excellency), for having taken such an interest in me, and I beg you to thank (the Elector) on my behalf for his

gracious, though belated reply and to say that I can assure him that he would never have regretted it if he had taken me on." "Oh," he replied, "I am surer of that than you think." I then told Wendling about the decision. He went quite red in the face and remarked very angrily: "We must find some way out. You must stay here, at least for the next two months until we can go to Paris together. Cannabich returns from his hunting to-morrow. We can then discuss the matter further." I then left the concert and went straight to Madame Cannabich. Our Treasurer came with me. He is an excellent fellow and a good friend of mine. On the way I told him what had happened. You cannot imagine how wild the fellow became. When we entered the room, he burst out at once: "Well, here's another who has been favoured with the usual nice treatment they deal you out (at court"). "What," exclaimed Madame, "so nothing has come of it?" I told them the whole story. They then told me about all kinds of pretty pranks which have been played on people here. Mlle Rosa was three rooms off and busy with the laundry at the time. When she had finished she came in and said to me: "Are you ready to begin?" For it was time for our lesson. "I am at your service", I replied. "But we must have a really serious lesson to-day", she said. "We certainly must," I rejoined, "for we shan't have the chance much longer." "Why? What's this?" She went up to her mother who told her. "What?" she said, "is it really true? I can't believe it." "Yes, yes, quite true", her mother said. Thereupon Mlle Rosa played my sonata very seriously. I assure you, I couldn't keep from weeping. In the end the mother, the daughter and the Treasurer all had tears in their eyes. For she had been playing my sonata, which is the favourite of the whole house. "I say", said the Treasurer. "If the Kapellmeister (they never call me anything else here) leaves us, he will make us all

weep." I must say that I have some very kind friends here. Indeed it is at times like these that one gets to know their worth. For they are friends not only in words but in deeds.

Let me tell you just one thing more. The other day I went to lunch at Wendling's as usual. "Our Indian", he said, meaning a Dutchman,¹ a gentleman of means and a lover of all the sciences, who is a great friend and (admirer) of mine, "our Indian is really a first-rate fellow. He is willing to give you 200 gulden if you will compose for him three short, simple concertos and a couple of quartets for the flute. Through Cannabich you can get at least two pupils who will pay well. You can compose duets for clavier and violin here and have them engraved *par souscription*. Your lunch and supper you can always have with us. You can lodge at the Privy Court Councillor's.² All that will cost you nothing. For your mother we shall find some cheap lodging for the next two months until you have written home about all our plans. Your Mamma can then travel home and we can go on to Paris." Mamma is quite satisfied with this arrangement and it only remains for you to give your consent. I am so certain of it that if it were now the time to travel, I should go off to Paris without waiting for an answer. For no other answer could be expected from a father who is so sensible and has shown himself up to the present so anxious for the welfare of his children. Herr Wendling who sends you his compliments is a bosom friend of our bosom friend Grimm. The latter, when he was here, said a good deal about me to Wendling, I mean, when he came here after seeing us in Salzburg. As soon as I get your reply to this letter I shall write to him, for I have it from a stranger, whom I met at table here, that he is now in Paris. As we shall not be leaving before March 6th, I should also be

¹ De Jean (or Dechamps).

² Serrarius.

glad if, through Herr Mesmer in Vienna or somebody or other, you could possibly arrange for me to get a letter to the Queen of France—but only if there's no difficulty about it; it's really of no great importance, though undoubtedly it would be better to have it. This was also a suggestion of Herr Wendling's. I can imagine that what I have written will seem strange to you, living as you are in a town where one is accustomed to having stupid enemies or weak and silly friends who, because (Salzburg's) stodgy bread is indispensable to them, are always toadying and are consequently one thing one day and another the next. You see, that was just the reason why I have kept on writing childish nonsense and jokes to you and have rarely been serious. I wanted to wait for the upshot of the whole affair here in order to save you from worry and to spare my good friends, on whom (though they are quite innocent) you are perhaps throwing all the blame, as though they had been working against me in secret. That is certainly not the case. I know well enough who was the cause! However, your letters have compelled me to tell you the whole story. But I implore you, for Heaven's sake do not upset yourself about it; God willed it so. Bear in mind this only too certain truth that it is not always possible for a man to do what he proposes. He often thinks—"This would be very pleasant, and that would be very bad and undesirable"; and when it comes about, he often finds it is just the opposite. Well, I must go to bed now. I shall have quite enough to write during the next two months, three concertos, two quartets, four or six duets for the clavier. And then I have an idea of writing a new grand mass and presenting (it to the Elector.) Adieu. Please reply at once to all my questions. I kiss your hands 100000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Baron Dürnitz was not in Munich when I was there. I shall write to Prince <Zeill> on the next post-day and ask him to <push on with> my Munich scheme. If you would write to him too, I should be very glad. But be short and to the point; and let there be <no cringing,> for I cannot bear that. One thing is quite certain, if he wants to, he can <fix it up;> for all <Munich> told me so.

(258a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

MANNHEIM, *December 10th-11th, 1777*

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

You insist on knowing how much we have spent on our journey. We told you about Albert's account and that our bill in Augsburg was 300 gulden. Wolfgang told you that we were 24 gulden on the wrong side; but he forgot to include the expenses of the concert, which were 16 gulden, and also our landlord's account. Thus by the time we got to Mannheim we had only about 60 gulden in all. So if we had gone off again after a fortnight, we should not have had much left. For travelling expenses have gone up a lot since everything has become so dear. It is not anything like what it used to be, you would be surprised. As for Wolfgang's journey to Paris, you must think it over and let us know if you approve. At this time of the year Paris is the only place where there is anything doing. Monsieur Wendling is an honest fellow, as everybody knows. He has travelled far and wide and has been to Paris thirteen times already. He knows every stick and stone there; and then our friend Herr Grimm is his best friend and has done a lot for him. So make up your mind and whatever you decide will suit me. Herr Wendling has assured me that he will be a father to Wolfgang, whom he

loves as if he were his own son; and Wolfgang will be looked after as well as if he were with me. As you may imagine, I myself do not like to let him go, nor do I like to have to travel home alone, it is such an awful distance. I can't bear to think of it. But what can we do? I am too old to undertake such a long journey to Paris and besides it would cost too much. To travel *à quatre* is much cheaper than to meet all one's expenses oneself. I shall write more next post-day. To-day I have a headache and I think I am in for a cold. It is bitterly cold here. I am so frozen that I can hardly hold my pen. Wolfgang has gone out to look at lodgings. The cheap ones are very scarce here, but there are plenty of expensive ones. Tell Nannerl that people do not wear jackets here except indoors. Out-of-doors they wear chiefly cloaks and capes. The caps they wear are much prettier than what we wear in Salzburg and quite different—their frisure is quite wonderful, nothing piled up at all. The women are very smartly dressed. If it were not such a distance, I would send Nannerl a cap and a Palatine. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you many 1000000 times and remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages to all our good friends, especially to Bullinger, Jungfer Sallerl, Katherl Gilowsky, the Andretters, Hagenauers, Robinigs, Frau von Gerlichs, the Schiedenhofens, Mölks, Jungfrau Mitzerl, Herr Gött, Jungfrau Sandl, Theresa.

A smack for Bimperl.

(259) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, December 11th, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

I received safely on the 9th your letter of the 3rd. It is a great pity that all your letters reach us on *Tuesdays and Fridays*, as we cannot reply to them before *Thursdays and Mondays*. Nannerl plays your whole sonata excellently and with great expression. If you leave Mannheim, *as I now presume you will*, I shall have it copied and enclose a small sheet in every letter, so that you may have it again. Your sonata is a strange composition. It has something in it of the *rather artificial* Mannheim style, but so very little that your own good style is not spoilt thereby. I am assuming that you will leave Mannheim, as you *<told Count Savioli>* that you feared that the Elector *<would give you so little during the winter that it would be impossible for you to stay.>* But though he does not intend *<to appoint you permanently,>* he may be wondering whether you may not stay on after all and he may therefore be hesitating to take a decision. So the logical conclusion *<is that he is not going to retain you.>* Basta! Well, it is all over now and God knows where you will be reading this letter. Your next one which I am expecting to-morrow will surely tell me. If you had thought things out a bit beforehand, you would have taken with you your testimonials and so forth from Padre Martini and shown them to the Elector. You must surely know that he thinks the world of Padre Martini and that he sent Herr Ritschel,¹ whom he afterwards appointed his Vice-Kapellmeister, to be trained by him, and after

¹ Probably Franz Ritschel, who in 1756 was court organist at Mannheim.

Ritschel's death, Vogler also. Besides you surely know that Martini dedicated Part II of his book to the Elector? ¹ You ought at least to have shown Count Savioli your diplomas from the Academies and your testimonials, the more so as Italians are always impressed by these public tributes from their fellow-countrymen. For even though you may have convinced all the leading musicians in Mannheim of your knowledge of composition, does it follow that the Elector is aware of it? Have these gentlemen an opportunity of telling him? *And would they want to tell him?* The Elector knows that you are a *competent clavier-player*, but he has had no opportunity of hearing *what you can do* in the way of composition. I am not going to say anything more about having your works copied, which you ought to have arranged during your long visits to Munich and Augsburg, as the farther you travel the more expensive does copying become. You will remember, however, that I was very much against your taking so many symphonies with you. I just picked out a good number of them, but I naturally thought that you would leave some of them behind. Yet instead of putting several aside, you added to them others, and thus made such an enormous pile that you could not pack any of your church music. If I had not been so ill that I could hardly speak, I should not have let you take more than about four or six symphonies with the parts doubled for concert use, and all the others in single parts or in their original scores. Could you not have performed in Mannheim your Haffner music,² your concertone³ or one of your Lodron serenades?⁴ I suppose that the Elector never has music except when there is a

¹ Part II of his "Storia della Musica", published in 1770.

² K. 250, written in 1776.

³ K. 190, for two violins and orchestra, written in 1773.

⁴ K. 247 and 287. See p. 422, n. 2.

gala-concert—and that Herr Cannabich has already provided for such occasions.

If you have left Mannheim, I trust that before your departure you got Herr Wendling *to give you a few letters of introduction or some addresses in Paris*—and that you have found out from him where *he lived*—and where *he used to lunch*. If you have not done so, write to him at once and ask him *for all these*. You must make a point of getting hold of some honest person who will direct you immediately to a comfortable and inexpensive lodging, so that you may not have to stay at an inn nor, if possible, even have to put up at one at all. Your conscience, if you will hear its voice, must be reminding you that you have kept on postponing many things which you ought to have done. For example, you ought to have had your “Misericordias”¹ copied, as soon as it was returned to you from Augsburg, as it is not a big work; you ought to have enquired whether the court copyist would not copy one of your masses for the Elector, as was done with your “Misericordias” in Munich; you ought to have hit on the idea *(about his natural children, your variations and your Rondo)*² much earlier and immediately after you received his present—and indeed many other things which the above remarks and my frequent questions must recall to your mind. Your idea about travelling to Paris with Herr Wendling is not to be rejected entirely. There is time to think it over. It all depends where you will be in Lent. I fully realise how much money can be made in Paris and told you this in my last letter. If M. Grimm is there, then your fortune is made. If not, no doubt you will make fresh acquaintances.

¹ K. 222. See pp. 556 and 592.

² This rather obscure passage is an allusion to Mozart's Letter 251, in which he tells his father that he made a present of these two compositions to the Elector's children. See pp. 584-585.

If you have left Mannheim, you ought to go straight to Paris and I shall fire off at once a letter to M. Grimm and send you particulars of all our old acquaintances there. If you are in Mainz, you will know from one of my letters what you can do there. I now close with the hope that God may keep you in good health, for which I pray to Him constantly, and with the earnest reminder that you must take the greatest care of it. For a break-down would be our most crushing misfortune and would plunge us all into the deepest misery. I dare not remember that I <now owe more than six hundred gulden>—or else—

Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times. We both send you our greetings and I remain your old husband and father

MZT.

The castrato¹ is now living at the fencing-master's and goes to Varesco² for his meals. Addio!

MY DEAR WIFE,

I am delighted to hear that you are well, but I am rather anxious as to whether you have really left Mannheim, for travelling in winter must be very uncomfortable for you. You must protect yourself from the cold as well as you can and it would be better to buy another large fur. You did not take a foot-bag with you, although we have two. You say that if you were to tell me everything, your letters would be too long. But you see that I take a whole sheet, and that I write all over it and only leave room for the seal. I do this simply in order to tell you a great many things, and I write twice as much as you write to me—and

¹ Francesco Ceccarelli.

² Abbate Giambattista Varesco, who since 1766 had been court chaplain in Salzburg. He wrote the Italian libretti for Mozart's opera seria "Idomeneo", 1781, and for his unfinished opera buffa "L'oca del Cairo", 1783.

yet I only pay six kreutzers. I trust that you too only pay six kreutzers for my very long letters. You see that I do not use separate covers and that I fill in all the empty spaces with writing. Indeed I too should like to talk to you. Oh, sometimes I cannot get you out of my head the whole day long, especially when I think of you, travelling in this cold weather—and of other things—which ought to have turned out very differently. God, however, will provide! But we human beings must also take thought; and in this world it is impossible by honest expedients only, to get on at court. All sorts of ways and means have to be adopted. I well know how expensive a journey can be, and my oft-repeated reminders that you ought to look about for private rooms will have told you that I foresaw that your stay in Mannheim would be a long one. I realised what you wanted to do and suspected at the same time that the fulfilment of your plan might be delayed and perhaps in the end come to nothing. Inns are expensive, especially if you take supper there, though indeed, if you are frequently invited to a late lunch at a good table, you can content yourself with soup at night. As it is, these landlords ask quite enough for a room and so forth. Farewell. I try to comfort myself as well as I can and I remain your

honest husband

MZT.

(260) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband and Daughter*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 14th, 1777*

MY DEAR HUSBAND AND NANNERL,

Thank God, we have left the inn at last and have a nice room now with two fine beds and an alcove in the

house of a Privy Court Councillor.¹ I don't yet know his name. He has an excellent wife, and a Mademoiselle of fifteen, who has been playing the clavier for eight years already and to whom Wolfgang has to give lessons. For this we get free lodging, including wood and light. Wolfgang has his meals at Monsieur Wendling's and I go for mine to young Herr Danner's, who in return for this takes lessons in composition from my son. That is our present arrangement. Wolfgang has such an awful lot to do that he really doesn't know whether he is standing on his head or his heels. He lunched to-day with the wealthy Dutchman² who is giving him 200 gulden for some compositions. He hasn't come back yet and if he doesn't soon, I shan't be able to send off this letter. It is almost four o'clock now. I could not write before, as I was not lunching at home. I have not yet got our landlord's account. You cannot imagine in what high favour Wolfgang is here both with the orchestra and with other people. They all say that there is no one to touch him. They absolutely idolise his compositions. Often I do not see him all day long. I am at home alone most of the time, for on account of the cold and wet weather I cannot go out much, as I have no umbrella to put up when it snows or rains. The old and young Herren Danner send their greetings to you; and Wolfgang and I send our compliments to the whole population of Salzburg. I wish I could be with you just for one day so that I could have a chat with you, for in a letter it is impossible to describe everything in detail. Well, I shall close this letter, for Wolfgang will not be able to write a great deal to-day. The post will be off in a moment. Addio. I kiss you and Nannerl many 1000 times and remain your faithful wife

FRAU MARIANNA MOZART

¹ Serrarius. See p. 611.

² De Jean (or Dechamps). See p. 611.

(260a) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MANNHEIM, December 14th, 1777

I can only write a few words. I did not get home until four o'clock, and had to give a lesson at once to the daughter of the house.¹ It is almost half past five now and therefore time to close this letter. I shall tell Mamma always to start writing a few days in advance, so that I shan't have a dozen things to do at once. For it's no longer easy for me to see to this; what little time I have for writing I must devote to composition, as I have a lot of work before me. As for my journey to Paris I implore you to let me have an answer quickly. I played through my concertone² to Herr Wendling on the clavier. He remarked that it was just the thing for Paris. When I play it to Baron Bagge,³ he's quite beside himself. Adieu.

A fine handwriting and a glorious rigmarole, eh? I kiss your hands 100000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to everyone in Salzburg and especially to Herr Bullinger.

(261) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, December 15th, 1777

In the name of Heaven! Patience! For I too have nothing to say. Surely your business must be over by now

¹ Therese Pierron Serrarius.² K. 190, composed in 1773.³ Baron Karl Ernst von Bagge (1718-1791), whose musical salon in Paris was famous. The Mozart family had met him in Paris in 1764. Cp. Leopold

—not at the moment of writing, but by the time you read this letter, which will be about the 21st. Almighty God grant that in accordance with His most holy will everything has turned out well. *(If you have not been retained, then you will have surely received a handsome sum for your travelling expenses.)* I take it that you used your *(expenses in the inn)*, your *total* expenses, as an excuse? *(It would have pleased me best of all if you had been able to settle in Mannheim.)* If I had been in your shoes, *(I should have gone on teaching the Rondo and the variations to the children.* For, even if the Elector had not *given you a large salary now*, he would *soon have raised it.*) Enough! We must resign ourselves to the will of God. But we must always do our best, and for that reason must always *(take thought.)* Have you *(finished composing the ballets for Herr Cannabich?)*¹ I should have left myself plenty of time for that. From the very first moment when you told me of this business, I formed the opinion, and still hold it, that the only way to achieve success was *(through the children, or rather through the governess, and by thus obtaining the opportunity of speaking to the Elector himself.* For although *Count Savioli*) may mean well as far as you are concerned (a thing about which one can never be too sure in this wicked world), yet *(he may not have the opportunity)* of raising the matter very often or even have the courage to do so. Now I have nothing more to write about. I pity you, my dear wife, for having to suffer so from the cold, although you pay 24 kreutzer a day for heating. And it must be even worse now, as we too have been having for some time the most extraordinarily cold weather. If I were you, I should look up and visit somebody who has a warm room, and whenever I had to

Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 29. For a study of Baron Bagge see G. Cucuel: *Le Baron de Bagge et son temps*, in *L'Année Musicale*, no. 1, 1912.

¹ Cp. p. 602.

be at home, I should get into bed, rest my back against the pillows and cover myself up to the waist and then read or knit or sew or even play cards, or tell my fortune with the cards. If anyone should chance to call, you could say that you have a slight headache or make some other excuse. I should certainly do this rather than suffer from cold. You have both been away now for three months, that is, a quarter of a year. To me it already seems a year.

Is it necessary for me to ask whether Wolfgang is not getting a little lax perhaps (about confession?) God must come first! From His hands we receive our temporal happiness; and at the same time we must think of our eternal salvation. Young people do not like to hear about these things, I know, for I was once young myself. But, thank God, in spite of all my youthful foolish pranks, I always pulled myself together. I avoided all dangers to my soul and ever kept God and my honour and the consequences, the *very dangerous consequences* of foolishness, before my eyes. We have no news at all. We and all our good friends send you our greetings. We kiss you millions of times and while awaiting news from you constantly—and patiently, I remain your husband and father

MZT.

Your daughter and sister

NANNERL

Nothing more is being said about Haydn's journey.
We still have time to wish you a Happy New Year.

A propos!—Is Wolfgang's beard going to be cut off, singed off, or shaved off?

(262) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, December 18th, 1777

The news contained in your letter of the 10th of the unfavourable result of your famous affair did not find me quite unprepared, for I had already hinted as much to Bullinger and your sister, and indeed I never expected anything else. You too will have gathered this from my letters. It is true that I should have been glad if you had been successful, for you could have undertaken other journeys from Mannheim from time to time just the same. Further you will have noticed in all my letters that I have been keeping my eye on Paris. I must now write to you very fully. You know that for many years certain people¹ in Salzburg have been trying our patience and you know how often you and I have longed to clear out. No doubt you still remember what objections I used to raise to our doing this, and how I would point out that it would be impossible for us all to leave. You now realise these difficulties, that is, the great expenses of travelling and the impossibility of making enough money to defray them, especially with a whole family. I could not let you travel alone, as you were not accustomed to attend to everything or to be independent of the help of others and as you knew so little about different currencies and nothing whatever about foreign money. Moreover you had not the faintest idea about packing nor about the innumerable necessary arrangements which crop up on journeys. I used to point out to you that, even if you were to remain in Salzburg until you were a little over twenty, you would not necessarily be wasting your time, which you could spend in dipping into other useful branches of knowledge

¹ i.e. the Archbishop.

and in training your reason by reading good books in several languages. Further, I used to remind you that it takes time for a young man, even one of such extraordinary gifts that he surpasses all other masters, to win the esteem which he deserves. Indeed several years are necessary; and as long as the young man is under twenty, his enemies and persecutors will certainly attribute his possible lack of success to *his youth* and small experience. Have you the slightest doubt that such considerations were put forward to (*the Elector in regard to the instruction of his natural children?*) I am indeed as little fond of cringing as you are; and you will remember that while you were in Munich, I told you that you should not make yourself *so cheap*; and that all those attempts to collect ten persons who would so arrange matters that you might stay on there, seemed to me *far too cringing*. But kind-hearted and well-meaning friends persuaded you to do so—fires of straw, I call them, which quickly flare up—and end in smoke. Yet doubtless it was well meant! It is true that I should like you to have an appointment, but only one, such as you might find in Munich or Mannheim, which would enable you to travel from time to time. And I think too that you should not make a contract for life. Now for your journey to Paris, where indeed I wish you were already. This was precisely my objection to your disastrously long stay at Mannheim. It is only natural that the gentlemen with whom you are going to travel to Paris should not let you go on without them. They need a fourth; and where will they get such *a fourth* as you are? That Herr Wendling is your friend, that he means well, that he knows Paris, that he will take great care of you—all that I do not doubt for a moment. And that he will try to arrange for you to be supported in Mannheim until March, I do not doubt that either. For it is very important that he should have your company. All friendships have

their motives. If this Dutch gentleman ¹ gives you 200 gulden, then you can keep going in Mannheim, especially if you go to Wendling's for lunch. Supposing Mamma spends 3 gulden a week for food, that is 12 gulden a month; or perhaps Cannabich or Wendling would feed her at the rate of 4 gulden a week, which would be 16 gulden a month—then how much does a room cost by the month? If you get 200 gulden from your Dutchman and together you spend 50 gulden a month, that is, 100 gulden in two months; and if you can get a couple of pupils, you will still have 100 gulden to spare; and if you have free board, how can you each spend 50 gulden a month? In short! I quite approve of your present arrangement. But that you should be living with a Court Councillor ²—whose name you do not seem to know—and that Mamma should have to live alone, *that I simply will not have*. As long as Mamma is in Mannheim, you and she must live together. *You should not and must not* leave Mamma alone and at the mercy of other people, as long as she is with you. However small her room may be, space can surely be found for a bed for you—and in any case why not take a larger room? It will cost a couple of gulden more, of course, but that is no great expense for two months and will certainly be only half the amount that you were paying at the inn. If only you had done what I told you in my letters to Augsburg and in subsequent ones, that is, that on reaching Mannheim *you should look for a private room at once*, you would have saved a good deal of money. Mamma ought to remember how we travelled long ago. I never used to stay at inns in towns where I thought we were going to make a long sojourn. For instance, I know nothing about inns in Paris, London, Vienna, or even Brünn. You will realise that Mamma cannot leave Mannheim now that really cold weather is

¹ De Jean (or Dechamps).

² Serrarius.

setting in. Besides, I must first think out the easiest and most convenient way to bring her home. In the meantime be sure you stay with her and care for her, so that she may lack nothing, for indeed she cares for you. But if the 200 gulden, which the Indian ¹ is going to give you, have turned out to be only another fire of straw which has flamed up in the first excitement of friendship and has already ended in smoke, then pack up and go. But if they are genuine gulden, then set to and carry out his commission; and I agree that it would be a very good thing if you were to write a new grand mass for the Elector. So during the next two months you will have to be methodical with your time. (It would be well for you to write to Prince Zeill and say that you are not asking the Elector to give you a permanent appointment, but that *you would like him to take you on for a couple of years*, so that you might have the opportunity and the privilege of serving him and giving him proofs of your *talent*.) I shall write also by the next post. Then you must write to Herr Grimm as I shall too. Herr Bullinger and all our good friends send their greetings. Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times and I am your devoted father

MOZART

We send our regards to the whole Cannabich and Wendling households.

MY DEAR WIFE!

My letter above contains my reply about the question of this journey to Paris with Herr Wendling. But I want you and Wolfgang to live together, provided that it is all right about the 200 gulden. If there is any uncertainty, however, and no guarantee, then pack up and go off to Mairrz at once. On your arrival in Mannheim you ought

¹ De Jean (or Dechamps).

with the help of young Herr Danner or someone else to have looked about at once for private rooms. You ought to have done this and disregarded the objections of other people. I mentioned it so often—and yet you did not do it and as a result it has been to our loss. You say that you sent me Albert's account. *Not a trace of it!* It is quite evident from your letters that you both always scribble them off in a hurry, at night and when you are half asleep, and that you just jot down whatever occurs to you at the moment. Probably you yourself, therefore, do not remember what you have written, and I wager that you hardly ever read a letter which Wolfgang has written to me. By Heaven! You are nice folk! I can well believe that the price of food has gone up with the general rise; but postal fees have remained the same. I myself had already worked out that you must have spent a great deal of money. Well, well! If you had read my letters carefully, you would have known what to do, even if you had arrived in Mainz without a farthing. However, it can't be helped. (*Nobody worked against Wolfgang more than Vogler.*) I said so long ago to Bullinger and Nannerl. If it is true that you are to get 200 gulden from the Dutchman, then I shall have to think out how you can come home later on. For you could not do so now; it would be far too cold for you, particularly as the cold generally becomes most severe at Christmas and Twelfth Night. Besides, how are you going to travel? In our chaise? And quite alone? This all requires very careful consideration. Once you reach Augsburg, it will be easy. Do you think that Wolfgang will now attend to his affairs? I hope he has got accustomed to doing this and that his head is not always full of music. Farewell to you both. I am

your old husband

MZT.

(263) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *December 18th, 1777*

We have received all your letters safely and up to the present have not missed a single one. But the postage fee here is much higher than in Salzburg. We have to pay twelve kreutzers for every letter we receive or send, and eighteen kreutzers if it is a large one. Since our arrival we have already spent more than six gulden on postage. For things are done here in the French style. We now have a perfectly splendid room with two beautiful beds and full service. The Privy Court Councillor's name is Serrarius. His wife is very charming to us. I have supper with them every evening and chat to the wife and daughter until half past ten. They would like me to spend every afternoon with them. I cannot tell you what a high opinion they have of my son. They only regret that he cannot spend all his time with them. A distinguished Lutheran came to see us to-day and has invited Wolfgang most courteously to try the new organ in the Lutheran church. All the Kapellmeisters who are in Mannheim are to be present. He is to try it at three o'clock this afternoon. He has so much to do that he really doesn't know whether he is standing on his head or his heels; what with composing and giving lessons he hasn't time to visit anybody. So you see we can stop here for the winter quite comfortably, and all this is due to Monsieur Wendling, who loves Wolfgang as his own son. The innkeeper's bill, which has pretty well emptied our purses, amounted to 111 gulden, and I gave 3 gulden in tips to the waiters and maids. It would have been better, of course, if we had taken rooms sooner, but they are very dear here. A furnished room alone costs three to four gulden a week and on top of that other

necessities have to be purchased. And our affairs have always been so unsettled that we have never known from one day to another whether we are leaving or staying on. It would not have been worth our while to move out for three or four days. All this time I have been worried and anxious about living in this uncertainty and being bottled up in an inn. Every day I wanted to go to some other house. We still have 72 gulden left of our whole capital. We drew 150 gulden from Herr Schmalz; otherwise we could not have paid our landlord. With this sum and what Wolfgang is going to make during the winter we must meet our travelling expenses. For, as you are already aware, one needs a lot of money in Paris. Even here our expenses are quite heavy enough, and that too although we have free board and lodging. For there is our laundry, which is very expensive in Mannheim, shoes, hair powder, pomade and other trifles which I cannot recall at the moment, but all of which cost money, so that the whole time one has to keep forking out. I really don't know how I could live more economically. Since I left Salzburg I have only had one cap made and one pair of shoes. I never took wine at the inn unless Wolfgang was having a meal there, and then we had a glass together. Yet our account has mounted up to such a figure. The room, fire and candles alone came to 30 gulden for the six weeks; and our room was under the roof and had two wretched beds; my feet were never warm the whole day long and I used to sit in my fur and my felt shoes. So you can imagine how happy I am to be able to lie in comfort for once and to have a fine warm room, praise and thanks be to God. I trust that Almighty God who has ordered everything so well will give us all the other things we desire, if they are good for us. Everything has been arranged so satisfactorily—when we were least thinking that it would. I promised a Holy Mass at the Holy Child of Loreto, and also in

Maria-Plain, which I beg you to have read, perhaps at the Child of Loreto at once and later on in Maria-Plain when the weather is warmer, so that Nannerl can go out there. Both of these are for my protection on our journey and I put my whole trust in them, for I shall certainly not be forsaken. I have no other news beyond what you must know already, that is, that the English have suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Americans and that a whole regiment has been captured.¹ Schweitzer's new opera ² is being rehearsed every day. Wolfgang does not like it at all. He says there is nothing natural about it, that it is all exaggerated and that it is not composed to suit the singers. We must wait and see whether the performance will be a success. I wish you and Nannerl a happy Christmas and New Year. I have to write in good time, as you always get our letters so late. Keep well and cheerful until our next joyful meeting. Please give my compliments to all our good friends, especially to Monsieur Bullinger and Mlle Sallerl. I have greetings to deliver from our acquaintances here, some of whom you know and some of whom you do not. Addio. I kiss you both many 10000 times and remain as always your faithful wife until death

MARIANNA MOZART

I send warm greetings to Thérèse.

Pimperl, I suppose, is still quite well. Has she never been snarly since we left? Has she never had an attack of hydrophobia? I was indoors all day to-day, as I had a heavy cold and could only take some soup, which Herr Danner sent in to me. I hope to get out to-morrow, if it is God's will. Addio. I kiss you both again.

¹ Probably a reference to Burgoyne's unsuccessful operations against Gates in September and October, which led to the surrender of the former at Saratoga on October 17th. The French immediately concluded a treaty with the revolted colonies, which was, however, not signed until November 6th, 1778.

² "Rosemunde".

(263a) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MANNHEIM, *December 18th, 1777*

At top speed and in the greatest hurry. The organ in the Lutheran church which has just been tried to-day is very good, both in the full and in single stops. Vogler played it. He is, to put it bluntly, a trickster pure and simple. As soon as he tries to play *maestoso*, he becomes as dry as dust; and it is a great relief that playing upon the organ bores him and that therefore it doesn't last long. But what is the result? An unintelligible muddle. I listened to him from a distance. He then began a fugue, in which one note was struck six times and presto. Whereupon I went up to him. Indeed I would much rather watch him than hear him. There was a whole crowd of people there, including many of the musicians, Holzbauer, Cannabich, Toeschi and so forth. I shall soon have finished one quartet¹ for the Indian Dutchman,² that true friend of humanity. A propos, Herr Wendling told me yesterday that he had written to you by the last post. Addio. My greetings to everyone in Salzburg. I kiss your hands 100000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart. Oh what a fine handwriting! I am your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

I had to conduct the opera³ at Wendling's the other day with a few violins, in place of Schweitzer who was indisposed.

¹ K. 285.² De Jean (or Dechamps).³ Schweitzer's new opera "Rosemunde".



*Ce moderne Amphion charma la Germanie;
 il fit Rithier encore le superbe Autan
 Artiste virtuose, et sublime Chanteur,
 on admire sa Voix, on admire son Coeur.*

A. R.

Ant. Raafe, aus der Kunst, ein wahrer Sänger.

ANTON RAAFF

From an engraving by G. F. Touchemolin
 (Graphische Sammlung, Munich)

(264) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *December 20th, 1777*

I have received this very moment your letter of the 15th and am delighted to hear that you are both well. Thank God, we are too. Wolfgang is out and therefore will not read your letter until eleven o'clock to-night when he gets home. I wrote to you on the 10th that all was well with us. These last two days I have not been out of doors, for the weather has been both wet and cold. Wolfgang and I are lunching, to-morrow, Sunday, with our landlord, Privy Court Councillor Serrarius; so that is why I am writing to-day. If I left it until to-morrow, we might get away too late for us to write, for the post leaves at six o'clock in the evening. What you say about confessing, we already did at the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. We rarely hear mass during the week, I must admit, for daylight is so late now that it is impossible for us to get out in time and the last mass is at eleven o'clock and the church is a good distance from this house. But on Sundays and Holy days we can go to the Pfarrkirche. Indeed Wolfgang goes every Sunday to High Mass at the Hofkirche in order to hear the music. I have no news whatever for you, for during the last two days nothing has happened. From now on I shall write once a week, which is much more sensible, as every letter, big or small, costs twelve kreutzers; and moreover the post-days, which are Thursday and Saturday, are so close together that it is much simpler to write once only. We have not yet called in the barber to deal with Wolfgang's beard: we have just been cutting it with scissors. But this will not do much longer and the barber will soon have to tackle it. We send all sorts of messages to Sallerl and to our best friend Herr Bullinger.

(264a) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MANNHEIM, *December 20th, 1777*

I wish you, dearest Papa, a very happy New Year, and hope that every day your health, which is so precious to me, may get better and better, to the advantage and delight of your wife and children, to the satisfaction of your true friends and the vexation and annoyance of your enemies! I beg you during the coming year to love me with the same fatherly affection as you have shown me hitherto! I for my part shall endeavour to my utmost to deserve more and more the love of so excellent a father. Your last letter, dated December 15th, gave me the greatest pleasure, as it told me that, praise and thanks be to God, you are quite well. We two, God again be thanked, are in excellent health. I can't help being so, for I certainly get enough exercise. I am writing this at eleven o'clock at night, for it is the only time I am free. We can't get up before eight o'clock, as until half past eight there is no daylight in our room, which is on the ground floor. I dress in haste and at ten I sit down to compose until about twelve or half past twelve. Then I go to Wendling's, where I again compose a little until half past one, when we have lunch. Thus the time passes until three, when I go off to the Mainzischer Hof (an inn) to a Dutch officer ¹ to give him a lesson in galanterie and thoroughbass, for which I receive, if I am not mistaken, four ducats for twelve lessons. At four I must be home again to instruct the daughter of the house. We never begin our lesson before half past four, as we have to wait for the lights. At six I go to Cannabich's and give Mlle Rosa her lesson. I stay there to supper, after which

¹ De La Potrie.

we talk or occasionally someone plays. If it is the latter, I always take a book out of my pocket and read—as I used to do in Salzburg. I have just said that your last letter gave me great pleasure. That is true! But one thing upset me a little bit—your enquiry as to whether I wasn't perhaps getting a little lax about confession. I have nothing to say to this; but just let me ask you one thing, and that is, not to have such a bad opinion of me. I like to enjoy myself, but rest assured that I can be as serious as anyone else can. Since I left Salzburg (and even in Salzburg itself) I have come across people who, although they are ten, twelve and thirty years my senior, have talked and behaved in such a way as I should blush to imitate. So once more I beg you most humbly to think better of me. Please give my greetings to Herr Bullinger, my very best friend, and convey to him my heartiest wishes for the New Year. Remember me to all my good friends, and particularly to Father Dominic.¹

My dearest Rosie, O sweetheart mine,

My dearest Nan, O sister mine.

Angel, a thousand thanks for your excellent wishes.

And here is one from Mozart, that queerest of fishes.

Good luck and happiness, if such things be, to you.

I trust that you will love me, as Woferl loves you too.

And truthfully I tell you that you he does admire

And, if you were to ask him, would rush into the fire.

Exactly as he says them, his words do I impart,

And I see it all so clearly, that passion in his heart

For his sweet Rosie Joli and his dear sister Nan.

Ah, come away, you darlings! A dance for maid and
man!

Long life to all you dear ones, Papa and my Mamma,

My sister and her brother! Hey sassa! Houp sassa!

¹ Dominicus Hagenauer, who in 1764 had become a priest and for whom Mozart wrote in 1769 his mass K. 66.

And Woferl too and also the mistress of his heart.
 And this for evermore, my dears, as long as he can fart,
 As long as he can piddle and shit it with the best,
 So long will he and Rosie and Nan and all be blest—
 A charming crew! Alas, to bed I now must creep,
 For I hear it striking midnight, when we all should
 be asleep.

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART
 MARIA ANNA MOZART ¹

(265) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 21st–22nd, 1777*

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

I sent you in my last letter my views about your journey to Paris. I am delighted to see from your letter of December 14th that you have left the inn and are now well provided for on the whole for the next two months. Herr Wendling, to whom I was going to write by this post, has anticipated me. I had no time to write to him last post-day, as I had to write to Padre Maestro Martini, to tell him about the portrait which I had already despatched.²

I wrote the above yesterday, Sunday, December 21st, on my return home after the Horary service, when your mass in B flat major ³ was performed, in which the castrato⁴ sang most excellently. In the evening Johannes Hagenauer came to tell me that Count Castelbarco had arrived at the "Schiffwirth" that very moment. I went off

¹ Her signature is in Mozart's handwriting.

² Leopold Mozart's letter to Padre Martini about his son's portrait is dated December 22nd. See p. 639. He may refer to another letter which has been lost, but this is not likely.

³ K. 275, composed in 1777.

⁴ Francesco Ceccarelli.

there at once, but was told that he had just gone out and would be leaving again in an hour to join his brother, the officer, in Schwanenstadt, but that he would be back again in Salzburg in five or six days, when he would be staying for some time. The servant, on hearing my name, which I was asked to leave, exclaimed: "Oh, lo conosco, il padre di quel giovane che ha scritto tre opere in Milano. Non mancherò di presentare i suoi rispetti ed attenzioni al mio padrone."¹

Adlgasser, who died to-day, is to be buried to-morrow night and on the 24th there will be a service at St. Sebastian's.² Who will be the new organist, I wonder? Who will teach in the Kapellhaus? And who will instruct the Countess's³ daughters? I am thankful that neither Nannerl nor I have had anything to do with them. She will probably try to find an opportunity of speaking to me. His Excellency the Chief Steward⁴ sent for me to-day after my lesson at Arco's.⁵ He wanted to see me, because he likes you so much and was wondering whether he ought not to put your name forward to the Archbishop for the post of organist. I thanked him for his kind proposal, which I declined, and said that it was quite out of the question and explained a good deal to him. He replied that he was very much relieved and that he now had a load off his mind. You will both understand that *I must postpone my answer to Herr Wendling, to whom I send my most humble greetings*. The Adlgasser

¹ Oh, I know you, for you are the father of the youth who wrote three operas at Milan. I shall certainly present your respects and regards to my master.

² A portion of this letter, which has been omitted, contains a long description of Adlgasser's fatal seizure while playing the organ during a vesper service in the cathedral.

³ Countess Lodron, the Archbishop's sister.

⁴ Count von Firmian.

⁵ Leopold Mozart taught the violin to Count Leopold Arco, son of Count Georg Anton Felix Arco, Chief Chamberlain to the Archbishop.

incident has prevented me. I must now go off to their house, help these people and make arrangements about the music for the service. God protect you. Mamma ought to write a good deal to us, but Wolfgang only a little, because he has so much to do. Nannerl plays his sonata¹ with the greatest expression. We kiss you millions of times and I am your old

MZT.

(265a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, December 22nd, 1777²

Since you have now become so distinguished and your time is so much taken up that you cannot write to me, probably you will have no time to read a few lines from me either. So with your permission I shall take the liberty of talking quite alone to Mamma. Besides it is going to be women's chat. I trust that you are both well and happy. Mamma was kind enough to tell me that the frisures and caps they wear in Mannheim are much prettier and that the women dress much more smartly than in Salzburg. That I can well believe. And if I am going to be fortunate enough to have my Mamma back here in two months, then I should like to ask her to be so good as to watch closely how that frisure is made and to bring a toupee cushion with her and whatever else is necessary for it and, if possible, a cap in the very latest fashion and anything else she may like to bring. If only I could make money by giving lessons as I did some time ago, I should love to have my garnet-red gown made into a Bolognese and trimmed with lawn. In that case, I might perhaps find a cheaper lawn in Mannheim. But I must banish all

¹ K. 309, written for Rosa Cannabich.

² A postscript to her father's letter.

thoughts of new fashions like these. I am delighted that you now have a comfortable room and I trust that Mamma no longer suffers from the cold as she did at the inn. I must stop now, otherwise Papa will have no more room. I wish you both continual good health and I kiss Mamma's hand and embrace my brother.

(266) *Leopold Mozart to Padre Martini, Bologna*

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *December 22nd, 1777*¹

MOST REVEREND PADRE MAESTRO,

MOST ESTEEMED FATHER,

Tandem aliquando! For the last year my son has owed you a reply to your very kind letter of December 18th, 1776, in which you were good enough to express your approval of his motet for four voices² and at the same time your desire to have a portrait of him and of myself. So far I have hesitated to send you these for lack of a competent artist, such as is not to be found in this part of the world. I kept on postponing it in the hope that, as sometimes happens, some good painter would pass through Salzburg. In the end, however, I had to make up my mind quickly and commission one of our own painters to carry out the work. Now listen to our story. For the last five years my son has been serving our Prince for *a miserable pittance* in the hope that his efforts and his slight knowledge coupled with his very great zeal and uninterrupted studies would in time be appreciated. But we were wrong! I refrain from giving you a full description of the manner in which our Prince prefers to think and act. Suffice it to say that he was not ashamed to declare that *my son knew nothing and that he*

¹ This letter is in Italian.

² K. 222, composed early in 1775 at Munich. Cp. p. 385, n. 3.

ought to betake himself to some conservatorio of music at Naples and study music. And why? Simply in order to make it quite clear that a young man in a subordinate position should not be so foolish as to feel convinced that he deserved better pay and more recognition, since he had heard that decisive statement from the lips of a Prince. The rest of the story will gradually find its way to Italy, where possibly it may be known already. This disappointment made me decide to allow my son to resign from the service and go off elsewhere. So he left Salzburg on September 23rd and after spending a short time at the Electoral Court of Munich he proceeded to Mannheim, where he is at present and in excellent health and whence he sends you his most devoted regards. He will remain there until the beginning of March, that is, until the carnival is over; and, God willing, he will be in Paris at the beginning of Lent. This is the reason which determined me to have the portrait painted before his departure and thereby to serve our dear Signor Padre Maestro. If with your usual goodness of heart you would be so kind as to send to His Highness the Elector a true account and a favourable description of my son, you would be performing a very fine act, the more so as two words from you are worth more than the warmest recommendation from a king. I flatter myself that possibly you may do so, when you are writing to Mannheim for the New Year. But, if the painting has not yet reached you, you will ask, where is the portrait? I gave it to the firm of Sigmund Haffner, merchant of Salzburg, who took it on the occasion of the Fair of St. Andrew to Bozen, whence he will endeavour to send it to you, addressed probably to Signor Brinsecchi at Bologna. The painting is of no great value as a work of art, but I assure you that it is an excellent likeness. My son is exactly like that. I have jotted down at the back of the portrait his name and his

age. I now have another idea, and that is, to send you the beginnings of my son's compositions, starting with the cembalo sonatas written for Madame Victoire and engraved in Paris *when he was seven years old*; then the sonatas he composed *when he was eight* for the Queen of England, which were engraved in London; then those he composed *at the age of nine* for the Princess of Nassau-Weilburg, which were engraved in Holland, and so forth. To these I might add a short account of his travels and any noteworthy incidents. As for my portrait, I do not think that my snout deserves to be placed in the company of men of talent. If, however, you desire it, I shall endeavour to fulfil your wish, but solely on account of this one merit of mine, namely, that I have done my duty in the matter of cultivating the talent which God in his goodness has bestowed on my son. I beg you to continue to grant us your favour and protection, to take great care of your health and to remember that I am ever at your command and that I remain, most Reverend Padre, your most humble, devoted and grateful servant

LEOPOLD MOZART

Salzburg, December 22nd, 1777.

I have mentioned the New Year and have almost forgotten to send you my wishes. But what would you like me to say? *I wish you good health*—that is all you need. May God say: Amen!

(267) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 27th–28th, 1777*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

·Fine paper this, isn't it? Indeed, I only wish I could produce something better! But it's too late now to get

any other. You know already from our previous letters that Mamma and I now have excellent lodgings. I never intended that she should take rooms apart from me. But when Privy Court Councillor Serrarius was so kind as to offer me his house, *I naturally thanked him*; but that was all. I didn't accept. The other day I called on him with Herr Wendling and M. Dechamps, the valiant Dutchman, and just waited until he should start the subject again. At length he renewed his proposal and I thanked him and replied as follows: "I realise how kind it is of you to honour me with an invitation to lodge with you, but I regret that unfortunately I cannot accept your generous offer. You will not take it amiss if I tell you that I do not like my Mamma to be separated from me without good cause, and, as things are, I know no reason why she should live in one part of the town and I in another. If I were to go to Paris, it would naturally be a very great advantage for me if she were not with me. But for the two months we shall be here, a few gulden more or less will make no difference." With this speech I achieved a *complete* fulfilment of my wishes, that is, that board and lodging for the two of us should not make us a penny the poorer. Well, I must now hurry upstairs to supper. We have been playing cards until this very minute, that is, half past ten. I went the other day with M. De La Potrie, the Dutch officer, who is my pupil, to the Reformed Church, and played on the organ for an hour and a half. I put my whole heart into it. Some time soon we, that is, the Cannabichs, Wendlings, Serrariuses and Mozarts, are going to the Lutheran church, where I shall have some good fun on the organ. I tried the full organ before, during that test, about which I wrote to you, but didn't play much, only a prelude and a fugue. I have now added Herr Wieland to the list of my acquaintances.¹ But he

¹ Wieland arrived at Mannheim on December 21st.

doesn't know as much about me as I know about him, for he has never heard any of my compositions. I had imagined him to be quite different from what I found him. He strikes you as slightly affected in his speech. He has a rather childish voice: he keeps on quizzing you over his glasses; he indulges in a sort of pedantic rudeness, mingled occasionally with a stupid condescension. But I am not surprised that he permits himself such behaviour here, even though he may be quite different in Weimar and elsewhere, for people stare at him as if he had dropped from Heaven. Everyone seems embarrassed in his presence, no one says a word or moves an inch; all listen intently to every word he utters; and it's a pity they often have to wait so long, for he has a defect of speech that makes him speak very slowly and he can't say half a dozen words without stopping. Apart from that, he is what we all know him to be, a most gifted fellow. He has a frightfully ugly face, covered with pockmarks, and he has a rather long nose. In height he is, I should say, a little taller than Papa. You must have no doubt about the Dutchman's 200 gulden. Well, I must close now, as I want to go on composing for a little while. One thing more. I suppose I had better not write to <Prince Zeill> just yet? You probably know the reason already, since Munich is nearer to Salzburg than to Mannheim, and therefore you must have heard <that the Elector is dying of smallpox.> It is quite true. This is bound to upset things a bit. Now, farewell. As for Mamma's journey home, I think it could most easily be managed during Lent and in the company of some merchants. That's merely what I think; what I know beyond all question is that what meets with your approval will be the best for us, for you are Court Kapellmeister and a paragon of intelligencel Madame Robinig has said so. I kiss Papa's hands—you know

Papa?—1000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and in spite of my scratchy writing I remain your most obedient son and true and faithful brother

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(267a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *December 28th, 1777*

I have received this very moment your letter of December 22nd. I am truly sorry about Herr Adlgasser's sad and rapid death, which was indeed very sudden and gave me a great shock.¹ The poor wife and children are greatly to be pitied. She will be inconsolable, for I know her, as you do too, and also the reason why she will be inconsolable.² We did not write to you last post-day. The last time I told you that, thank God, we were very well. I usually spend the whole afternoon with the wife of the Privy Court Councillor and have supper with them every evening. Everyone thinks the world of Wolfgang, but indeed he plays quite differently from what he used to in Salzburg—for there are pianofortes here, on which he plays so extraordinarily well that people say they have never heard the like. In short everyone who has heard him says that he has not got his equal. Although Beecke has been performing here and Schubart too, yet everyone says that Wolfgang far surpasses them in beauty of tone, quality and execution. And they are all positively amazed at the way he plays out of his head and reads off whatever is put before him. Please tell Nannerl that lawn is not at all cheap in Mannheim and also that no coloured lawns

¹ See p. 637, n. 2.

² Obviously a reference to the small pension which Frau Adlgasser would receive from the Archbishop.

are worn, only white. I shall see whether I can bring the cap with me. The trimming here is very charming and will certainly please her. Greetings to all our acquaintances and friends, especially to Herr Bullinger and Jungfer Sallerl, from myself and Wolfgang. I send greetings to Theresa and my compliments too to Herr Gött. And once more I wish you a happy New Year, a better one than the last, and especially that you, my dear husband, may keep well and live happily, and that we may have a joyful meeting in the coming year. Addio. I kiss you many 1000 times and I remain as always your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(268) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 29th, 1777*

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR WOLFGANG,

We both wish you a very happy New Year! God grant that the year 1778 may bring us more happiness than the last. We trust to God's grace and mercy and to the talent, industry and intelligence, but particularly to the good heart of our dear Wolfgang, who will certainly do his utmost to win glory, honour and money in order to help us and to save his father from the scornful mockery and sneers of certain persons, whose names I dare not mention, but whose ridicule would, as you know, most certainly send me to my grave. Wolfgang's good fortune and success will be our sweetest revenge, of which, as you will see, we are already tasting a little. Count Starhemberg¹ happened to be with Count Arco the other day. The conversation turned on Adlgasser's death. *Count Arco*.

¹ Count Josef Starhemberg, canon of the Salzburg Cathedral.

You are in a fix, are you not? Young Mozart would now have rendered you good service. *Count Starhemberg*. Very true. He ought to have had patience a little longer. *Count Arco*. Patience? How absurd! Who could have foreseen this sudden death—and besides, what would you have given him apart from his few dirty gulden? It is a good thing for him that he has cleared out. You have all treated him abominably quite long enough. *Count Starhemberg*. Yes, I admit, he was treated very badly. Everyone allows that he is the most competent clavier-player in Europe. But all the same he could have waited a little longer. *Count Arco, very heatedly*. Well, let's chuck it! He is quite happy in Mannheim, where he has found good companions with whom he is going off to Paris. You will never get Mozart back again. And serve you right! You will have precisely the same experience with Hagenauer.¹ *Count Starhemberg*. Hagenauer is to have a salary from the beginning of next year. *Count Arco*. A fine salary it'll be, to be sure—and even if he gets one, you have made sport of him and led him by the nose quite long enough. Then the conversation turned on myself—in which connection Count Starhemberg declared that he believed *that no more competent teacher could be found*. You will notice that Count Arco kept on saying "You—you—" that is, he lumped Count Starhemberg and company together in order not to have to mention the Prince.

Who do you think has been made organist at Holy Trinity? Herr Haydn! Everybody is laughing. He will be an expensive item, as after every Litany he swills a quart of wine and sends Lipp,² who is also a tippler, to do the other services. Meanwhile Spitzeder is to instruct

¹ Johann Baptist Hagenauer, architect to the Salzburg court. He settled later in Vienna.

² Franz Ignaz Lipp, second organist in the Cathedral and father-in-law of Michael Haydn.

the chapel boys in the clavier until something definite has been decided. We now kiss you millions of times, the sheet is full and I am your old

MZT.

(268a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 29th, 1777*¹

I wish Mamma and my dearest brother a joyful New Year, good health and happiness. I hope that Mamma will soon return to us in good health; and as for you, my dear brother, I wish that, wherever you may go, you may be successful and also enjoy good health; and as for myself, I should like to have the pleasure of seeing you soon again, provided it is not in Salzburg. I send greetings to Mamma as her obedient daughter and to my brother as his faithful sister and friend. Katherl Gilowsky sends New Year wishes to you both. We had our shooting yesterday. Bullinger contributed the target which the Paymaster won. On New Year's Day Mamma is to provide the target. As cashier for us both I should state that I am quite satisfied with my cash-box, for until Mamma returns, her losses will not have been very great. Please forgive me for not writing more often or more fully; but, as you see, Papa hardly ever leaves me any room and, when he does, it is only a tiny bit.

(269) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *January 3rd-4th, 1778*

I received yesterday, January 2nd, the letter you enclosed to Herr Wendling and was delighted to hear that you are

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

both well. Thank God, we also are in good health. But on account of the death of the Elector of Bavaria ¹ everyone here is in the deepest mourning; there are no operas (for which I am truly sorry); all plays, balls, concerts, sleigh-drives, music, everything has been stopped. The courier arrived from Munich at seven o'clock on the evening of the 31st with the sad news that the Elector had died at one o'clock on the previous afternoon. Our Elector left for Munich at ten o'clock on the evening of New Year's Day and has arrived there long since. God grant that everything may turn out well and that no troubles may come. I wish it with all my heart, for he is a very good ruler. Here it is deadly quiet and thoroughly boring, and in Munich it must be even more so. That I can well imagine. Salzburg will be a much jollier place this winter, for the carnival will last a long time. Well, how is Frau Adlgasser? Remember me to her. I sympathise with her with my whole heart. Those poor children are to be pitied. Victoria will probably not stay with her, and indeed who could blame her? *To-day, Sunday, January 4th.* I received yesterday evening your letter of December 29th and was delighted to read how old <Count Arco> gave Count <Starhemberg> such a fine dressing-down. He really wishes us well, I believe. It does my heart good to hear that they are realising at last what they have lost in Wolfgang. It was <very mean> of Herr Haydn to take the post of organist at Holy Trinity. I thought he went to Italy in order to become a Kapellmeister. What is Kapellmeister Rust doing? Is he still in Salzburg? Has he recovered or not? Is Herr von Schiedenhofen not getting married this carnival to Fräulein Nannerl and Herr von Mölk to Fräulein Josepha? Is Franz Barisani still in Salzburg? Give him our best regards. People are anxiously awaiting to-day a courier from Bavaria to hear

¹ The Elector Maximilian III had died on December 30th, 1777.



ABT VOGLER

From an engraving by G. Scheffner
(Paul Hirsch, Esq., Cambridge)

whether the Elector arrived safely and what is happening there. God grant that everything may turn out well. I wish it with all my heart. Please give Katherl Gilowsky my New Year wishes and greetings and the same to all my other good friends. It would indeed be a very good thing if you could arrange for a letter of introduction from someone in Vienna to the Queen.¹ I have no more news to send you, for I am not very well known here, and there is very little in Mannheim that could interest you. But I know everyone and everything in Salzburg. So you can write and tell me all that is happening; and there is far more news there than here. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you many 100000 times and remain as always your old faithful wife

FRAU MARIANNA MOZART

Wolfgang has not come home yet. Whether he will get back in time to add a few lines I really don't know. He has a lot of composing to do, time simply flies and he has, as it were, to steal it. For how can it be otherwise when he must go to one place for his meals, to another to compose and give lessons, and to yet another when he wants to sleep?

(269a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

January 4th, 1778

I hope that you are both quite well. I am in excellent health, thank God. As you may readily imagine, I am greatly distressed at the death of the Elector of Bavaria. All that I hope is that the Elector here will succeed to the whole of Bavaria and move to Munich. I think that you

¹ Marie Antoinette.

too would be quite satisfied with such an arrangement. At noon to-day Karl Theodor was proclaimed here at court Duke of Bavaria. In Munich too, immediately after the death of the Elector, Count Daun, the Chief Equerry, claimed allegiance on behalf of our Elector and got the dragoons to ride round the whole town with trumpets and drums, shouting "Long live our Elector Karl Theodor". If all goes well, as I hope it will, Count Daun will get a rather pretty present. His adjutant, a certain Lilienau, whom he sent here with news of the death, got 3000 gulden from the Elector. Now farewell. I kiss your hands 1000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain

WOLFGANG MOZART

A tous mes amis des compliments.

(270) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, January 5th, 1778

On the 30th the Elector of Bavaria passed over into eternity. In the afternoon of the same day His Highness the Elector of Mannheim was proclaimed Duke of Bavaria, and on the following day all government departments and the army had to take the oath of allegiance. Meanwhile news has come that on Friday, January 2nd, the Elector of Mannheim arrived in Munich very quietly and quite alone, that is to say, accompanied only by a courtier, Count or Baron Vieregg. You can easily imagine that here too people are wishing that things may remain as they are. I had to laugh very heartily to-day, for it was rumoured in town that the Elector was going to appoint you Kapellmeister in Munich, as old

Bernasconi ¹ is no longer able to perform his duties. It is said here that news has come from Vöcklabruck that the <Imperial soldiers> who are encamped there and also near Wels, have received orders to <get ready to march:> moreover, Trumpeter Schwarz's son is said to have written something to the same effect from Bohemia. God preserve us! that would be a nice business!² But we shall soon know. In regard to Mamma's return journey I have been thinking for some time that the most convenient way would be for her to travel in one of the empty coaches which come to fetch merchants in Salzburg. But the problem is, *how is she to travel from Mannheim to Augsburg?* If she could find some suitable means, our chaise could be sold in Mannheim. If not, she will have to travel in the chaise to Augsburg and leave it at the Heiligkreuz Monastery until my brother finds an opportunity of selling it. For, as you will be four people on your journey to Paris, you will not be able to use it. At the same time it would fetch a better price in Mannheim, where everything is dear. From Augsburg Mamma will be able to reach Salzburg in three days. Some of the hired coachmen leave there on March 9th, some on the 10th, to fetch the merchants; and she could travel very comfortably in a closed glass-windowed coach for four. I once did the journey home for a max d'or. If she prefers to travel with the merchants when they come to Salzburg, it may

¹ Andrea Bernasconi (1706-1784) had been Kapellmeister at the Munich court since 1755. He was the stepfather and teacher of the famous singer Antonia Bernasconi.

² The outcome of these events was the war of the Bavarian Succession. As the Bavarian line of Electors had died out, Karl Theodor, as head of the elder dynasty of the House of Wittelsbach and in consequence of certain agreements, became the lawful heir to the Bavarian territories. He came to an agreement with the Emperor Joseph II (the Pact of Vienna, signed on January 15th, 1778), which Frederick the Great regarded as an infringement of his rights. With Saxony as his ally Frederick invaded Bohemia in July 1778. After the Peace of Teschen, May 1779, the Pact of Vienna was annulled.

be a little difficult to arrange, as they generally make up parties of four. But whatever she chooses, I can in any case settle it through my brother. The main question, however, is, *which is the best way for her to travel from Mannheim to Augsburg?* The other portion of the journey I can arrange, provided we think about it in good time. *Time flies*; and I should much prefer her to make the fourth in a party travelling to Salzburg. *I could then let you know at what date she ought to be in Augsburg.* As for the chaise, I paid *about 80 gulden* for it, but you will surely find some friend to value it for you; and if Mamma cannot use it, mind you sell it as advantageously as possible. In Mannheim, at least, people surely cannot buy much of a carriage for eight louis d'or. If, however, Mamma has no suitable opportunity of travelling to Augsburg, then some *honest* traveller might perhaps be glad to accompany her in her comfortable chaise and she could charge him his post-chaise fare. But you would, of course, have to know something about him. Further, if, as I wish and hope, the Elector remains in peaceful possession of his new dukedom, somebody will be travelling from time to time from Munich to Mannheim, whom she could accompany; and once she is in Munich, she can then hire a coachman and drive home. But everything depends on how you think that she can get to Augsburg, as the remainder of the journey will have to be arranged accordingly. Only I must remind you not to leave anything to the last moment. Mamma should make a list of *your linen, stockings and so forth*, in good time, and indeed of *all your clothes, so that you may know what you have with you.* That reminds me, what are you going to do about the trunk? Possibly one of you can make use of it. But I think that it would be too big for either of you. These points must be settled in good time. If Mamma prefers to bring it back, she could of course fill it up with

straw, as her clothes take up so little space. *Wolfgang could more easily use it. Basta! Be sure and settle these matters well in advance.*

When Adlgasser died, I said to Nannerl: "You bet that the Archbishop will get the Countess¹ to write to Joseph Arco, the Bishop of Königsgrätz, to get his organist, that grubby Hasse or Hass, or whatever he is called, to come". You will remember that the Countess once mentioned this to you? He is the dirty old fellow who tested you at Prince Pugiatsowsky's in Vienna with the theme of Scarlatti's fugue. And it really is a fact that the Archbishop has already written about him. Meanwhile I have been twice already to the Lodron ladies. On New Year's Eve the Countess sent her manservant to ask me to come. She informed me with her usual insincere friendliness that she had a request to make, which, however, if it was inconvenient to me, I was to refuse quite frankly, as she did not wish to embarrass me; which, to my mind, was as much as to say that she fully realised that I was under no obligation to her. She then asked me to take on the teaching of her daughters, though she was well aware that I had very little time and did not like to be bothered. I made a few objections and finally said that I would come on one day at eleven in the morning and on the next at four in the afternoon. Whereupon she was delighted, talked a lot and said a number of nice things about you both. She was in the room on Friday when I came to teach the young ladies. I have just received your letter of December 27th. *I did not write to you on New Year's Day*, for on the eve and on the day itself I was busy with congratulations. I am positively delighted that you are now in such a comfortable house, that you are in good health and that you, my dear wife, have a nice warm room. The portrait you sketched of <Wieland> for my benefit I too could

¹ The Countess Lodron.

almost have given you, although I have never seen him. For M. Grimm and the two Romanzows gave me a most minute description of him during a walk which we all took together over the Mönchsberg. Philosophical birds of his type usually have something odd about them. You must not be in the least distressed that I enquired about your <confession.> I shall answer your question another time. But surely you will be able to supply the answer yourself, if you will just put yourself in my place, or indeed in the place of any father. Could Mamma bring with her a Mannheim court calendar? And I should very much like to know the title of *Vogler's book*¹ and how much it costs? If Wolfgang can remember how I set to work about these things, he will procure both very cheaply. He must not laugh, however, but preserve a very serious expression. I must certainly close now, for the paper is becoming blacker and blacker. Do take care of your health. Nannerl and I kiss you a million times and I am your old

MZT.

(271) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, January 10th, 1778

I received to-day your letter of the 5th and am delighted to hear that you are both well. Eternal thanks be to God, we too are in good health. We had heard some of your news about Bavaria, but not in such detail. People here are not suspecting any action on the part of <Austria,> but some folks are rather afraid of <Prussia.> Indeed there is a frightful lot of talk, mostly lies and nothing definite to report. Everyone is absolutely silent about the real truth,

¹ *Tonwissenschaft und Tonsehkunst*, Mannheim, 1776.

whatever it may be. God grant that everything may remain peaceful. I wish it with all my heart. As for my return journey, do not worry, for we shall think out the easiest way to arrange it. I am quite willing to travel in the company of merchants, if it can be managed. But it is not so easy to arrange from Mannheim that I should be in Augsburg at the very time that they would want to leave. If we still have peace, then it is quite probable that somebody may be going from here to Munich. We must make lots of enquiries so that we do not get in too late. I shall probably have to bring home the trunk with me, for it is too big for Wolfgang to use, as there will be four of them, each with his luggage, and the trunk would be far too heavy. But all this we shall find out when the time comes. May God but grant us the blessing of peace.

(271a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *January 10th-11th, 1778*

Indeed, I too wish it with all my heart. What I really should like to see, you will have already gathered from my last letter. As for Mamma's journey home it is high time that we began to think about it; for although there have been rehearsals of the opera all the time, it is not at all certain whether it will be performed;¹ if it isn't, we shall probably leave on February 15th. If there weren't so many preparations to make, it would be easy enough. I shall make full enquiries. I shan't want the big trunk. My idea is to take as little luggage with me as possible and to leave all the things I don't want, such as that stack of symphonies, etc., and a few clothes besides, with the Privy Court

¹ "Rosemunde", which was to have been performed on January 11th, 1778, was not given in Mannheim until January 20th, 1780.

Councillor here, where they are sure to be well looked after. Then again, as soon as I have heard your advice about this, I shall follow the opinion and practice of my travelling companions and have a black suit made for me, as they have done, and keep for Germany my braided clothes, which in any case are no longer the fashion in Paris. In the first place, a black suit is an economy (which is my chief consideration on my journey to Paris), and, secondly, it looks well and is suitable for both country and drawing-room wear; with a black coat you can go anywhere. The tailor has just brought Herr Wendling his suit to-day. The clothes I intend to take with me are my brown puce-coloured Spanish coat and the two waistcoats. Please tell me in your next letter whether I ought to do so. Well, let's change the subject. Now that he has heard me twice, Herr <Wieland> is quite enchanted with me. The last time after showering compliments on me he said: "It is a real piece of good fortune that I have found you here", and he pressed my hand. To-day there was a rehearsal of "Rosemunde" in the theatre. It is—good, but <nothing more.> If it were bad, they couldn't produce it, could they?

Just as one can't sleep without lying in bed! Yet there's no rule without an exception. I myself have come across some instances of this. So good night!

(271b) *Maria Anna Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

I lunched to-day, January 11th, with Herr Danner as usual. They both asked me to send their most devoted greetings to you and Nannerl. They are both excellent people and are exceedingly kind to me. I am not at all pleased that you have taken on the <Countess's daughters.>

She isn't worth so much trouble on your part and doesn't deserve such a return for her deceitfulness.

(271c) *Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

Particolarmente per un zecchino il mese.¹ Now for some sensible talk. I know for a fact that <the Emperor> is proposing to <establish German opera in Vienna> and that he is making every effort <to find a young Kapellmeister> who understands the <German language,> is talented and is capable of striking out a new line. <Benda² of Gotha> is applying, but <Schweitzer>³ is determined to get it. I think it would <be a good thing for me>—provided, of course, that <the pay> is good. <If the Emperor will give me a thousand gulden, I will write a German opera for him: if he won't have me,> it's all the same to me. Please write to all <our friends in Vienna> you can think of and tell them <that it is in my power to do honour to the Emperor.> If he won't take me on any other terms, then let him <try me with an opera>—after that he can do what he likes for all I care. Adieu. But please set the ball rolling *at once*, or <someone may forestall me.> I kiss your hands 1000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain

WOLFGANG MOZART

¹ Particularly for a zecchino a month.

² Georg Benda (1722–1795), the most distinguished member of a family of Czech musicians, was Kapellmeister to the Duke of Gotha from 1750 until 1778. He composed sacred and instrumental music and several operettas. His fame, however, rests on his two duodramas “Ariadne auf Naxos”, 1774, and “Medea”, 1775.

³ Anton Schweitzer had been musical director of the Seyler theatrical company in Gotha since 1774.

(271d) *Maria Anna Mozart resumes writing**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*

Wolfgang is now composing six new trios¹ and is going to have them engraved by subscription. When they are finished he'll send you six copies, so that you may sell them in Salzburg. Addio. Keep well. I remain as always your wife faithful unto death

FRAU MARIANNE MOZART

All sorts of messages to all our acquaintances.
My kindest regards to Bimperl.

(272) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son**[Extract]**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*

MY DEAR ONES!

SALZBURG, *January 12th, 1778*

I didn't write to you last post-day and I too shall write only once a week, unless something special happens. I have received your letter of the 3rd and am delighted that you are well. We too are in good health, except that Nannerl has had a cold in her head for some days and I am not letting her go out. We have had no more letters from Munich. Perhaps my correspondent² has no definite information—or perhaps he does not dare to write. All that people know here is that the new Imperial Ambassador to Munich is the Imperial envoy Baron Lehrbach, District Commandant of Ellingen, and an

¹ K. 301-306, six sonatas for clavier and violin, four of which Mozart composed in Mannheim. They were published in November 1778 by Sieber in Paris and were dedicated to the Electress Marie Elizabeth of the Palatinate. Frau Mozart calls them trios, as they could be performed with a 'cello obbligato.

² Leopold Mozart's correspondent was Johann Baptist Becke, flautist in the Munich court orchestra.

uncle of our Lehrbach here. An officer and 28 men of the Taxis regiment have moved into Reichenhall. Cornet Andretter has written home for money, but doesn't yet know where he has been ordered to. Otherwise everything is quiet and I trust that it may remain so. Mysliwecek has written to say that at the Prince's request he composed two concertoni which he sent to Brunetti, but has had no reply. I have written to tell him that he will get nothing for them, as they were probably included in the former payment, but that he ought to go on reminding Brunetti until the latter gets tired of paying the six kreutzer postal fee and sets things going. We are to have only five or six balls at the Town Hall. The actors are wretched, are drawing very small audiences and are much to be pitied. We have not yet seen any of their performances. They say that after Easter the Archbishop would like to bring over the opera buffa from Munich and pay the company 50 ducats a month out of his own pocket. His Excellency the Chief Steward has just told me that His Grace commanded him to ask *Haydn and me* whether we knew of a *very good organist* who must, however, be a *first-rate clavierist*, and at the same time of *good appearance and presence, as he will be giving lessons to the ladies*. "What?" I asked, "did His Grace mention me too?" "Yes, you in particular", he replied and laughed. I said: "I know nobody who has all these qualities. *If there is such a person in Mannheim, then he can make his fortune.*" The Prince booked Walter's room at the Andretters for a new Italian secretary and had it heated for a week. But the latter having only got as far as Roveredo, already began to sniff the air of Salzburg, and this brought on such a violent fever that he turned back home, and although he had only been away for three days, he looked so ill that, as letters about him state, he was absolutely unrecognisable. Wolfgang will

laugh when he hears that Fehllacher of Lauffen has applied for the post of Court Organist. Rust never goes out now. He is setting the "Parnasso confuso"¹ to music for the consecration of the new Bishop of Olmütz. But, as Spitzeder and the copyists tell me, he is for the most part using arias taken from his own scores. I must close now. We kiss you both a million times. Nannerl is better—and we are your old

MZTS.

All—Herr Bullinger especially, send you their greetings. Addio! I am enclosing a page only of your sonata,² so that the letter may not be too bulky. I shall return it bit by bit.

(273) *Mozart to his Father*

[From Nissen, pp. 342-345]

MANNHEIM, *January 17th, 1778*

Next Wednesday I am going for a few days to Kirchheim-Bolanden to visit the Princess of Orange.³ People here have said such nice things to me about her that I have at last decided to go. A Dutch officer,⁴ a good friend of mine, got a terrible scolding from her for not bringing me with him when he went to offer her his New Year wishes. I shall get eight louis d'or at least, for, as she is passionately fond of singing, I have had four arias copied for her and, as she has a nice little orchestra and gives a concert every day, I shall also present her with a symphony. Moreover the copying of the arias will not cost me much, for it has been done by a certain Herr

¹ A text by Metastasio.

² K. 309, written for Rosa Cannabich, which Leopold Mozart was having copied in Salzburg.

³ Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg, sister of William of Orange. See p. 576, n. 2.

⁴ Probably De La Potrie.

Weber,¹ who is accompanying me there. He has a daughter² who sings admirably and has a lovely, pure voice; she is only fifteen. The only thing she lacks is dramatic action; were it not for that, she might be the prima donna on any stage. Her father is a thoroughly honest German, who is bringing up his children well, and for that very reason the girl is persecuted with attentions here. He has six children, five girls and one son.³ He and his wife and children have been obliged to live for fourteen⁴ years on an income of 200 gulden and, because he has always attended carefully to his duties and has provided the Elector with a very talented singer, he now gets in all—400 gulden. She sings most excellently my aria written for De Amicis with those horribly difficult passages,⁵ and she is to sing it at Kirchheim-Bolanden.

Now for something else. Last Wednesday there was a big party at our house to which I was invited. There were fifteen guests and in the evening the young lady of the house⁶ was to play the concerto I had taught her.⁷ About eleven in the morning the Privy Councillor came to see me and brought Herr Vogler, who wanted absolument to make my closer acquaintance; he had so often bothered

¹ Fridolin Weber (1733–1779), uncle of Karl Maria von Weber, composer of “Der Freischütz”, was first a notary. In 1765 he accepted an ill-paid post as bass singer at the Mannheim court and managed to eke out an existence by prompting and copying. He and his family followed the Electoral Court to Munich in 1778, but soon moved to Vienna, where his second daughter, Aloysia, had obtained an appointment at the Opera. He died in October 1779. For a full account of the Weber family see Schurig, vol. ii. pp. 463–465; E. K. Blümml, *Aus Mozarts Freundes- und Familienkreis*, 1923; F. Hefele, *Die Vorfahren Karl Maria von Webers*, 1926.

² Aloysia (c. 1760–1839), Fridolin Weber’s second daughter. She was then about seventeen.

³ We only know of four daughters, Josefa Hofer, Aloysia Lange, Konstanze Mozart and Sophie Haibel.

⁴ Twelve years. Fridolin Weber had moved from Zell to Mannheim in 1765.

⁵ Giunio’s aria no. 11, “Ah, se il crudel”, in Mozart’s opera “Lucio Silla”, composed 1772.

⁶ Therese Pierron Serrarius.

⁷ K. 246.

me to go to him, and at last he had overcome his pride and paid me the first visit. Besides, people tell me that he is now quite different, as he is no longer so much admired; for at first they made an idol of him. So we at once went upstairs together, the guests began to arrive by degrees and we did nothing but chatter. After dinner, however, he sent to his house for two claviers, tuned to the same pitch, and also for his tedious engraved sonatas. I had to play them, while he accompanied me on the other clavier. At his urgent request I had to send for my sonatas also.¹ I should mention that before dinner he had scrambled through my concerto² at sight (the one which the daughter of the house plays—written for Countess Lützow).³ He took the first movement prestissimo—the Andante allegro and the Rondo even more prestissimo. He generally played the bass differently from the way it was written, inventing now and then quite another harmony and melody. Nothing else is possible at that pace, for the eyes cannot see the music nor the hands perform it. Well, what good is it?—that kind of sight-reading—and shitting are all one to me. The listeners (I mean those who deserve the name) can only say that they have seen music and piano-playing. They hear, think and—feel as little during the performance as the player himself. Well, you may easily imagine that it was unendurable. At the same time I could not bring myself to say to him, *Far too quick!* Besides, it is much easier to play a thing quickly than slowly: in difficult passages you can leave out a few notes without anyone noticing it. But is that beautiful music? In rapid playing the right and left hands can be changed without anyone seeing or hearing it; but is that beautiful? And wherein consists the art of playing *prima vista*? In this; in

¹ Probably K. 279-284.

² K. 246.

³ Wife of Count von Lützow, commandant of the castle Hohensalzburg.

playing the piece in the time in which it ought to be played and in playing all the notes, appoggiaturas and so forth, exactly as they are written and with the appropriate expression and taste, so that you might suppose that the performer had composed it himself. Vogler's fingering too is wretched: his left thumb is just like that of the late Adlgasser and he does all the treble runs downwards with the thumb and first finger of his right hand.

(274) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

Extract

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, *January 19th, 1778*

You say that on your journey to Paris you intend to take as little luggage as possible. That is very sound. But it would be a mistake to leave anything behind in Mannheim. I have had experience of this and have a thousand times regretted that I have left things behind, thus obliging me to return to the place or to have them sent on at great risk and expense or perhaps abandon them altogether. I should never have made our second journey to Paris from England, if I had not left a number of things there, and I should have saved a great deal of money in Holland, if I had not sent our furs and other things from Calais to Paris. For how could I foresee that my children would fall ill in Holland and that I should be forced to remain there and buy a lot of things over again at a very high price? So you must take your clothes with you. You cannot and must not do the same as your travelling companions, for your circumstances are very different from theirs. These gentlemen are only going to Paris for a short time, so it is to their interest not only to take very little luggage, but to save up their fine clothes for the gala-days in Mannheim. They can't go about in

Paris in an ordinary everyday costume, such as they wear at home, just as we used to wear daily in other places the clothes which we wore in Salzburg on Sundays. If they were to wear their fine clothes every day in Paris, they would be faced with the sad necessity of having to purchase more fine clothes with which to appear at court at home. Now as the attire which does one most honour in Paris and elsewhere is a black suit with a richly worked waistcoat for special occasions, it is quite true that their preparations are perfectly sound. But your circumstances are quite different. It would be very foolish for you to travel to Paris merely in order to put in an appearance and then return to Mannheim with these gentlemen. I well believe that they all want to have you back. I need not tell you the reason, for you know it. But as you must now endeavour to make greater strides, to win for yourself, as far as in you lies, glory, honour and a great name, and thus make money also, you have a purpose which cannot be achieved in a few months, still less in a few weeks. So to my mind economy demands that you should take your clothes with you. As for your music, you must leave nothing behind you in Mannheim. Carriers will surely be going to Paris. You could pack everything into a small box (but not your principal scores) and send them on to Paris. *Write on the box the address at which it should be delivered and that it contains music.* You will be able to make use of it all in Paris. If this doesn't work (though if it were myself, it would *have* to work!), then Mamma must bring home your music. Nothing must be left in Mannheim. I shall write about everything else next time.

I sent off at once full details of what *(you told me about the Emperor's German opera)* to Heufeld,¹ and begged

¹ Franz von Heufeld, who had great influence in the theatrical world in Vienna.

him most urgently to send *(a petition to the Emperor and Empress immediately.)* I am writing by the next post to the Chief Equerry Count Dietrichstein, to the wife of Dr. Vaugg and to a few other people who, I think, can do something. All our Salzburg friends send their greetings to you both, and Nannerl and I kiss you many 1000 times and I remain ever your old

MZT.

I shall write again by the next post and enclose a little more of your sonata; to do so now would make this letter too bulky. By that time I shall have more to say *(about the prospects of a war.)*

(275) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *January 24th, 1778*

I was delighted to receive to-day your letter of the 19th, and the news it contains has given me much pleasure. For one hears nothing at all here; it is as quiet as if one were no longer in the world. People only sigh and long to have *(the Elector)* back. His absence means a great loss to the town, for no visitors come here, as there is nothing to see. The townspeople have generally made their biggest profits during the carnival, when they are able to fleece visitors properly; but this year their prospect of doing so is spoiled. Wolfgang went off yesterday morning with Herr Weber and his daughter to Kirchheim-Bolanden to visit the Princess of Weilburg. I hardly think that she will let them go before the week is out, for she is a passionate lover of music and plays the clavier and sings. Wolfgang took with him a supply of arias and symphonies to present to her. The place is only a ten hours' drive from here, that is, a short day's journey. The

Princess is nearly always there and only goes to Holland for about two months of the year in order to visit her brother. Meanwhile I have persuaded Wolfgang to change his mind about his clothes, which he is now going to take with him; and I shall persuade him to take the big trunk, for if he packs into it all his clothes and all his music, which made up three huge parcels, it will certainly be full enough; and as I hear that they are going to travel by the mail coach (which, by the way, starts from here and does not travel at night), it is much better for him to have all his luggage together in one trunk. You have not yet had a reply from Herr von Grimm. I think you would have done better to send your letter to his old address, for if he has left it, the people would doubtless know where he has moved to. It was a good plan to write those letters to Vienna, but I ought to remind you that it would do no harm if you were to write to Count Thun also, who has so much influence <with the Emperor> and had such a liking for Wolfgang. There is a singer at the opera here, Hartig¹ by name, who is so affectionate and friendly with us that he never calls me anything but his dear Mamma. Without knowing you he sends you his warmest greetings. He called on me to-day to see how I was getting along without Wolfgang. When he heard that I was writing home, he at once asked me to convey his most devoted compliments.

Our hostess, the wife of the Privy Court Councillor, also sends you her greetings. She is indeed an excellent woman. I have to spend the whole afternoon and evening until half past ten with them. As soon as I get home after lunch, the young lady comes to our room and makes me go upstairs to them. We do needlework until it gets dark and after supper we play "fire and murder" (which I have

¹ Franz Christian Hartig (1750-c. 1812), a tenor at the Mannheim opera. He was being trained by Raaff.

taught them) at twenty marches for a kreutzer. So you can work out how much we can lose. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you both 1000 times and remain as always your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

Please give my best greetings to all our good friends, especially to Monsieur Bullinger and Mlle Sallerl.

A smack for Bimperl.

(276) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR ONES!

SALZBURG, *January 25th–26th, 1778*

My last letter, a very long one, was dated the 19th and I did not write on the 22nd. I have received your letter of the 17th. Thank God that you are well. We too are in good health. Padre Maestro Martini has replied, but he had not yet received the portrait which was packed with other goods and will have travelled very slowly by carriers. He sends Wolfgang a thousand greetings and says that he is going to write to Signor Raaff and ask him to say on his behalf all sorts of nice things to the Elector about you and your merits. Herr Janitsch,¹ the violinist, and a 'cellist² from Wallerstein have arrived in Salzburg and came to see me at once. They brought a letter for Count Kühnburg from Beecke, who has gone on to Vienna. The Archbishop is not going to hear them play at court. He said that if they liked they could give a

¹ Anton Janitsch (1753–1812), a member of the orchestra of Prince Kraft Ernst von Ottingen-Wallerstein. See p. 494, n. 1.

² Joseph Reicha (1746–1795), a Czech, was 'cellist in the Wallerstein orchestra, and in 1785 was appointed musical director to the Elector of Cologne. His nephew was the well-known Czech composer, Anton Reicha (1770–1836).

concert, but he did not offer to go to it. The upshot of all this and the information which I have got from them I shall tell you next time I write. Beecke must be very jealous of Wolfgang, for he tries to belittle him as much as possible. I have sent off my second letter to Vienna about that matter and a letter to the wife of Dr. Vaugg, which contains the fullest and most vivid description of our affair. People of his type generally get a thing done more easily than the very great, with whom you can never be sure as to whether they are not already interested in someone else. I put forward most insistently my requests—(both about the *German opera* and about the *recommendation to Paris*.) By the next post I shall write to a different quarter. Grimm has not yet replied, which is rather disappointing for me. I shall send you the two sonatas for four hands¹ and the variations.² Mysliwecek wrote again the other day to say that he was hoping to receive shortly your scrittura from Naples. But I regard it as an excuse, for he only makes an announcement like this when he wants me to do something for him. By the way, I stick to my opinion that Wolfgang should leave nothing behind him in Mannheim. It is high time that Mamma got ready for her journey, for a good opportunity may perhaps present itself for her to reach Augsburg or even Munich. Ah, my dear Wolfgang, I must not brood on the whole business, for if I do, the heaviest sadness comes over me. Nannerl sends you greetings and kisses Mamma's hands. We kiss you a million times and I am your old

MZT.

Wolfgang will have returned from Kirchheim by now.

¹ K. 381, composed in 1772, and K. 358, composed in 1774. See p. 608, n. 2.

² The variations are probably K. 179, twelve variations on a minuet by Fischer. See p. 372, n. 5.

Mlle Weber and her father will have had the same experience as others. *Propheta non acceptus in patria!*

The two gentlemen from Wallerstein ¹ insisted on hearing Nannerl play. It emerged that their sole object in so doing was that they might guess from her style of playing what yours was like; and they were particularly anxious to hear one of your compositions. She played your Mannheim sonata ² most excellently and with all the necessary expression. They were amazed at her performance and at the composition, saying that they had never heard any of your works and that this one had some entirely new and original ideas; and Reicha, the 'cellist, who is an excellent clavierist and who had previously been playing on our harpsichord very smoothly and in the style of the organ, remarked several times that *it was a very sound composition*. After that they accompanied Nannerl most excellently in your clavier trio in B^b.³

I have just this moment heard that Count Daun, canon of our Cathedral, has stated that the Elector is to remain in Munich and that he is going to have his orchestra brought over after Easter. The first is quite possible, as he must himself take stock of the government, introduce law and order and wrest it from the claws of those vultures, a task which he can entrust to no one else. The second may be a natural consequence of the first. What do you think of this letter? Have I left a single, white spot uncovered?

Addio.

¹ Anton Janitsch and Joseph Reicha.

² K. 309.

³ K. 254, composed in 1776.

(277) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *January 29th, 1778*

Here is Herr von Heufeld's letter.¹ To tell the truth, I did not expect much from the whole business, (for the Emperor) seems to me to be like our Archbishop, that is to say, he declares, "*I must have something very good, but as cheaply as possible*". I don't want the letter back, so Mamma may keep it. Enclosed with it was a note from Director Mesmer,² which runs as follows:

DEAREST FRIEND,

I cannot understand how it is that you have not had a reply to your letter to me, for I certainly wrote to you after my illness, though rather late, it is true. I wonder whether my wife, who was very anxious at the time about her Joseph, could have forgotten to post my letters? My cousin, Dr. Mesmer, who is leaving one of these days for Paris and intended to introduce my son to you on the way through, was to have reproached you with the same kind of slackness. Well, the plan has been dropped, as your son is no longer in Salzburg. You may rest assured that I have a warm affection for you and take an interest in everything which concerns your family. Why did you not send your son straight to Vienna? And why are you not sending him now? I promise you faithfully that he can have free board, lodging and everything else with us as long as he likes, and that all your friends in Vienna, myself included, will endeavour to obtain some good appointment for him. But unless he comes here, it is impossible to do anything for him. There

¹ Jahn, vol. ii. p. 146 ff., and Abert, vol. i. p. 588 f., quote a long extract from Heufeld's letter, which gives an interesting account of theatrical conditions in Vienna. Heufeld held out little hope of an appointment for Mozart, but suggested that he should compose a German opera, send it to the Emperor and, if possible, come to Vienna. He mentioned the advantage of having the support of Wieland, who, however, had strongly recommended Schweitzer.

² See p. 341, n. 5.

is plenty of room in Vienna for a great talent, but these things cannot be arranged in a trice. With the help of good friends, however, it would be possible for him to achieve his object; and, after all, Vienna is the best place to live in. You know all about your Swabian friends and the advantages of this capital. So choose—and let me know. I remain your old friend

MESMER

If our good Mesmer had replied or if his wife had not kept back the letters, I should doubtless have considered sending you to Vienna, for you would have been very well treated in his house. If you decide to take this path, it is still open to you. You will see that Herr von Heufeld, who, as we know, is not a very ardent Christian, says nevertheless that he trusts you to hold to the good principles inculcated by your parents and to guard yourself against evil company. Count Kühnburg, Chief Equerry, who, as is well known, lays no claim to saintliness, talked to me a few days ago in the same vein and expressed extreme anxiety about Paris, which he knows thoroughly. He said that you should be on your guard against its dangers and that you should refrain from all familiarity with young Frenchmen, and even more so with the women, who are always on the look-out for strangers to keep them, who run after young people of talent in an astonishing way in order to get at their money, draw them into their net or even land them as husbands. God and your own good sense will preserve you. Any such calamity would be the death of me! Janitsch and Reicha went off to Linz this morning by the mail coach. They will have taken in about 70 gulden at their concert, although the Archbishop only forked out eight. They are both very fine players; they have an extraordinary facility and lightness in their bowing, sure intonation and a beautiful tone, and they play with the

greatest expression. Reicha is a first-rate fellow. Janitsch plays in the style of Lolli,¹ but his adagio playing is infinitely better. Indeed I am no lover of excessively rapid passages, where you have to produce the notes with the half tone of the violin and, so to speak, only touch the fiddle with the bow and almost play in the air. On the other hand his cantabile playing is very poor, for he is inclined to make sharp jerks and to indulge in allegro fireworks which to an understanding listener are really most offensive. Reicha has a better cantabile. Both, however, have Becke's² fault of dragging the time, of holding back the whole orchestra by a nod and then returning to the original tempo. They ended by playing a duet in *contratempo*³ and with the most astounding execution and precision. But the tempo of their playing was altogether in the manner of the two Besozzi⁴ of Turin, who by the way are both dead now.⁵ Reicha and Janitsch spent the whole of yesterday afternoon until six o'clock at our house. Your sister had to play your clavier concertos⁶ from the original score and some other pieces. We played their violin parts. They liked your compositions im-

¹ The famous eighteenth-century violinist and teacher, Antonio Lolli (c. 1730-1802).

² Probably the Munich flautist, Johann Baptist Becke, Leopold Mozart's friend and correspondent.

³ Leopold Mozart may mean "broken time", which he discusses fully in his *Violinschule*, chap. xii. § 16. (See facsimile edition by B. Paumgartner, Vienna, 1922, p. 26.) Certainly the expression can be used to indicate either "with syncopation" or "in florid counterpoint," i.e. with one part playing rapid passages while the other proceeds steadily.

⁴ The Besozzi were an Italian family of distinguished wind-instrument players. The two brothers to whom Leopold Mozart refers were probably Alessandro (1700-1775), a remarkable oboist, who in 1731 joined the court orchestra at Turin, and Hieronimo (1713-1778), a famous bassoon-player. Hieronimo was the special associate of Alessandro, and their beautiful duet performances aroused Burney's enthusiasm (*Present State of Music in France and Italy*, 1773, p. 69).

⁵ Alessandro died in 1775, but Hieronimo was still living.

⁶ Probably K. 238, 246 and 271.

mensely. Reicha played a concerto of his own which was quite good, with some new ideas and rather after your style. Haydn liked it too. If you are really leaving on February 15th, then I have only two more post-days left. So, in order to let you have all the music, I must send a rather heavy letter each time. It will be expensive for you, but you really need the sonatas for four hands and the variations.¹ Who will comb Wolfgang's hair now? Is his head <free of lice?> Oh, indeed I have a great many things to think of! If only Herr Grimm had replied; that would have taken a heavy load off my heart. All send their greetings. Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times and I am your old

MZT.

(278) *Mozart to his Mother at Mannheim*

[Copy in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

WORMS, January 31st, 1778

Oh, mother mine!
Butter is fine.
Praise and thanks be to Him,
We're alive and full of vim.
Through the world we dash,
Though we're rather short of cash.
But we don't find this provoking
And none of us are choking.
Besides, to people I'm tied
Who carry their muck inside
And let it out, if they are able,
Both before and after table.
At night of farts there is no lack,
Which are let off, forsooth, with a powerful crack.
The king of farts came yesterday

¹ See p. 668.

Whose farts smelt sweeter than the may.
His voice, however, was no treat
And he himself was in a heat.
Well, now we've been over a week away
And we've been shitting every day.
Wendling, no doubt, is in a rage
That I haven't composed a single page;
But when I cross the Rhine once more,
I'll surely dash home through the door
And, lest he call me mean and petty,
I'll finish off his four quartetti.¹
The concerto² for Paris I'll keep, 'tis more fitting.
I'll scribble it there some day when I'm shitting.
Indeed I swear 'twould be far better fun
With the Webers around the world to run
Than to go with those bores, you know whom I mean,
When I think of their faces, I get the spleen.
But I suppose it must be and off we shall toddle,
Though Weber's arse I prefer to Ramm's noddle.
A slice of Weber's arse is a thing
I'd rather have than Monsieur Wendling.
With our shitting God we cannot hurt
And least of all if we bite the dirt.
We are honest birds, all of a feather,
We have summa summarum eight eyes together,
Not counting those on which we sit.
But now I really must rest a bit
From rhyming. Yet this I must add,
That on Monday I'll have the honour, egad,

¹ Wendling had obtained for Mozart a commission to write three easy flute concertos and two flute quartets for De Jean. See p. 611. Actually Mozart wrote three flute quartets in Mannheim, K. 285, K. 285a and K. App. 171. See p. 710. For the recent discovery of K. 285a see Kochel, p. 982.

² Mozart composed one flute concerto, K. 313, in Mannheim and probably rewrote for De Jean his oboe concerto, K. 314, written in 1777 for Ferlendis. See p. 466, n. 1.

To embrace you and kiss your hands so fair.
But first in my pants I'll shit, I swear.

Worms, January 1778th
Anno 31.

Your faithful child,
With distemper wild.

TRAZOM

(279) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *February 1st, 1778*

I have received your letter of the 25th and am delighted to hear that you are well. Wolfgang has not yet returned from Kirchheim and will probably not come back until next Wednesday. Herr Weber has written to his wife that the Princess will not let them go before then. So I too must be content, I suppose. But about his journey to Paris, I am every bit as anxious as you are. If only Monsieur Grimm were there, I shouldn't worry at all, for he could perhaps take him into his house or help him to make his fortune in some way or another. Grimm has certainly been a true friend to us and one on whom we can rely. I have just this moment had a letter from Wolfgang, who is in Worms and will get back here to-morrow.¹ How glad I shall be to see him again. The Privy Court Councillor invariably copies out the news which you send me from Salzburg and the articles about the war and always looks forward most eagerly to my getting your letter, for everything is kept very quiet here and the rumours we hear are lies. Thus whatever you tell us we regard as articles of faith. The people of the Palatinate say that <the Elector> cannot possibly remain <in Munich>. In short, they consider <Mannheim and the Palatinate to be

¹ See p. 673.

far superior to and finer than Bavaria and Munich.) It is all right for you to house the opera-singers, provided they do not spoil the stove in our new room by heating it too much, and that they do not behave like a lot of pigs as Italians generally do.¹ You need not worry about Wolfgang taking all his things with him. He must take everything and the big trunk as well. I shall see that he does. A smaller trunk will do for me. The list of marksmen will be shorter when the two gentlemen from Wallerstein go off again.² I can well believe that Captain Beecke is trying to belittle Wolfgang, for up to the present he has been looked up to as a god in his own district and in the neighbourhood of Augsburg. But when people heard Wolfgang, they immediately exclaimed: "Why, he knocks Beecke into a cocked hat. You simply can't compare them." All sorts of messages to all our good friends, and especially to Monsieur Bullinger and Mlle Sallerl. I kiss you both a million times and remain your faithful wife

MARIANNA MOZART

I wanted very much to write more. But they have already sent for me to go upstairs, for I have to spend the whole day with them and never get back to my room until half past ten. Addio. Once more, do keep well.

(280) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR WIFE!

SALZBURG, *February 2nd*, 1778

I have received your letter of January 24th. Wolfgang will have long since returned and I hope that he has

¹ Frau Mozart is referring to a passage in her husband's letter of January 25th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

² Anton Janitsch and Josef Reicha had joined the Mozarts' shooting parties.

received a handsome present. You will need money for the journey. I have just received two New Year <accounts from tailors,> I mean, from Daser and Amman. The first, for Wolfgang's suit and waistcoats, amounts to 15 gulden, the second, for yourself, amounts to 6 gulden 24 kreutzer. <I don't know how I am going to pay them> and they will <have to be paid> before our Salzburg fair. <Moreover, Theresa wants her wages> to buy things for herself. Then there is our <house rent,> though that sum I shall be able to raise; but, by Heaven, I do not know how I am going to meet the other bills. Mannheim will probably have to sigh and groan, for not only now, when circumstances require his presence, but in the future too, the Elector will assuredly spend most of his time in Munich. You will have gathered from Herr von Heufeld's letter that introductions, especially from the great ones of this world, sometimes do more harm than good. But Dr. Vaugg's wife, to whom I wrote a most pressing letter, will certainly be able to make use of the fact that people have not forgotten our Wolfgang. I have now fired off replies to the Honourables Heufeld and Mesmer. If Wolfgang were to go to Vienna to-day, he knows of one safe haven into which he can turn. Please give my most devoted greetings to the wife of the Privy Court Councillor, her husband and daughter, to Herr Hartig, Herr Wendling and all the other gentlemen. I know that you will have done so very often even if I did not mention it, just as I always deliver greetings here from you. *Bring back with you any old stockings, silk or otherwise, and anything else belonging to Wolfgang which he doesn't want; also any old linen of his or other articles,* for no doubt he will require a supply of new things. You and I can make use of some of his old clothes. When I close the letter, I shall *probably* put in all the music which I have to send to Wolfgang. I have bought something for his cousin, but I

have not yet found a safe means of despatching it to her. She has sent Wolfgang her portrait, for which he was always asking her.¹ Why did he put her to this expense? After all it is probably a miniature and possibly not even a good likeness. Nannerl kisses your hands and embraces her brother with all her heart. I am your old

MZT.

How are you going to travel home? I shall write another letter to Herr Grimm and address it: rue Neuve Luxembourg. Nannerl asks you not to forget to bring her *the kind of cap that is in fashion*.

(281) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autographs in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, and in the Bibliothèque du Conservatoire de Paris*]

MONSIEUR

MANHEIM, *February 4th, 1778*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I simply cannot wait as I usually do until Saturday, because it is too long already since I have had the pleasure of talking to you in a letter. The first thing I want to tell you about is how I and my good friends got on at Kirchheim-Bolanden. Well, it was just a holiday trip—nothing more. We set off from here at eight o'clock on Friday morning, after I had breakfasted with Herr Weber. We had a smart covered coach which held four and we reached Kirchheim-Bolanden at four o'clock. We had to send a list of our names at once to the castle. Early next morning Herr Konzertmeister Rothfischer² called on us. He had already been described to me in Mannheim as a most honest fellow; and I found him so. In the evening,

¹ See p. 546, n. 1.

² Paul Rothfischer, a violinist in the service of the Princess of Nassau-Weilburg.

Saturday evening, we went to court, where Mlle Weber sang three arias. I say nothing about her singing—only one word, excellent! I wrote to you the other day about her merits; but I shall not be able to close this letter without telling you something more about her, for only now have I got to know her properly and as a result to discover her great powers. We had to dine afterwards at the officers' table. We were obliged to walk a good distance to church next day, for the Catholic church is rather far off. That was Sunday. We lunched again with the officers, but they had no concert in the evening, as it was Sunday. So they have only 300 concerts in the year. We could have dined at court in the evening, but we did not wish to do so, preferring to remain in the inn by ourselves. We would have unanimously and with heartfelt gladness done without the meals at court, for we never enjoyed ourselves better than when we were alone. But we had to think a little about economy—for, as it was, we had quite enough to pay for. The following day, Monday, we again had a concert, and also on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mlle Weber sang thirteen times in all and played the clavier twice, for she does not play at all badly. What surprises me most is her excellent sight-reading. Would you believe it, she played my difficult sonatas¹ at sight, *slowly* but without missing a single note! On my honour I would rather hear my sonatas played by her than by Vogler! I played a dozen times in all, and once by request on the organ in the Lutheran church. I presented four symphonies to the Princess and received (only seven louis d'or in silver,) mark you, and my poor dear Mlle Weber only (five.) Really it was the last thing I expected. I was not hoping for much, but at least I thought that each of us would receive (eight louis d'or.) Basta! We have lost nothing by it, however, for I still have a profit of 42 gulden

¹ Probably the clavier sonatas of the series K. 279-284.

and moreover the inexpressible pleasure of making the acquaintance of a thoroughly honest, good Catholic Christian family. I am truly sorry that I did not get to know them long ago. I am now coming to an important point, about which I want you to reply at once.

Mamma and I have talked the matter over and are agreed that we do not like the sort of life the Wendlings lead.

Wendling is a thoroughly honest, excellent fellow, but unfortunately he has no religion whatever; and the whole family are the same. It is enough to say that his daughter has been somebody's <mistress.¹> Ramm is a decent fellow, but a libertine. I know myself, and I am positive that I have enough religion never at any time to do anything which I could not do openly before the whole world; but the mere idea of being, even though it is only on a journey, in the society of people whose way of thinking is so entirely different from my own (and from that of all honourable people), horrifies me. But of course they can do as they please. I have not the heart to travel with them, I should not have a single happy hour, I should not know what to talk about. For, in a word, I do not fully trust them. Friends who have no religion cannot be our friends for long. I have already given them a slight hint in advance by saying that during my absence three letters have arrived, about which all that I can tell them is that it is unlikely that I shall be able to travel with them to Paris, but that perhaps I shall follow them—or perhaps go elsewhere; and that they must not count on me. My idea is as follows:

I propose to remain here and finish entirely at my leisure that music for De Jean, for which I am to get 200 gulden. I can stay here as long as I like and neither board nor lodging costs me anything. In the meantime Herr

¹ See p. 531, n. 3.

Weber will endeavour to get engagements here and there for concerts with me, and we shall then travel together. When I am with him, it is just as if I were travelling with you. The very reason why I am so fond of him is because, apart from his personal appearance, he is just like you and has exactly your character and way of thinking. If my mother were not, as you know, too *comfortably lazy* to write, she would tell you the very same thing! I must confess that I much enjoyed travelling with them. We were happy and merry; I was hearing a man talk like you: I had nothing to worry about: I found my torn clothes mended; in short, I was waited on like a prince.

I have become so fond of this unfortunate family that my dearest wish is to make them happy; and perhaps I may be able to do so. My advice is that they should go to Italy. So now I should like you to write to our good friend Lugiat, and the sooner the better, and enquire what are the highest terms given to a prima donna in Verona—the more the better, one can always climb down—perhaps too it would be possible to obtain the Ascensa in Venice.¹ As far as her singing is concerned, I would wager my life that she will bring me renown. Even in a short time she has greatly profited by my instruction, and how much greater will the improvement be by then! I am not anxious either about her acting. If our plan succeeds, we, M. Weber, his two daughters² and I will have the honour of visiting my dear Papa and my dear sister for a fortnight on our way through Salzburg. My sister will find a friend and a companion in Mlle Weber, for, like my sister in Salzburg, she has a reputation for good behaviour, her father resembles my father and the whole family resemble the Mozarts. True, there are envious folk, as there are in

¹ i.e. the contract to sing in the opera performed on the occasion of the Festival of the Ascension.

² Josefa and Aloisia.

Salzburg, but when it comes to the point, they have to speak the truth. Honesty is the best policy. I can say that I shall look forward immensely to going to Salzburg with them, if only that you may hear her sing. She sings superbly the arias which I wrote for De Amicis, both the bravura aria and "Parto, m'affretto" and "Dalla sponda tenebrosa".¹ I beg you to do your best to get us to Italy. You know my greatest desire is—to write operas.²

I will gladly write an opera for Verona for 50 zecchini, if only in order that she may make her name; for if I do not compose it, I fear that she may be victimised. By that time I shall have made so much money on the other journeys we propose to undertake together, that I shall not be the loser. I think we shall go to Switzerland and perhaps also to Holland. Do write to me soon about this. If we stay anywhere for long, the eldest daughter will be very useful to us; for we could have our own *ménage*, as she can cook. A propos, you must not be too much surprised when you hear that I have only 42 gulden left out of 77. That is merely the result of my delight at being again in the company of honest and like-minded people. I paid one half of the expenses, for I could not do otherwise, but I shall not do so on our other journeys and I have already told them so; I shall then pay only for *myself*. After we left, we stayed five days at Worms, where Weber has a brother-in-law, who is the Dean of the Monastery. I should add that he is terrified of Herr Weber's sarcastic quill. We had a jolly time there and lunched and dined every day with the Dean. I may say that this little journey gave me fine practice on the clavier. The Dean is an excellent and sensible man. Well, it is time for me to stop. If I were to

¹ Arias sung by De Amicis, who took the part of Giunia in "Lucio Silla", composed in 1772. See p. 661, n. 5.

² The autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, ends here. The autograph of the remaining portion of this letter is in the Bibliothèque du Conservatoire de Paris.

write all I think, I should have no paper left. Send me an answer soon, I beg you. Do not forget how much I desire to write operas. I envy anyone who is composing one. I could really weep for vexation when I hear or see an aria. But Italian, not German; *seriosa*, not *buffa*. You should not have sent me Heufeld's letter, which caused me more annoyance than pleasure. The fool thinks that I shall write a comic opera; yes, and write one on chance and at my own risk. I think too that he would not have disgraced his title of "Honourable",¹ if he had written "der Herr Sohn" and not "Ihr Sohn". But what is he after all but a Viennese booby; or perhaps he thinks that people remain twelve years old for ever? I have now written all that is weighing on my heart. My mother is quite satisfied with my ideas. It is impossible for me to travel with people—with a man—who leads a life of which the veriest stripling could not but be ashamed; and the thought of helping a poor family, without injury to myself, delights my very soul. I kiss your hands a thousand times and remain until death your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Mannheim, February 4th, 1778.

My greetings to all our good friends, and particularly to my best friend—Herr Bullinger.

(281a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND! MANNHEIM, *February 4th*, 1778

You will have seen from this letter that when Wolfgang makes new acquaintances, he immediately wants to give his life and property for them.

¹ Franz von Heufeld had recently received from the Emperor the Austrian title of "Edler".

True, she sings exceedingly well; still, we must not lose sight of our own interests. I never liked his being in the company of Wendling and Ramm, but I never ventured to raise any objections, nor would he ever have listened to me.

But as soon as he got to know the Webers, he immediately changed his mind. In short, he prefers other people to me, for I remonstrate with him about this and that, and about things which I do not like; and he objects to this. So you yourself will have to think over what ought to be done. I do not consider his journey to Paris with Wendling at all advisable. I would rather accompany him myself later on. It would not cost so very much in the mail coach. Perhaps you will still get a reply from Herr Grimm. Meanwhile we are not losing anything here. I am writing this quite secretly, while he is at dinner, and I shall close, for I do not want to be caught. Addio.

I remain your faithful wife

FRAU MARIA ANNA MOZART

(282) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, *February 5th, 1778*

As in all probability this will be the last letter which will reach you at Mannheim, it is addressed to you alone. My heart is heavy indeed, now that I know that you will be still farther away from me. True, you can realise this to some extent, but you cannot feel the burden of grief which is weighing down my heart. If you will take the trouble to remember what I undertook with you two children in your tender youth, you will not accuse me of cowardice, but will admit, as others do, that I always have been and still am a man who has the courage to

dare all. Yet I managed everything with the greatest caution and consideration that was humanly possible—for no one can prevent accidents—as only God knows what the future will bring. Up to the present, it is true, we have been neither happy nor unhappy; things have been, thank God, half and half. We have done everything to make you happier and through you to bring happiness to ourselves and to set your future at least on a firm footing. But Fate has willed that we should not achieve our purpose. As you are aware, owing to our last step I am now in very deep waters. As you know, *<I am now in debt to the extent> of about 700 gulden and <haven't the faintest idea how I am going to support myself, Mamma and your sister on my monthly salary;>* for as long as I live I cannot now hope *<to get another farthing from the Prince.>* So it must be as clear as noonday to you that the future of your old parents and of your good sister who loves you with all her heart, is entirely in your hands. Since you were born or rather since my marriage it has been very difficult for me to *<support>* a wife, seven children,¹ two maids and Mamma's own mother *<on my monthly pay of about 20 gulden>*, and *<to meet the expenses>* of child-births, deaths and illnesses. If you think it over, you will realise that not only have I never spent a farthing on the smallest pleasure for myself, but that without God's special mercy I should never have succeeded in spite of all my efforts *<in keeping out of debt;>* and yet *<this is the first time I have got into debt.>* When you were children, I gave up all my time to you in the hope that not only would you be able to provide later on for yourselves, but also that I might enjoy a comfortable old age, be able to give an account to God

¹ Jahn, vol. i. p. 26, and Abert, vol. ii. p. 904, give particulars of Leopold Mozart's seven children, only two of whom survived, i.e. Nannerl, the fourth, born in 1751, and Wolfgang, the youngest, born in 1756.

of the education of my children, be free from all anxiety, devote myself to the welfare of my soul and thus be enabled to meet my death in peace. But God has ordained that I must now take on again the *wearisome task* of giving lessons and that too in a town where this heavy work is so wretchedly paid that it is impossible to *⟨earn enough each month to support oneself and one's family;⟩* yet one has to be thankful to have any work, though one has to talk oneself hoarse if one is *⟨to make even a pittance.⟩* My dear Wolfgang, not only do I not distrust you in the very slightest degree; on the contrary, I place all my trust and confidence in your filial love. Our future depends on your abundant good sense, if you will only hearken to it, and on more fortunate circumstances, which, it is true, we cannot command. You are going off now to an entirely different world. Please do not think that prejudice makes me regard Paris as a very dangerous place; *au contraire*—from my own experience I have no reason whatever to think Paris so very dangerous. But my situation then and your present one are entirely different. On our first visit we stayed at the house of an ambassador and the second time in a self-contained lodging.¹ I had a certain position and you were children. I avoided all acquaintances and, mark you, *particularly all familiarity with people of our own profession*; you will remember that I did the same in Italy. I made the acquaintance and sought only the friendship of people of position—and, what is more, among these I associated with older people, never with young fellows, not even if they were of the highest rank. I never invited anyone to visit me constantly in my rooms, as I wanted to be quite free. Besides I thought it was more sensible to visit others, when it suited me. For if I do not like the man or if I have work or other business to do, I can stay away;

¹ Leopold Mozart is referring to their visits to Paris in 1763 and 1766.

whereas if people come to see me and don't know when to leave, it is difficult to get rid of them; and a person who is otherwise a welcome visitor may well hinder me when I have work on hand which must be done. You are but a young man of twenty-two; so you cannot have that settled gravity which might discourage any young fellow, of whatever rank he may be, an adventurer, jester or deceiver, old or young, from seeking your acquaintance and friendship in order to draw you into his company and then by degrees bend you to his will. One drifts imperceptibly into these traps and then one cannot get out. I shall say nothing about women, for where they are concerned the greatest reserve and prudence are necessary, Nature herself being our enemy. Whoever does not use his judgment to the utmost to keep the necessary reserve with them, will exert it in vain later on when he endeavours to extricate himself from the labyrinth, *a misfortune, which most often ends in death*. But how blindly we may often be led on by seemingly meaningless jests, flatteries and fun, for which Reason, when she reawakens later, is compelled to blush, you yourself may perhaps have learnt a little by experience. However, I do not want to reproach you. I know that you love me, not merely as your father, but also as your truest and surest friend; and that you understand and realise that our happiness and unhappiness, and, what is more, my long life or my speedy death are, if I may say so, apart from God, in your hands. If I have read you aright, I have nothing but joy to expect from you, and this alone must console me when I am robbed by your absence of a father's delight at hearing you, seeing you and folding you in his arms. Live like a good Catholic. Love and fear God. Pray most ardently to Him in true devotion and put your trust in Him; and lead so Christian a life that, if I should see you no more, the hour of my death may be free from anxiety. From my heart I

give you my paternal blessing and remain until death
your faithful father and your surest friend

LEOPOLD MOZART

Here is a list of our Paris acquaintances, who will all
be delighted to see you.¹

(282a) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]²

MY DEAR WIFE,

As you will receive this letter on the 11th or 12th and as I doubt whether a letter will still reach Wolfgang in Mannheim, I will say good-bye to him with this enclosure! I write this with tears in my eyes. Nannerl kisses her dear brother Wolfgang a million times. She would have added a few words of farewell to him, but the paper was already filled up and, besides, I did not let her read my letter. We entreat Wolfgang *to take great care of his health and to keep to the diet he has been accustomed to at home*. If not, he will *have to be bled* as soon as he arrives in Paris. All *heating food* disagrees with him. He will surely take with him *our big Latin prayer-book*, which contains all the psalms in the full office of Our Lady. If he decides to buy the German version of this office of Our Lady in Mannheim, he ought to try to get a copy in the very smallest format. The Latin psalms are difficult to read and a German translation would be helpful. Learned contrapuntal settings of the psalms are performed at the Concert Spirituel; and one can acquire a great reputation by this means. Perhaps

¹ Leopold Mozart encloses a long list, which is almost the same as the lists entered in his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, pp. 29-32, 47-48.

² This letter, which is undated, seems from its contents to belong to Letter 282.

Wolfgang could have his "Misericordias"¹ performed there as well. You have received, I hope, the two sonatas for four hands, the Fischer variations and the Rondo,² which were all enclosed in one letter? Farewell. We kiss you millions of times.

MZT.

(283) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *February 7th, 1778*

You will have seen from Wolfgang's last letter of February 4th that he is quite determined not to go to Paris with (Wendling.) He has told you the reasons, which are perfectly true. Those fellows would be (bad company for him and might lead him astray.) But do write all the same to Herr von Grimm, whom Wolfgang trusts absolutely. He can always go to Paris later on and meanwhile he is losing nothing by staying here, for it is costing him nothing. Besides the weather is too unkind. In the meantime he can finish his compositions, which he ought not to hurry over.³ As far as news is concerned, I must tell you that next week the plays and balls are to begin again, for the townspeople would lose far too heavily if the mourning were to last any longer. I can well believe that things are in a sad state in Salzburg; if this goes on, (the whole country will probably be ruined. I pity all good folks who have to live there under such a monster.) I wish Herr von Schiedenhofen a thousand happinesses and blessings on his marriage; and indeed he will need them. Does not Fräulein Louise come to see us any more and

¹ K. 222.

² K. 358, 381, 179, and probably the rondo of Mozart's clavier sonata, K. 309, which Leopold Mozart was having copied and returning bit by bit.

³ The works ordered by De Jean. See p. 611.

is Nannerl Kranach still at home? How is our Chief Purveyor and does he still pay attention to Fräulein Antonia and Herr von Mölk to his Josepha?

(283a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autographs in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, and in the possession of Dr. A. Rosenthal, London*]

MANNHEIM, February 7th, 1778

Herr von Schiedenhofen might have let me know long ago through you that he was getting married soon, and I should have composed new minuets for the occasion.¹ I wish him joy with my whole heart; but his, I daresay, is again one of those money matches and nothing else. I should not like to marry in this way; I want to make my wife happy, but not to become rich by her means. So I shall let things be and enjoy my golden freedom until I am so well off that I can support a wife and children. Herr von Schiedenhofen was obliged to choose a rich wife; his title demanded it. People of noble birth must never marry from inclination or love, but only from interest and all kinds of secondary considerations. Again, it would not at all suit a grandee to love his wife after she had done her duty and brought into the world a bouncing son and heir. But we poor humble people can not only choose a wife whom we love and who loves us, but we may, can and do take such a one, because we are neither noble, nor highly born, nor aristocratic, nor rich, but, on the contrary, lowly born, humble and poor; so we do not need a wealthy wife, for our riches, being in our brains, die with us—and these no man can take from us unless he chops

¹ Mozart's friend, Joachim Ferdinand von Schiedenhofen (1747–1823), married Anna Daubrawa von Daubrawaick (1759–1818), the daughter of the Chief Magistrate of Salzburg.

off our heads, in which case—we need nothing more. We received safely your letter of February 2nd. I had already told you in my previous letter my chief reason for not going to Paris with these people. My second reason is that I have thought over carefully what I should have to do there. I could not get on at all without pupils, which is a kind of work that is quite uncongenial to me—and of this I have an excellent example here. I could have had two pupils. I went three times to each, but finding one of them out, I never went back. I will gladly give lessons as a favour, particularly when I see that my pupil has talent, inclination and anxiety to learn; but to be obliged to go to a house at a certain hour—or to have to wait at home for a pupil—is what I cannot do, no matter how much money it may bring me in. I find it impossible, so must leave it to those who can do nothing else but play the clavier. I am a composer and was born to be a Kapellmeister, and I neither can nor ought to bury the talent for composition with which God in his goodness has so richly endowed me (I may say so without conceit, for I feel it now more than ever); and this I should be doing were I to take many pupils, for it is a most unsettling métier; and I would rather, if I may speak plainly, neglect the clavier than composition, for in my case the clavier with me is only a side-line, though, thank God, a very good one. My third reason is that I do not know for certain whether our friend Grimm is in Paris. If he is, I can always follow in the mail coach; for a capital one goes from here through Strassburg. We had intended in any event to have gone by it. They too are travelling in this way. Herr Wendling is inconsolable at my not going with them, but I believe that this proceeds more from self-interest than from friendship. In addition to the reason which I gave him (about the three letters that had come during my absence), I also told him about the pupils

and begged him to procure something *certain* for me, in which case I should be delighted to follow him to Paris (for I can easily do so)—especially if I am to write an opera. Writing operas is now my one burning ambition; but they must be French rather than German, and Italian rather than either. The Wendlings, one and all, are of the opinion that my compositions would be extraordinarily popular in Paris. I have no fears on that score, for, as you know, I can more or less adopt or imitate any kind and any style of composition. Shortly after my arrival I composed a French song¹ for Mlle Gustel (the daughter), who gave me the words; and she sings it incomparably well. I have the honour to enclose it to you. At Wendlings it is sung every day, for they are positively crazy about it. Now here is a satire which was written in Munich. I do not know whether you know it or not, but at any rate here it is:—

THE KIND AUSTRIANS

Our frontiers to powerfully defend,
But not to do us any harm,
Good Joseph his soldiers doth send
That obstreperous Fritz to alarm.
From eastwards these neighbours have come
And as friends they have filed through our gates,
Both outposts and guards; and no sum
In return our good Joseph awaits.
Our hearths and our homes he's protecting,
So let's give him full use of our land
And, no evil purpose suspecting,
Our welfare entrust to his hand.
But if they too long should remain
And if, after all, 'twere deceit,
The intruders we'll drive out again,
For us no impossible feat.

¹ K. 307, an arietta, "Oiseaux, si tous les ans", written for Augusta Wendling, daughter of the flautist Johann Baptist Wendling.

'Tis true, we possess few soldati,
 They're rather a costly affair;
 But look at our dancers, castrati,
 And of clerics we've more than a pair,
 Not to mention those companies grand,
 Money-lenders—and huntsman and hound.
 Why, Joseph, if these made a stand,
 They'd surely dash you to the ground.
 Some generals too we possess,
 More numerous perhaps than your own
 The piper you'll pay, you confess;
 Then leave us in peace and alone.
 We hope it—we're just sitting tight.
 Oh, do keep those Prussians away!
 We hate them, but don't want to fight.
 Guardian angel, protect us, we pray.¹

Joseph's declaration follows in the cover:

Joseph's declaration
 In a tone of exaltation.

Bavaria, keep calm! I come to defend,
 But what I defend, I'll grab in the end.

In my last letter I forgot to mention Mlle Weber's greatest merit, which is her superb cantabile singing. Please do not forget about Italy. I commend this poor, but excellent little Mlle Weber to your interest with all my heart, *caldamente*, as the Italians say. I have given her three of De Amicis's arias,² the scena I wrote for Madame Duschek³ (to whom I shall be writing soon) and four arias from "Il Rè pastore".⁴ I have also promised her to have some arias sent from home. I hope you will be kind

¹ The autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, ends here. The autograph of the remaining portion of this letter, written inside the cover, is in the possession of Dr. A. Rosenthal, London.

² Giunia's arias in "Lucio Silla". See p. 682.

³ K. 272.

⁴ Probably nos. 2, 3, 8 and 10.

enough to send them to me, but send them *gratis*, I beg you, and you will really be doing a good work! You will find the list of them on the French song which her father has copied out, and the paper is part of a present from him; but indeed he has given me much more. Now I must close. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart. Our compliments to all our good friends, especially to Herr Bullinger. Addio. I am your most obedient son

W. MZT.

Thanks for the sonatas for four hands and the Fischer variations.

(284) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR WIFE!

SALZBURG, *February 9th*, 1778

People in Mannheim will know enough by this time about conditions in Bavaria, since the Austrian manifestoes have appeared in the papers. Wolfgang ought to be in Munich at the moment, for he could have a word with Baron Zemen, who was and perhaps still is Saxon envoy to Bavaria.

So far I have not heard a word about the preparations for your journey, but perhaps your next letter will tell me something. Here is another sheet of music for Wolfgang, which I trust will still reach him. If, however, he has left already, you had better keep it until he has sent you his address in Paris. Possibly, however, Madame Wendling knows it, and, if so, you can send a letter along with the music. But I hope he will not have left before this letter reaches you. Commend our son to Herr Wendling once more and most warmly, and may God protect him! I felt sure that your last letter would have something more to

tell, but as Wolfgang wrote to you from Worms, you had naturally nothing new to report. It would have been well if Wolfgang could have found an opportunity of getting someone to remind the Elector about him. However, there is time enough for that. Farewell. We kiss you both millions of times and I remain your old

MZT.

(284a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, February 9th, 1778¹

Papa never leaves me room enough to write to Mamma and yourself. I hope to see her soon and I beg her not to forget me when she is leaving Mannheim. I wish you a pleasant journey to Paris and the best of health. I do hope, however, that I shall be able to embrace you soon. But God alone knows when that will happen. We are both longing for you to make your fortune, for that, I know for certain, will mean happiness to us all. I kiss Mamma's hands and embrace you and trust that you will always remember us all and think of us. But you must only do so when you have time, say, for a quarter of an hour when you are neither composing nor teaching.

(284b) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, February 9th, 1778

You will have received no doubt the small scores, which I made up in a neat parcel, and also my letter with the list of our acquaintances in Paris. The most important people are M. Grimm and Madame la Duchesse de Bourbon, formerly Mademoiselle d'Orléans, with whom

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

we found Paisible¹ on the two occasions when we visited her in the convent, and who dedicated to you a little piece for the clavier, which she had composed herself. Her husband is the son of Prince Condé and is only 22, whereas she is 28. (She is not happily married; and I believe that they are not living together.) Her brother, the Duc de Chartres, is about 31. It was he who got permission from M. de Sartine, then Lieutenant de la Police, for us to give those two concerts which brought us in so much money. Then there is Madame la Comtesse de Tessé, to whom you dedicated your sonatas,² and who is a great patroness of all branches of knowledge. She took a great fancy to you and gave you the little watch and your sister the gold toothpick case. I hope she has returned to Paris. She and her husband, who have been travelling a great deal, were in Italy some time ago and in Sicily too, I understand. You must make a point of finding out whether the Duc de Braganza may not perhaps be in Paris. He left Vienna last autumn in order to return to Lisbon, where as a result of the death of the King of Portugal there is now a government more favourable to him. I know that he broke his journey in Paris, but possibly he has left by this time. He would be a useful person for you to know. I must not forget Madame D'Épinay,³ a very intimate friend of M. Grimm, who gave Mamma that beautiful fan. That reminds me, the Comtesse de Tessé

¹ Paisible (1745-1781), born in Paris, became a famous violinist. He was a pupil of Gaviniés, through whose influence he became a member of the orchestra of the Concert Spirituel and one of the musicians attached to the household of the Duchesse de Bourbon. He soon threw up these posts and started travelling in the Netherlands, Germany and Russia, where, disheartened by failure, he shot himself in St. Petersburg. He composed a few works for the violin.

² K. 8 and 9.

³ Louise Tardieu D'Esclavelles D'Épinay (1726-1783), a French writer, well known on account of her *liaisons* with Rousseau and Grimm and her friendships with Diderot, D'Alembert and other French men of letters. Her *Mémoires*, a sort of autobiographical romance, were published in Paris in 1818.

would procure you, I am sure, through her father the Duc D'Ayen, who took us to Versailles, an introduction to Madame Victoire, who would be only too glad to see you, as she was so gracious and friendly to you when you were a child. I should mention too Madame la Duchesse D'Enville, La Duchesse D'Aiguillon, La Duchesse de Mazarin, La Comtesse de Lillebonne, Madame de St. Julien, Madame la Princesse de Robeck, Madame la Comtesse de Wall. In short! All the people on that list are people of rank, who are sure to remember you and on whom you must not hesitate to call and, with a certain dignified courtesy and ease of manner, ask for their protection. I assure you that this will be no easy task for anyone like yourself, who is not always associating with the aristocracy; but it is of the utmost importance that you should do so. This politesse is extraordinarily efficacious in winning over the French and will at once secure for you the friendship of all these great ones and their many acquaintances. *Mark you, you must do this at once*, and you must let nothing put you off. As it is, you are arriving in Paris rather late, too late, in fact, for in the summer everyone goes into the country. Grimm, if he is there, will endorse my views and give you all the help you require. You can tell him all that I have written to you. If he is not in Paris, Madame D'Épinay will assist you in every way or introduce you to one of her friends, that is, if you can manage to find her at once. Meanwhile Baron Bagge will probably be able to give you the addresses of one or two people. Herr Wendling or somebody else will be able to tell you how much you should pay for a fiacre. Whenever you walk, be very careful, for in wet weather the paving-stones in Paris, which are rather like rounded squares, are extremely slippery, so that one is constantly tripping. Well, I had better send you a few more names of other people whom we knew long ago,

namely, M. l'Abbé Gauzargue,¹ Kapellmeister in the Royal Court Chapel at Versailles, a most worthy man, with whom we had lunch; M. Eckardt, clavierist; M. Gaviniés,² violino; Hochbrucker, harpist. The latter, as you know, is a cheerful fool, but *you must avoid having anything to do with him*, for he has *a very bad reputation* on account of his dissolute life; moreover, he is a coarse fellow and runs up debts. M. du Borde,³ a very conceited violoncellist; M. Le Tourneur,⁴ court organist; M. Molitor, who plays the French horn at Versailles; M. Haranc,⁵ violino; M. Besson, violino; M. le Grand, clavierist; M. Jélyotte,⁶ chanteur au théâtre; M. Mayer, harpist; M. Henno, who plays the French horn at Prince Conti's; M. Duni,⁷ maître de chapelle, who has written some comic

¹ Abbé Charles Gauzargue (? -1799). He wrote a "Traité de composition", Paris, 1797.

² Pierre Gaviniés (1728-1800), an eminent violinist, called the French Tartini. He appeared in 1741 at the Concert Spirituel, which he subsequently directed, 1773-1777; and when the Paris Conservatoire was founded in 1794, he was appointed to a professorship of the violin.

³ Jean Pierre Duport (1741-1818), one of two brothers who were eminent violoncellists. He was in the orchestra of Prince Conti until 1769, then paid several visits to London, travelled to Spain in 1771 and finally, on the invitation of Frederick the Great, settled in Berlin as first violoncellist in the king's orchestra, his pupil being the future king, Frederick William II.

⁴ In Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 30, le Tourneur is described as "claveciniste de la cour".

⁵ Louis André Haranc (1738-1805) became in 1770 first violin in the court orchestra and in 1775 Director of the court music to the Queen.

⁶ Pierre de Jélyotte (1713-1787), a French tenor and composer. He was trained at Toulouse, first appeared in the Paris opéra in 1733, soon took part in all the important productions and continued to sing until 1779. The Mozarts had met him in Paris in 1764. Leopold Mozart's entry in his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 32, is "chanteur renommé en France, c'est-à-dire, pour leur goût".

⁷ Egidio Romoaldo Duni (1709-1775), composer of Italian and French light operas. He was born and studied in Naples and had his first triumph in Rome with his opera "Nerone". After several travels abroad he was appointed tutor to the court of Parma. At the Duke's suggestion he composed a French opera "Ninette à la cour", which was so popular that in 1757 he settled in Paris, where he wrote twenty operas, most of which were outstanding successes. He is regarded as the founder of the French opéra comique.

operas; M. Canévas,¹ violoncellist, whose daughter married Herr Cramer and died at Mannheim; M. le Duc,² violino; Mlle Fel,³ an old singer in the French theatre; M. Cahaut,⁴ joueur de la lute chez le Prince Conti; M. Honnauer, clavecin; M. Philidor,⁵ compositeur, and so forth. I need hardly tell you, for you know this quite well yourself, that with *very few exceptions* you will gain nothing by associating with these people, and that to be intimate with them may even do you harm. If Gluck and Piccinni are there, you will avoid their company as much as possible; and you must not form a close friendship with Grétry.⁶ De la politesse et pas d'autre chose. *You can always be perfectly natural* with people of high rank; but with everybody else *please behave like an Englishman*. You must not be so open with everyone! You should not let a friseur or any other domestique see your money, rings or watch; still less should you leave them lying about. (Even your

¹ Canavas. In his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 32, Leopold Mozart adds the remark "Sa femme et sa fille qui joue du clavecin fort bien et qui chante bien".

² Either Simon Leduc (1748-1777), soloist in violin concertos at the Concert Spirituel and a well-known music publisher, or his younger brother, Pierre Leduc (1755-1816), who was also a violinist at the Concert Spirituel and subsequently took over Simon's publishing business.

³ Marie Fel (1713-1794), a famous high soprano, who made her début in 1734 at the opera and the Concert Spirituel, but had to retire in 1758 owing to bad health.

⁴ Joseph Kohaut (c. 1736-1793). He also wrote operas for the Comédie Italienne. A second entry in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen* has the remark "honnête homme".

⁵ François André Danican Philidor (1726-1795), an eminent composer and a distinguished chess-player. He at first supported himself in Paris by giving lessons and copying music. He then travelled and wrote books on chess. Diderot and other friends brought him back to Paris, where he started to compose sacred and operatic music and from 1759 onwards won great successes with his comic operas. He is generally regarded as Duni's successor.

⁶ André Ernest Modeste Grétry (1742-1813), born at Liège, an eminent composer of operas. He very soon discovered that comic opera was his true vocation and from 1768 onwards won outstanding successes in Paris. He has been called the "Molière of music". His literary activity too was very great, though the value of his works as contributions to the study of music is small.

friends should not know when you receive money or how much you have in hand.) If you have any cash, take it to the bankers Turton et Baur. I only kept out what I really needed and gave them the remainder, for which they handed me a receipt. Thus I could be sure that my money would not be stolen, while, if anyone wanted to borrow from me, I could make the excuse that I had sent off my earnings to Salzburg. Never go out walking at night. And finally, remind yourself every day what you owe to God, who has bestowed such extraordinary talents upon you. Do not get annoyed with me for telling you this so often. Surely you realise my responsibility as a father? You were vexed when I reminded you the other day (*about confessing*.) But put yourself in my place and then tell me whether it is my duty to do so or not? Oh, Heaven! When shall I see you again? I kiss you millions of times and remain your surest and truest friend and father

L. MZT.

(285) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, February 11th-12th, 1778

I have read your letter of the 4th with amazement and horror. I am beginning to answer it to-day, the 11th, for the whole night long I was unable to sleep and am so exhausted that I can only write quite slowly, word by word, and so gradually finish what I have to say by to-morrow. Up to the present, thank God, I have been in good health; but this letter, in which I only recognise my son by that failing of his which makes him believe everyone at the first word spoken, open his kind heart to every plausible flatterer and let others sway him as they like, so that he is led by whimsical ideas and ill-considered and impracticable projects to sacrifice his own name and

interests, and even the interests and the claims of his aged and honourable parents to those of strangers—this letter, I say, depressed me exceedingly, the more so as I was cherishing the reasonable hope that certain circumstances which you had had to face already, as well as my own reminders, both spoken and written, could not have failed to convince you that not only for the sake of your happiness but in order that you may be able to gain a livelihood and attain at length the desired goal in a world of men in varying degrees good and bad, fortunate and unfortunate, it was imperative for you to guard your warm heart by the strictest reserve, undertake nothing without full consideration and never let yourself be carried away by enthusiastic notions and blind fancies. My dear son, I implore you to read this letter carefully—and take time to reflect upon it. Merciful God! those happy moments are gone when, as child and boy, you never went to bed without standing on a chair and singing to me *Oragna fiagata fa*,¹ and ending by kissing me again and again on the tip of my nose and telling me that when I grew old you would put me in a glass case and protect me from every breath of air, so that you might always have me with you and honour me. Listen to me, therefore, in patience! You are fully acquainted with our difficulties in Salzburg—you know my wretched income, why I kept my promise to let you go away, and all my various troubles. The purpose of your journey was twofold—either to get a good permanent appointment, or, if this should fail, to go off to some big city where large sums of money can be earned. Both plans were designed to assist

¹ For the melody, which, as Abert (vol. i, p. 28, n. 1) points out, is a variation of an old Dutch folk-song "Willem von Nassau", see Leitzmann, p. 12. In the material which Nissen collected for his biography of Mozart, and which is now in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, there is a statement that Mozart often hummed a tune to the nonsensical words "Nannetta Nanon, puisque la bedetta fa, Nannetta, inevenedetta fa Nanon". See *MM*, November 1919, p. 30.

your parents and to help on your dear sister, but above all to build up your own name and reputation in the world. The latter was partly accomplished in your childhood and boyhood; and it now depends on you alone to raise yourself gradually to a position of eminence, such as no musician has ever obtained. You owe that to the extraordinary talents which you have received from a beneficent God; and now it depends solely on your good sense and your way of life whether you die as an ordinary musician, utterly forgotten by the world, or as a famous Kapellmeister, of whom posterity will read,—whether, captured by some woman, you die bedded on straw in an attic full of starving children, or whether, after a Christian life spent in contentment, honour and renown, you leave this world with your family well provided for and your name respected by all. You took that journey to Munich—with what purpose you know—but nothing could be done. Well-meaning friends wanted to keep you there and you wished to remain. Someone hit on the idea of forming a company—but I need not recapitulate everything in detail. At the time you thought the scheme practicable. I did not. Read the letter I sent you in reply. You have a sense of honour. Would it have done you honour, assuming that the scheme had been carried out, to depend on the monthly charity of ten persons? At that time you were quite amazingly taken up with the little singer¹ at the theatre and your dearest wish was to forward the cause of the German stage; now you declare that you would not even care to write a comic opera! No sooner had you left the gates of Munich behind you than (as I prophesied) your whole company of subscribers had forgotten you. What would be your lot were you in Munich now?—In the end one can always see the providence of God. In Augsburg too you had your little romance, you

¹ Mademoiselle Kaiser. See p. 423, n. 2.

amused yourself with my brother's daughter, who now must needs send you her portrait. The rest I wrote to you in my first letters to Mannheim. When you were at Wallerstein¹ you caused the company great amusement, you took up a violin, and danced about and played, so that people described you to absent friends as a merry, high-spirited and brainless fellow, thus giving Herr Beecke the opportunity of disparaging your merits, although your compositions and your sister's playing (for she always says "*I am only my brother's pupil*") have since made these two gentlemen regard you in another light, so that they now have the very highest opinion of your art and are indeed more inclined to run down Herr Beecke's poor compositions. When you were in Mannheim you did well to win the good graces of Herr *(Cannabich)*. But you would have gained nothing, had he not been seeking a double advantage therefrom. I have already written to you about the rest. Next, Herr *(Cannabich's)* daughter was smothered in praises, her temperament was recorded in the Adagio of a sonata, in short, *she* was now the reigning favourite. Then you made the acquaintance of Herr Wendling. *He* was now the most honourable friend—and what happened next, I need not repeat. Suddenly you strike up a new acquaintanceship—with Herr Weber; all your other friends are forgotten; now *this family* is the most honourable, the most Christian family and the daughter is to have the leading role in the tragedy to be enacted between your own family and hers! In the transports into which your kind and too open heart has thrown you, you think all your ill-considered fancies as reasonable and practicable as if they were bound to be accomplished in the normal course of nature. You are thinking of taking her to Italy as a prima donna. Tell me, do you

¹ Leopold Mozart had evidently heard an account of his son's doings from Anton Janitsch and Joseph Reicha.

know of any prima donna who, without having first appeared many times in Germany, has walked on to the stage in Italy as prima donna? In how many operas did not Signora Bernasconi sing in Vienna, and operas too of the most passionate type, produced under the very severe criticism and direction of Gluck and Calzabigi?¹ In how many operas did not Mlle Teiber² sing in Vienna under Hasse's direction and taught by that old singer and very famous actress, Signora Tesi,³ whom you saw at Prince Hildburghausen's⁴ and whose negress you kissed as a child?⁵ How many times did not Mlle Schindler⁶ appear in Italian opera at Vienna, after making her *début* in a private production at Baron Fries's country seat under the direction of Hasse and Tesi and Metastasio? Did any of these people dare to throw themselves at the head of the Italian public? And how much patronage, what powerful recommendations did they not need before they were able to attain their object? Princes and counts recommended them, famous composers and poets vouched for their ability. And now you want me to write to Lugiati! Your proposal is to compose an opera for fifty ducats, although you know that the Veronese have no money and never commission a new opera. I am now to remember the *Ascensa*, although Michele Dall' Agata has not even replied to my two previous letters. I am quite willing to believe that Mlle <Weber>

¹ Raniero da Calzabigi (1715-1795), famous in musical history as the librettist of Gluck's three great Italian operas, "*Orfeo ed Euridice*" (1762), "*Alceste*" (1767) and "*Paride ed Elena*" (1770).

² Elizabeth Teiber. See p. 108, n. 5.

³ Vittoria Tesi-Tramontini (1700-1775), a celebrated singer. She was born in Florence and in her youth sang chiefly in Italy. In 1747 she settled in Vienna, where she opened a school of singing.

⁴ Prince Joseph Friedrich von Sachsen-Hildburghausen, Imperial Field-marshal, famous in musical history as the patron of Gluck.

⁵ During Mozart's first visit to Vienna in 1762.

⁶ Katharina Leithner-Schindler (1755-1788) was a well-known singer at the Italian opera in Vienna. In 1777 she married the theatrical manager J. B. Bergopzoomer. In 1783 she joined the Prague opera.

sings like a Gabrielli; that she has a *powerful voice* for the Italian stage; that she has the build of a prima donna and all the rest; but it is absurd of you to vouch for her capacity to act. Acting calls for more than these qualities. Why, old Hasse's childish, albeit most kindly meant and good-natured efforts on behalf of Miss Davies¹ banished her for ever from the Italian stage, where she was hissed off on the first night and her part given to De Amicis. Even an experienced male actor, let alone a female, may well tremble during his first appearance in a foreign country. And do you think that is all?—By no means!—*Ci vuole il possesso del teatro.*² This is particularly true of a woman, who has in addition to consider the way in which she dresses and adorns herself. You yourself know all this, if you will but think it over. I know that serious reflection on all these points will convince you that, kindly as your plan is meant, it needs *time* and *much preparation* and must be approached in a very different way if it is ever to be carried out. What impresario would not laugh, were one to recommend him a girl of sixteen or seventeen, who has never yet appeared on a stage! As for your proposal (I can hardly write when I think of it), your proposal to travel about with Herr <Weber> and, be it noted, his two daughters—it has nearly made me lose my reason! My dearest son! How can you have allowed yourself to be bewitched even for an hour by such a horrible idea, which must have been suggested to you by someone or other! Your letter reads like a romance. For could you really make up your mind to go trailing about the world with strangers? Quite apart from your reputation—what of your old parents and your dear sister? To expose

¹ Cecilia Davies (1738–1836), the younger sister of Marianne Davies, the harmonica-player. She was an excellent singer and was fairly successful in Italy, where she was called “L’Inglesina”. In 1771 she appeared in Hasse’s opera “Ruggiero” in Milan.

² One must have the stage presence.

me to the mockery and ridicule of the Prince and of *the whole town which loves you?* Yes, to expose me to mockery and yourself to contempt, for in reply to repeated questions, I have had to tell everyone that you were going to Paris. And now, after all, you want to roam about with strangers and take your chance? Surely, after a little reflection you will give up all idea of doing so! But that I may convince you of your rash precipitancy, let me tell you that the time is now coming when no man in his senses could think of such a thing. Conditions are now such that it is impossible to guess where war may break out, for everywhere regiments are either on the march or under marching orders.—To Switzerland?—To Holland? Why, there is not a soul there the whole summer; and at Berne and Zürich in winter one can just make enough not to die of starvation, but nothing more. As for Holland, they have other things to think of there besides music; and in any case half one's takings are eaten up by Herr Hummel¹ and concert expenses. Besides, what will become of your reputation? Those are places for lesser lights, for second-rate composers, for scribblers, for a Schwindel,² a Zappa,³ a Ricci⁴ and the like. Name any one great composer to me who would deign to take such an abject step! *Off with you to Paris!* and that soon! Find your place among great people. *Aut Caesar aut nihil.*

¹ Johann Julius Hummel (? –1798), a music publisher at Amsterdam (from c. 1766) and Berlin (from 1774), who published many important works. The business was dissolved in 1821.

² Friedrich Schwindel (1737–1786) was a skilful player on the violin, flute and clavier. As a composer he was a follower of the Mannheim school. From 1765 onwards his numerous symphonies, quartets and trios were performed in Amsterdam, Paris and London.

³ Francesco Zappa of Milan was a famous violoncellist in his day and composed several works, chiefly for his instrument.

⁴ Abbate Pasquale Ricci (c. 1733– ?) was born in Como, where he eventually became maestro di cappella of the cathedral. He travelled widely. Many of his numerous compositions were published and were well received in other countries.

The mere thought of seeing Paris ought to have preserved you from all these flighty ideas. *From Paris the name and fame of a man of great talent resounds throughout the whole world. There the nobility treat men of genius with the greatest deference, esteem and courtesy; there you will see a refined manner of life, which forms an astonishing contrast to the coarseness of our German courtiers and their ladies; and there you may become proficient in the French tongue.* As for the company of <Wendling> and his friends, you do not need it at all. You have known them for a long time—and did your Mamma not realise what type of men they were? Were you both blind?—Nay, but I know how it was. You were set upon it, and she did not dare to oppose you. It angers me that both of you should have lacked the confidence and frankness to give me circumstantial and detailed information. You both treated me in the same way over that matter of the <Elector,> and yet in the end it all had to come out. You want to spare me anxiety and in the end you suddenly overturn a whole bucketful of worries on my head, which almost kill me! You know, and you have a thousand proofs of it, that God in his goodness has given me sound judgment, that I still have my head screwed on, and that in the most tangled circumstances I have often found a way out and foreseen and guessed aright. What has prevented you then from asking my advice and from always acting as I desired? My son, you should regard me rather as your most sincere friend, than as a severe father. Consider whether I have not always treated you kindly, served you as a servant his master, even provided you with all possible entertainment and helped you to enjoy all honourable and seemly pleasures, often at great inconvenience to myself! I presume that Herr <Wendling> has left already. Though half-dead, I have managed to think out and arrange everything connected with your journey to Paris. Herr

Arbauer, a well-known merchant of Augsburg and Frankfurt, is now there with his German agent and is staying for the whole of Lent. I shall send off a letter to him on the 23rd and by the same post I shall write to you very fully and tell you what you have to do and how much approximately the journey will cost you; and I shall enclose an open letter which you must deliver to Herr Arbauer (I understand that he was at your Augsburg concert), who will be expecting it. This wretched business has cost me a couple of sleepless nights. As soon as you receive this letter, I want you to write and tell me *how much money you have in hand*. I trust that you can count for certain on those 200 gulden. I was amazed to read your remark that you would now finish that music for M. De Jean at your leisure. It seems then that you have not yet delivered it. Yet you were thinking of leaving on February 15th?—You even went on a trip to Kirchheim—even taking Mlle <Weber> with you, with the result that of course you received less money, as the Princess had two people to reward, a present which otherwise you might have had for yourself. However, that does not matter. But, Good God! Suppose Herr <Wendling> were now to play a trick on you and M. De Jean were <to break his word,> for the arrangement was that you were to wait and travel with them. Do send me news by the next post, so that I may know how things are. Well, I am going to tell you what you *can* do for Mlle Weber. Tell me, who are the people who give lessons in Italy? Are they not old maestri, and generally *old tenors*? Has Signor Raaff heard her sing? Have a word with him and ask him to hear her perform your arias. *You could say that you would like him to hear a few of them*. In this way you could use your influence with him later on her behalf. However he may sing now, he knows his job, and if she impresses him, she can count on making a good impression on all the Italian

impresarios who knew him in his prime. Meanwhile she could surely find an opportunity of getting on the stage in Mannheim where, even if it is unpaid work, she would be gaining experience. Your desire to help the oppressed you have inherited from your father. But you really must consider first of all the welfare of your parents, or else your soul will go to the devil. Think of me as you saw me when you left us, *standing beside the carriage in a state of utter wretchedness*. Ill as I was, I had been packing for you until two o'clock in the morning, and there I was at the carriage again at six o'clock, seeing to everything for you. Hurt me now, if you can be so cruel! Win fame and *make money* in Paris; then, *when you have money to spend*, go off to Italy and get commissions for operas. This cannot be done by writing letters to impresarios, though I am prepared to do so. Then you could put forward Mlle (Weber's) name, which can be the more easily done if you do so personally. Write to me by the next post without fail. We kiss you both a million times and I remain your old honest husband and father

MZT.

Bullinger sends his greetings.

Nannerl has wept her full share during these last two days. Addio. Mamma is to go to Paris with Wolfgang, so you had better make the necessary arrangements.

(286) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MONSIEUR

MANNHEIM, February 14th, 1778

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I see from your letter of February 9th that you have not yet received my last two letters. Herr Wendling and

Herr Ramm are leaving early to-morrow morning. If I thought that you would be really displeased with me for not going to Paris with them, I should regret having stayed here; but I hope it is not so. The road to Paris is still open. Herr Wendling has promised to make enquiries immediately about M. Grimm and to send me information at once. If I have such a friend in Paris, I shall certainly go there, for he will assuredly arrange something for me. The main cause of my not going with them is that we have not yet been able to arrange about Mamma returning to Augsburg. How on earth could she have stayed here in the house without me? I do implore you just to give a little thought to her journey from Augsburg to Salzburg; once I know about this, I shall arrange for her to get to Augsburg comfortably. If there is no other way, I shall take her there myself. We can lodge at the Heiligkreuz Monastery. But the essential thing to know is whether she will be then travelling home with one or more persons? And whether, if they are only two, there will be a chaise there already, or whether she ought to use ours? This last we can settle quite well later on. The main thing is to get her safely on the road from Augsburg to Salzburg. The journey to Augsburg will not cost much, for no doubt there are drivers here who can be engaged at a cheap rate. By that time, however, I hope to have made enough to pay for Mamma's journey home. Just now I really do not know how it would be possible. M. De Jean is also leaving for Paris to-morrow and, because I have only finished two concertos¹ and three quartets² for him, has sent me 96 gulden (that is, 4 gulden too little, evidently supposing that this was the half of 200); but he must pay me in full, for that was my agreement with the Wendlings, and I can send him the other

¹ K. 313 and 314. See p. 674, n 2.

² K. 285, 285a and K. App. 171. See p. 674, n. 1.

pieces later. It is not surprising that I have not been able to finish them, for I never have a single quiet hour here. I can only compose at night, so that I can't get up early as well; besides, one is not always in the mood for working. I could, to be sure, scribble off things the whole day long, but a composition of this kind goes out into the world, and naturally I do not want to have cause to be ashamed of my name on the title-page. Moreover, you know that I become quite powerless whenever I am obliged to write for an instrument which I cannot bear. Hence as a diversion I compose something else, such as duets for clavier and violin,¹ or I work at my mass.² Now I am settling down seriously to the clavier duets, as I want to have them engraved. If only the Elector were here, I should very quickly finish the mass. But what can't be, can't be. I am much obliged to you, my dear Papa, for your fatherly letter; I shall put it by among my treasures and always refer to it. Please do not forget about my mother's journey from Augsburg to Salzburg and let me know the precise time; and please remember the arias I mentioned in my last letter. If I am not mistaken, there are also some cadenzas which I once jotted down and at least one aria cantabile with coloratura indications.³ I should like that first of all, for it would be good practice for Mlle Weber. I only taught her the day before yesterday an Andantino Cantabile by Bach,⁴ the whole of it. Yesterday there was a concert at Cannabich's, where all the music was of my composition, except the first symphony, which was his own. Mlle Rosa played my concerto in B^b,⁵ then Herr Ramm (by way of a change) played for the fifth time

¹ The violin sonatas K. 301-306, two of which, K. 304 and 306, were written in Paris. The series was engraved in 1778 by Sieber in Paris and dedicated to the Electress Marie Elizabeth of the Palatinate.

² Probably K. 322, a Kyrie composed in 1778, was intended to form part of this mass. Otherwise there is no trace of it.

³ See Köchel, p. 363 f.

⁴ Johann Christian Bach.

⁵ K. 238.

my oboe concerto written for Ferlendis,¹ which is making a great sensation here. It is now Ramm's cheval de bataille. After that Mlle Weber sang most charmingly the aria di bravura of De Amicis.² Then I played my old concerto in D major,³ because it is such a favourite here, and I also extemporised for half an hour; after which Mlle Weber sang De Amicis's aria "Parto, m'affretto"⁴ and was loudly applauded. Finally my ouverture to "Il Rè pastore" was performed. I do entreat you most earnestly to interest yourself in Mlle Weber; I would give anything if she could only make her fortune. Husband, wife and five children on an income of 450 gulden!—On my own account too, don't forget about Italy. You know my great longing and my passion. I hope that all will go well. I have placed my trust in God, Who will never forsake us. Now farewell, and don't forget all my requests and recommendations. I kiss your hands 100000 times and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG GOTTLIEB MOZART
Mannheim, February 14th, 1778.

(286a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, February 14th, 1778

We know only too well what the situation is in Bavaria. But as for the Electress of Saxony's claims we have not yet heard anything about them. That would really be too much. In the end the Elector would have nothing left of his whole inheritance. Everything is very quiet here and there seems to be nothing but secrets. The papers only talk about matters of indifference; there is not

¹ Probably K. 314, which Mozart rewrote as a flute concerto for De Jean. See Köchel, p. 358 f.

² See p. 661, n. 5.

³ K. 175, composed in 1773, Mozart's first clavier concerto.

⁴ From Mozart's opera "Lucio Silla".

a single thing about Bavaria. As for my journey to Salzburg I do hope that we shall hit on something suitable, for the weather is still too cold and raw for me to sit all day in an open carriage. Really it would be too uncomfortable. And after all if I had wanted to travel in winter, it would not have been necessary for us to stay here so long. Moreover, when the weather gets milder, we shall more easily find some opportunity for me to travel in company. I do not mind a bit, provided I have not got to travel alone to Augsburg. I am not at all nervous about the journey on to Salzburg. I shan't forget Nannerl. In the meantime I send my greetings to her, and also to all our good friends. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you both many 100000 times and remain your faithful wife

FRAU MARIANNA MOZART

In the meantime you will have received our letter and decided what is to be done.

(286b) *Mozart resumes Writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

I embrace my sister with all my heart. My greetings to all our good friends and especially to Herr Bullinger. A propos, how do you like the French aria? ¹

(287) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *February 16th, 1778*

MY DEAR WIFE AND MY DEAR SON!

I have received your letter of February 7th with the French aria ² which was enclosed; and my letter of the

¹ K. 307. See p. 692, n. 1.

² K. 307.

12th, written in pain and fear, will have reached you by this time. I began a second letter yesterday, which, however, I do not feel able to finish to-day. I am saving it up for some other post-day. Your aria has made me breathe a little more easily, for here is one of my dear Wolfgang's compositions and something so excellent that I am sure that it was only some very persuasive tongue which must for the moment have driven you to prefer a knock-about existence to the reputation which you might acquire in a city so famous and so profitable to the talented as Paris. Everyone is right who says that your compositions will be very popular in Paris; and you yourself are convinced, as I am too, that you are able to imitate all styles of composition. It was a good thing that you did not travel with those fellows. But you had long since detected the *<evil streak in their characters;>* and yet all that long time when you *<were associating with them,>* you did not sufficiently trust your father (who is so anxious about you) to write to him about it and ask him for his advice: and it horrifies me to think that your mother did not do so either. My son! You are hot-tempered and impulsive in all your ways! Since your childhood and boyhood your whole character has changed. As a child and a boy you were serious rather than childish and when you sat at the clavier or were otherwise intent on music, no one dared to have the slightest jest with you. Why, even your expression was so solemn that, observing the early efflorescence of your talent and your ever grave and thoughtful little face, many discerning people of different countries sadly doubted whether your life would be a long one. But now, as far as I can see, you are much too ready to retort in a bantering tone to the first challenge—and that, of course, is the first step towards undue familiarity, which anyone who wants to preserve his self-respect will try to avoid in this world. A good-hearted

fellow is accustomed, it is true, to express himself freely and naturally; none the less it is a mistake to do so. And it is just your good heart which prevents you from detecting any shortcomings in a person who showers praises on you, has a great opinion of you and flatters you to the skies, and who makes you give him all your confidence and affection; whereas as a boy you were so extraordinarily modest that you used to weep when people praised you overmuch. The greatest art of all is *to know oneself* and then, my dear son, to do as I do, that is, *to endeavour to get to know others through and through*. This, as you know, has always been my study; and certainly it is a fine, useful and indeed most necessary one. As for your giving lessons in Paris you need not bother your head about it. *In the first place*, no one is going to dismiss his master at once and engage you. *In the second place*, no one would dare to ask you, and you yourself would certainly not take on anyone except possibly some lady, who is already *a good player and wants to take lessons in interpretation*, which would be easy work for good pay. For instance, would you not have gladly undertaken to give Countess von Lützow and Countess Lodron two or three lessons a week at a fee of two or three louis d'or a month, the more so as such ladies also put themselves to a great deal of trouble to collect subscribers for the engraving of your compositions? In Paris everything is done by these great ladies, many of whom are devoted lovers of the clavier and in some cases excellent performers. These are the people who can help you. As for composition, why, you could make money and gain a great reputation by publishing *works for the clavier, string quartets and so forth, symphonies* and possibly a collection of *melodious French arias* with clavier accompaniment like the one you sent me, and finally operas. Well, what objection have you to raise

now? But you want everything to be done at once, before people have even seen you or heard any of your works. Read my long list of the acquaintances we had in Paris at that time. All, or at least most of them, are the leading people in that city and they will all be both delighted and interested to see you again. Even if only six of them take you up (and indeed one single one of the most influential of them would be enough), you would be able to do whatever you pleased. I shall have the arias which you want for Mlle Weber copied, and I shall send what I can find. I enclose herewith two unsealed letters of recommendation, which you must keep safely and, when you reach Paris, present to Herr Joseph Felix Arbauer, the big dealer in fancy goods. Mr. Mayer, in whose house Count Wolfegg lived, is Arbauer's agent. I must close. Nannerl and I kiss you both 100000 times and I remain your faithful husband and father

MZT.

Grassl Martini, who was Prince Breuner's attendant, was buried to-day. Wolfgang will remember that he composed for him a little piece for the French horn.¹

(288) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MONSIEUR

MANNHEIM, February 19th, 1778

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I hope you received my last two letters safely. In the last one I discussed my mother's journey home, but I now see from your letter of the 12th that this was quite unnecessary. I always thought that you would disapprove

¹ There is no trace of this composition. See Köchel, p. 52.

my undertaking a journey (with the Webers,) but I never had any such intention—I mean, of course, *in our present circumstances*. I gave them my word of honour, however, to write to you about it. Herr Weber does not know how we stand—and I shall certainly never tell anyone. I wish my position was such that I had no cause to consider anyone else and that we were all comfortably off. In the intoxication of the moment I forgot how impossible it is at present to carry out my plan, and therefore so—to tell you what I have now done. The reasons why I have not gone off to Paris must be sufficiently evident to you from my last two letters. If my mother had not first raised the point, I should certainly have gone with my friends; but when I saw that she did not like the scheme, then I began to dislike it myself. For as soon as people lose confidence in me, I am apt to lose confidence in myself. Those days when, standing on a chair, I used to sing to you *Oragna fiagata fa* and finish by kissing you on the tip of your nose, are gone indeed; but do I honour, love and obey you any the less on that account? I will say no more. As for your reproach about the little singer in Munich,¹ I must confess that I was an ass to tell you such palpable lie. Why, she does not yet know what *singing* means. It is true that for a person who had only been studying for three months she sang surprisingly well, and she had, in addition, a very pleasing and pure voice. Why I praised her so much may well have been because I was hearing people say from morning to night “There is no better singer in all Europe” and “Who has not heard her, has heard nothing”. I did not dare to contradict them, partly because I wanted to make some good friends, and partly because I had come straight from Salzburg, where they are not in the habit of contradicting any one; but as soon as I was alone, I never could help laughing. Why then did

¹ Mlle Kaiser. See p. 702.

I not laugh at her when writing to you? I really cannot tell.

What you say so cuttingly about my merry intercourse with your brother's daughter has hurt me very much; but since matters are not as you think, it is not necessary for me to reply. I don't know what to say about Wallerstein. I was very grave and reserved at Beecke's and at the officers' table also I maintained a very serious demeanour and did not say a word to anyone. Let us forget all that; you only wrote it in a temper.

What you say about Mlle Weber is all perfectly true; and at the time I wrote that letter I knew quite as well as you do that she is still too young and that she must first learn how to act and make frequent appearances on the stage. But with some people one must proceed—by degrees. These good people are as tired of being here as—you know whom and where;¹ and they think that every scheme is practicable. I promised them to write everything to my father; but when the letter was on its way to Salzburg, I kept on telling them: "She must be patient a little longer, she is a bit too young yet, etc." They do not mind what I say to them, for they have a high opinion of me. On my advice the father has engaged Madame Toscani (an actress) to give his daughter lessons in acting. Everything you say about Mlle Weber is true, except one thing—that "she sings like a Gabrielli"; for I should not at all like her to sing in that style. Those who have heard Gabrielli are forced to admit that she was an adept only in runs and roulades; she adopted, however, such an unusual interpretation that she won admiration; but it never survived the fourth time of hearing. In the long run she could not please, as people soon get tired of coloratura passages. Moreover she had the misfortune of not being able to sing. She was not capable of *sustaining* a *breve* properly, and, as she had no *messa di voce*, she

¹ Mozart and his father in Salzburg.

ould not dwell on her notes; in short, she sang with skill out without understanding. Mlle Weber's singing, on the other hand, goes to the heart, and she prefers to sing cantabile. Lately I have made her practise the passages in my grand aria,¹ because, if she goes to Italy, she will have to sing bravura arias. Undoubtedly she will never forget how to sing cantabile, for that is her natural bent. Laaff himself (who is certainly no flatterer), when asked to give his candid opinion, said "She sang, not like a student, but like a master". So now you know all. I still commend her to your interest with all my heart; and please don't forget about the arias, cadenzas and the rest. Farewell. I kiss your hands 100000 times and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

I can't write any more for sheer hunger. My mother will display the contents of our large cash-box. I embrace my sister with all my heart. Tell her she must not cry over very silly trifle, or I shall never go home again. My greetings to all our good friends, especially to Herr Bullinger.

(288a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, February 19th, 1778

I hope that this letter may find you well again. We are both awfully sorry that our letter horrified you so. On the other hand, your last letter of the 12th distressed us greatly. I implore you with all my might not to take everything to heart in the way you do, for it is bad for our health. Why, everything can be made right again

¹ From "Lucio Silla". See p. 661, n. 5.

and we have lost nothing but <bad> company. We shall do our very best to make arrangements for our journey to Paris. Our whole capital now consists of 140 gulden. We shall try to sell the carriage, but I should say that we shall hardly get more than 60 or 70 gulden for it; only the other day someone bought a fine glass carriage with four seats for nine louis d'or. We shall pack all our things into two trunks and travel by mail coach, which will not be very expensive. Quite respectable people travel in this way. But we ought to have rooms engaged, so that we need not stay at the inn for long. If that merchant you told us about would be so kind as to help us to find them, it would be splendid. Meanwhile I am longing for your next letter, so that we may make arrangements in accordance with what you want us to do. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you both several 10000 times and remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages to all our good friends.
What a horrible pen and ink.

(289) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MONSIEUR

MANNHEIM, February 22nd, 1778

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

I have been confined to the house for two days and have been taking antispasmodics, black powders and elderberry tea to make me sweat, as I have had catarrh, a cold in the head, headache, a sore throat, pains in my eyes and earache. But, thank God, I am better now and to-morrow I hope to go out, as it is Sunday. I received your letter of the 16th and the two unsealed letters of

introduction for Paris. I am glad that you like my French aria. Please forgive my not writing much now, but really I cannot—I am afraid of bringing back my headache, and besides I feel no inclination to write to-day. It is impossible to put on paper all that we think—at least I find it so. I would rather say it than write it. My last letter will have told you just how things stand. Please believe what you like of me, but not anything bad. There are people who think that no one can love a poor girl without having evil designs; and that charming word *maîtresse*, wh—e in our tongue, is really much too charming! But I am no Brunetti! no Mysliwecek! I am a Mozart; and a young and clean-minded Mozart. So you will forgive me, I hope, if in my eagerness I sometimes get excited,—if that is the expression I should use, though indeed I would much rather say, if I sometimes write naturally. I have much to say on this subject, but I cannot; for I find it impossible to do so. Among my many faults I have also this one, persistent belief that my friends who know me, really do know me. Therefore many words are not necessary: for they do not know me, oh, then where could I ever find words enough? It is bad enough that one needs words at all—and letters into the bargain. All this, however, is not intended for you, my dear Papa. No, indeed! You know me too well and besides you are too good-natured thoughtlessly to rob anyone of his good name. I only mean those people—and they know that I mean them—who believe in such a thing. I have made up my mind to stay at home to-day, although it is Sunday, because it is snowing so hard. To-morrow I must go out, for our house nymph, *Ille Pierron*, my highly esteemed pupil, is to scramble through my concerto (written for the high and mighty Countess Lützow)¹ at the French concert which is help

¹ K. 246, composed in 1776.

every Monday. I too, prostitution though it be, shall ask them to give me something to strum and shall contrive to thump it out *prima fista*. For I am a born wood-hitter and all I can do is to strum a little on the clavier. Now please let me stop, for I am not at all in the humour for writing letters to-day, but feel far more inclined to compose. Once more, please don't forget to do what I asked you in my previous letters about the cadenzas and the aria cantabile with coloratura indications. I am obliged to you already for having had the arias I asked for copied so quickly. That proves that you have confidence in me and that you believe me when I suggest something to you. Well, good-bye. I kiss your hands 1000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART
Mannheim, February 22nd, 1778.

(289a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *February 22nd, 1778*

You say that we have no confidence in you and that we ought to have told you at once about Herr (Wendling's) way of living. The reason why we didn't do so is that for a long time we knew nothing about it. For at first all his friends praised him to us and said that we could not do better than let Wolfgang travel with him; and it is perfectly true that Herr Wendling is the best fellow in the world, only the whole household knows nothing about religion and does not value it. The mother and the daughter never go to church from one end of the year to the other, never go to confession and never hear mass. On the other hand they are always going off to the theatre.

They say that a church is not healthy. We have heard all this bit by bit partly from their own friends and partly from what Wolfgang himself has seen and heard. I prayed every day that God might prevent this journey and, thank Heaven, He has done so. Most people here have no religion and are out-and-out free-thinkers. No one knows that this is the reason why Wolfgang has not gone off with them, for, if it were known, we should be laughed at. Even our Privy Court Councillor, who is a bird of the same feather, does not know it. We have given him another reason, that is, that Wolfgang has been waiting for letters from Vienna and can't leave until they arrive. They are delighted in the house here that Wolfgang hasn't left, for thus their daughter can make further strides. Thank God, I am well, and I trust that you are the same. Wolfgang has had to stay at home for three days as he had a severe cold and sore throat. But now, thank God, he is well again and is going out to-morrow.

I do hope that Wolfgang will make his fortune in Paris quickly, so that you and Nannerl may follow us soon. How delighted I should be to have you both with us, for nothing could be better. If it is God's will, He will arrange it. Living must be getting harder and harder in Salzburg, and in such circumstances it must be very wretched for everybody. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you both many 100000 times and remain as always your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

Our greetings to all our acquaintances, especially to Monsieur Bullinger, Jungfer Sallerl, Katherl Gilowsky, Herr Deibl, Jungfrau Mitzerl, Frau von Gerlichs. A kiss for Bimperl, who will by this time have forgotten me and will no longer recognise me.

(289b) *Mozart resumes Writing*

My greetings to all our good friends, and especially to my dearest friend Herr Bullinger.

(290) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, February 23rd, 1778

In order to convince me that in all matters you are careless and inattentive, you say at the beginning of your letter of the 14th that you see from my letter of the 9th that I have not yet received your last two letters. So on the 9th I should have replied to your wild letter sent off on the 5th, which almost killed me, although you ought to know from my long correspondence with you since you have been in Mannheim, that a letter of mine takes six days to reach you, and although I have told you already that your letters always arrive on *Tuesdays or Fridays*, so that you cannot have a reply from me under a fortnight. But alas! What is the use of all my precise thinking, all my care, all my consideration and my paternal efforts in pursuance of a most important and necessary enterprise, if (when faced with an apparently serious obstacle which Mamma perhaps may have perceived long ago) you fail to give your father your full confidence and only change your mind when, caught between two fires, you can neither advance nor retreat? Just when I am thinking that things are now on a better footing and taking their proper course, I am suddenly confronted with some foolish, unexpected fancy of yours or else it appears that matters were different from what you represented them to me. So once more I have guessed aright! You have only received 96 gulden instead

of 200—and why?—because you finished only two concertos and only three quartets for your client.¹ How many were you to have composed for him, then, since he would only pay you half? Why do you *lie* to me, saying that you had only to compose three short easy concertos and a couple of quartets? And why did you not listen to me when I said *expressly*: *You ought to satisfy this gentleman as quickly as you possibly can*. Why did I tell you to do so? So that you would be sure of getting those 200 gulden, because I know people better than you do. Have I not guessed everything? It seems that I, who am at a distance, see more and judge better than you do with these people under your very nose. You must be ready to believe me, when I mistrust people, and to act as prudently as I direct. Indeed you have bought experience lately at a somewhat heavy cost to us all. True, you have arranged with Herr Wendling that the sum in question is to be paid to you later and that you will send on your compositions. Yes—and if Wendling can advantageously dispose of what you have now delivered to flautist friends in Paris, then he will try to get a little more. One party has to pay; the other gets the profit. Further, you wrote to me about a couple of pupils and in particular about the Dutch officer,² who would pay you three or, as you were inclined to believe, four ducats for twelve lessons. And now it appears that you could have had these pupils, but that you gave them up, simply because on one or two occasions you did not find them at home. You would rather give lessons as a favour.—Yes, of course you would! And you would rather, I suppose, leave your poor old father in need! The effort is too great for a young man like yourself, however good the pay may be; and, no doubt, it is more seemly that your old father of fifty-eight should run

¹ The works ordered by De Jean. See p. 710, ns. 1 and 2.

² De La Potrie. See p. 634.

round from house to house for a miserable fee, so that he may earn the necessary means of support for himself and his daughter by the sweat of his brow and, *instead of paying off his debts*, support you with what remains over, while you in the meantime can amuse yourself by giving a girl lessons for nothing! My son, do reflect and listen to your common sense! Just think whether you are not treating me more cruelly than does our Prince. From him I have never expected anything, but from you I have expected all. From him I take everything as a favour, but from you I can hope to receive all by virtue of your duty as my child. After all, he is a stranger to me, but you are my son. You know what I have endured for more than five years—yes—and what a lot I have had to swallow on your account. The Prince's conduct can only bend me, but yours can crush me. He can only make me ill, but you can kill me. Had I not your sister and Bullinger, that true friend of ours, I should probably not have the strength to write this letter which I have been penning for the last two days. I have to conceal my anxiety from the whole world; they are the only two persons to whom I can tell all, and who comfort me. I believed that everything you were writing was the truth; and as everyone here is genuinely delighted when things go well with you and as people were always asking about you, I, in my joy, gave them a *full account* of how you were making money and would then go off to Paris. And as you know how everyone takes delight (in annoying the Archbishop,) a good many people used my story for that purpose. Old Herr Hagenauer was very sorry that you had to draw 150 gulden in Mannheim, for these business people naturally want us to earn some money. But when I told him what you had written, namely, that you had free board and lodging, that you would be getting 200 gulden and that you had pupils as well, he was very well pleased. Of

course I had to ask him to wait a little for the repayment of the 150 gulden. Whereupon he replied: "*Don't mention it! I have every confidence in your Wolfgang. He will do his duty as a son. Let him get off to Paris and don't worry.*" Well, consider these words and our present circumstances and tell me whether I can stand any more, seeing that as an honourable man I cannot leave you in your present situation, cost what it may. You may rest assured that not a soul knows that we sent those 150 gulden to Mannheim, for the Hagenauers would never, never give <the Archbishop> that pleasure. But how disappointed these friends will be that once more I have to send you money to help you to get to Paris! All the same, I shall prove to you that you must abide by this decision. Your proposal to go travelling about, particularly in the present critical state of Europe, cannot be considered for a moment; very often you would not even make your travelling expenses; the whole time you would have to be making enquiries and begging and seeking patrons, so that your concerts should bring in money; the whole time you would have to be trying to get letters of introduction from one place to another, asking for permission to give a concert and facing a hundred incidental unpleasant circumstances; and in the end you would hardly get enough money to pay the innkeeper and meet your travelling expenses, so that you would have to use your own capital (if you had any) or pawn or even sell your clothes, watch and rings. Of the former I have had experience. I had to draw 100 gulden from Herr Ollenschläger in Frankfurt and immediately after my arrival in Paris a further 300 gulden from Turton and Baur, of which, it is true, I used very little, as we soon began to make money. But first of all we had to become known by delivering letters of introduction, etc., and in a large city that takes time, as it is not always possible to meet

acquaintances. My dear Wolfgang, all your letters convince me that you are ready to accept, without due consideration and reflection, the first wild idea that comes into your head or that anyone puts there. For example, you say, "I am a composer. *I must not bury* my talent for composition, etc." Who says that you ought to do so? But that is precisely what you would be doing, were you to roam about in gipsy fashion. If you want to make your name as a composer, you must be either in Paris, or Vienna or Italy. You are now nearest Paris. The only other question is: "Where have I most hope of getting on?" *In Italy*, where in *Naples alone* there are at least three hundred maestri and where, from one end of the country to the other, the maestri have contracts (very often two years in advance) with those theatres that pay well? or in Paris, where perhaps two or three are writing for the stage, and other composers may be counted on one's fingers? The clavier must bring you your first acquaintances and make you popular with the great. After that you can have something engraved by subscription, which is slightly more profitable than composing six quartets for an Italian gentleman and getting a few ducats, and perhaps a snuff-box worth three, for your pains. Vienna is even better in that respect, for at least it is possible to get up a subscription for music to be copied for private circulation. You and others have had experience of both. In short, if I could get into you greater stability and more reflection when these wild ideas occur to you, I should make you the happiest man in the world. I realise, however, that time alone will teach you this, though indeed, as far as your talent is concerned, everything came before its time, while in all branches of knowledge you have always grasped everything with the greatest ease. Why then should it not be possible for you to learn to know people, to fathom their intentions, to close your heart to the world and in every case to think



MADAM LANG, geb. WEBER,
als Zémire in Azor und Zémire
Azor so oft du geliebtest

ALOYSIA LANGE, NÉE WEBER. AS ZÉMIRE IN GRÉTRY'S
"AZOR ET ZÉMIRE" (1784)

From an engraving by J. E. Nilson
(C. B. Oldman, Esq., London)

things over carefully, so that you do not always see only the good side of a question or that side which is most flattering to you or which furthers some momentary whim? My dear son, *God has given you excellent judgment*, which (as far as I can see) *only two things* prevent you from using properly. For thanks to me you have learned how to use it and how to know your fellow-creatures. When in the past I used always to guess aright and often foresee the future, you used to say in fun: "*Next to God comes Papa*". Now what, do you think, are these two things? Examine yourself, my dear Wolfgang, learn to know yourself, and you will discover them. First of all, you have a little too much *pride and self-love*; and secondly, you immediately make yourself too *cheap* and open your heart to everyone; in short! wishing to be unconstrained and natural, you fall into the other extreme of being too unreserved. True, the first failing ought to check the second, for whoever has pride and self-love will not readily descend to familiarity. Your pride and self-love, however, are only touched when you do not at once get the appreciation you deserve. You think that even those who do not know you, ought to see by your face that you are a man of genius! But when it comes to flatterers who, in order to bend you to their selfish purposes, praise you to the skies, you open your heart with the greatest ease and believe them as you do the Bible. Please do not think that I mistrust your filial love; the purpose of all my remarks is to make you an honourable man. Millions have not received the tremendous favour which God has bestowed upon you. What a responsibility! And what a shame if such a great genius were to founder! And that can happen in a moment! You are confronted with far more dangers than those millions who have no talent, for you are exposed to many more ordeals and temptations. Mamma must go with you to Paris and you must

confide in her, just as you must confide in me when you write to me. By the next post I shall send you full particulars, as well as all the addresses you require and also letters to Diderot, D'Alembert and the rest. I must close. Nannerl and I kiss you many thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

All send greetings, and especially Herr Bullinger.

By the next post I shall get details, I hope, of the amount of money you have in hand.

By that time our chaise will have been sold, I suppose.

(291) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, February 25th-26th, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE AND MY DEAR SON!

Thank God, I feel somewhat better, though I am still troubled from time to time with nervous palpitations. This is, however, only natural, for I cannot shake off my worries. But indeed, I am never depressed by care, if it is merely due to some misfortune and if I am told everything frankly, fully and immediately, so that I may contrive and advise; for then I can think out calmly how to help, remedy and suggest a way out. But if . . . Well, let us forget it . . . I have told you already, my son, that you were very wise not to travel to Paris (in that company. A father who thus sacrifices his daughter) from self-interest is loathsome.¹ How could you rely on his friendship? Meanwhile I shall do my best for Mlle Weber. I suggest that she should keep on very good terms with Signor

¹ Wendling, whose daughter Auguste had been the Elector's mistress.

Raaff and make sure of his support, which will most certainly help her to achieve her object, for he has a tremendous reputation in Italy and has many acquaintances among eminent people there, professors and impresarios. I at once sent for the two copyists to copy those arias which you asked for, so that they might be ready for the Munich mail coach on the 22nd, but to get the work done in time was out of the question. All three copyists have been busy day and night copying Rust's serenata, "Il Parnasso confuso", as he wants to get away and the serenata has still to be rehearsed under his direction, so that Herr Haydn, who plays the clavier, can conduct it in his absence. However, after a good deal of hunting I found the three arias: *Il tenero momento*; the scena, *Fra i pensieri più funesti di morte*; and *Pupille amate*;¹ and with these I have had to be content. I have also found Bach's aria *Cara*, etc.,² but neither the coloratura passages, which your sister copied, nor the various cadenzas which at one time were copied out neatly on small paper. The latter used to be with the little scores. When you were leaving, you bundled everything together in a great hurry, so that it is quite possible that you took them with you. The arias ought to arrive in Mannheim by mail coach during the first week of March. If I had not made the necessary enquiries about the departure of the mail coach, I should not have been able to send them until March 1st, and even then only as far as Munich. "*Learning comes before doing*", as Kessler, our learned trumpeter, declares. I am sending you also five grand arias of Bertoni,³ Monza, Gasparini,

¹ From Mozart's "Lucio Silla", nos. 2, 22 and 21.

² "Cara la dolce fiamma", an aria from J. C. Bach's opera "Adriano in Siria". The coloratura cadenzas which Mozart wrote for this and two other arias of J. C. Bach have been preserved. See Köchel, p. 363 f.

³ Ferdinando Giuseppe Bertoni (1725-1813), a famous operatic composer in his time. He was trained by Padre Martini and became organist and subsequently maestro di cappella at St. Mark's, Venice.

Grétry and Colla.¹ So I have the honour <to make you a present> of five arias and <to pay the expense of having> three of them <copied and posted> to Augsburg, though, by Heaven, I myself <do not possess a farthing. I look like poor Lazarus. My dressing-gown is so shabby> that if somebody calls in the morning, <I have to make myself scarce. My old flannel jerkin>, which I have been wearing morning and evening for years, <is so torn that> I can hardly <keep it> on any longer and I cannot afford <to have either a new dressing-gown or a new jerkin made.> Since your departure I haven't had <a single pair of new shoes,> nor have I any <black silk stockings> left. On Sundays I wear <old white stockings> and during the week <black woollen Berlin stockings,> which I bought for 1 gulden 12 kreutzer. If someone had told me a few years ago that I should have to wear <woollen stockings> and that, when the weather is dry and frosty, I should be glad of your old <felt shoes> to pull on over my <old ones,> and that in order to protect myself from the cold I should have to put on two or three <old> waistcoats—would I ever have believed him? <Plays> and balls are <out of the question> for us. Such is our life, cares within and cares without; and, to make things worse, I have no wife or son with me and God knows whether—or when—we shall meet again! My one great delight—to hear your compositions—is gone! Everything around me is dead! Your sister alone is now my support, and I try to banish the cares which seem to overwhelm me by a very quiet form of entertainment, which is, to play through on the violin from six to eight every evening, arias, symphonies, masses, vespers, and so forth, while your sister plays the figured bass and gets practice in accompanying. To my amazement she has

¹ Giuseppe Colla (c. 1730–1806), was maestro di cappella to the Duke of Parma. He married in 1780 Lucrezia Agujari, the famous coloratura soprano. He wrote several successful operas.

made such progress that she plays off at sight everything I bring back from the Cathedral, however difficult the fugues may be. By degrees we shall soon have finished playing the contents of the Cathedral chest. Each time I only bring home the organ and violin parts of a few compositions. By means of this practice which she has kept up since your departure, she has acquired such perfect insight into harmony and modulations that not only can she move from one key into another, but she extemporises so successfully that you would be astounded. And do you know what has inspired her with this determination and terrific industry? *My death!* She realises and foresees the misery into which she would be plunged, were I suddenly to breathe my last. In that case what do you think would be the future of your Mamma and your sister? Adlgasser's three children have been given 8 gulden a month for one year only. The *(Prince)* would give my womenfolk nothing whatever, for you went off on your own and at the same time he *(dismissed)* me.¹ He would say that you should support your mother and that your sister should go into domestic service, as he now makes all daughters do who have lost their fathers. So your sister was not crying over a silly trifle, when she wept over your letter: and yet when you told us that you had not got the 200 gulden, she just said: "*Thank God it's no worse!*" Up to the present we have always thought Nannerl rather stingy. But she agrees that to help you both, her own savings must be sacrificed. For how could I, without blushing for shame, *(approach)* Herr Hagenauer again *(for money)*, without offering him some security? And your sister is doing this willingly and cheerfully, although she knows that, if I were to die to-day, she would be absolutely stranded. She gets up daily

¹ Leopold Mozart is referring no doubt to the Archbishop's reply to his son's application for his discharge in the summer of 1777. See p. 389, n. 1.

at six o'clock and goes to Holy Trinity, where she prays so ardently that several people have already spoken to me about it. My dear Wolfgang, you are young and you do not worry much, for so far you have never had to bother about anything; you banish all serious thoughts, you have long since forgotten the Salzburg cross, on which I am still hanging; you only listen to praises and flatteries and thus are becoming by degrees insensible and unable to realise our condition or to devise some means of relieving it. In short, you never think of the future. The present alone engulfs you completely, and sweeps you off your feet, although if you would only ponder the consequences of your actions and face them in good earnest, you would, I know, be horrified. You will receive this letter on March 4th, and on the 8th you will get another one with particulars about your board and lodging in Paris. We kiss you millions of times and I who still hover between fear and hope, remain your old

MZT

I suppose you know that Noverre is master of the ballet at the Paris opera. Rust has gone away, so once more I am the only Kapellmeister. Ferlendis wants to go off travelling in the spring or he may even leave altogether. Ferrari still wants to get married or to leave Salzburg. Brunetti is in a terrible fix. St. Peter's house, where Haydn lives, used to be his headquarters. But he has now to support Judith and the child, and he has debts amounting to 600 gulden; so people are beginning to think that all of a sudden it will be: Where is Brunetti? The great Luz and Brunetti now take their meals at Spitzeder's, which has become the headquarters of the Italians and a regular gambling den. Addio. Get ready for your journey, so that you may leave as soon as you receive my next letter. The French diligences are not at all draughty and very well

sprung. Try to sell our chaise soon for as high a price as possible.

(292) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MONSIEUR,

MANNHEIM, February 28th, 1778

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

We have received your letter of February 23rd. I hope I shall get the arias next Friday or Saturday, although in your last letter you said nothing more about them, so that I don't know whether you sent them off by the mail coach on the 22nd. I hope you did, for before I leave I should like to play and sing them to Mlle Weber. I was at Raaff's yesterday and brought him an aria which I composed for him the other day.¹ The words are: "*Se al labbro mio non credi, bella nemica mia*", etc. I don't think that Metastasio wrote them.² He liked it enormously. One must treat a man like Raaff in a particular way. I chose these words on purpose, because I knew that he already had an aria on them: so of course he will sing mine with greater facility and more pleasure. I asked him to tell me candidly if he did not like it or if it did not suit his voice, adding that I would alter it if he wished or even compose another. "God forbid," he said, "the aria must remain just as it is, for nothing could be finer. But please shorten it a little, for I am no longer able to sustain my notes." "Most gladly," I replied, "as much as you like. I made it a little long on purpose, for it is always easy to cut down, but not so easy to lengthen." After he had sung the second part, he took off his spectacles, and looking at me with

¹ K. 295.

² The words of the aria were taken from Hasse's opera "Arminio". According to Köchel, p. 367, the author of the text may have been Giovanni Claudio Pasquini.

wide-open eyes, said: "Beautiful! Beautiful! That is a charming *seconda parte*." And he sang it three times. When I took leave of him he thanked me most cordially, while I assured him that I would arrange the aria in such a way that it would give him pleasure to sing it. For I like an aria to fit a singer as perfectly as a well-made suit of clothes.¹ For practice I have also set to music the aria "*Non so d'onde viene*," etc.² which has been so beautifully composed by Bach.³ Just because I know Bach's setting so well and like it so much, and because it is always ringing in my ears, I wished to try and see whether in spite of all this I could not write an aria totally unlike his. And, indeed, mine does not resemble his in the very least. At first I had intended it for Raaff; but the beginning seemed to me too high for his voice. Yet I liked it so much that I would not alter it; and from the orchestral accompaniment, too, it seemed to me better suited to a soprano. So I decided to write it for Mlle Weber. Well, I put it aside and started off on the words "*Se al labbro*" for Raaff. But all in vain! I simply couldn't compose, as the first aria kept on running in my head. So I returned to it and made up my mind to compose it exactly for Mlle Weber's voice. It's an Andante sostenuto (preceded by a short recitative); then follows the second part, *Nel seno a destarmi*, and then the sostenuto again. When it was finished, I said to Mlle Weber: "Learn the aria yourself. Sing it as you think it ought to go; then let me hear it and afterwards I will tell you candidly what pleases and what displeases me." After a couple of days I went to the Webers and she sang it for me, accompanying herself. I was obliged to

¹ The autograph of the aria shows corrections and cuts which Mozart made to suit Raaff.

² K. 294, recitative and aria on a text from Metastasio's "*Olimpiade*", written for Aloysia Weber. In 1787 Mozart set the same words to music for the famous bass singer, Ludwig Fischer, K. 512.

³ Johann Christian Bach. See p. 816, n. 2.

confess that she had sung it exactly as I wished and as I should have taught it to her myself. This is now the best aria she has; and it will ensure her success wherever she goes. Yesterday at Wendling's I sketchèd the aria which I had promised his wife, adding a short recitative. She had chosen the words herself—from "*Didone*", "*Ah, non lasciarmi, no*".¹ She and her daughter are quite crazy about it. I have also promised the daughter some more French ariettas, and began one to-day.² When they are ready I shall send them to you on small paper as I did my first aria. I still have two of the six clavier sonatas to compose,³ but there's no hurry, for I can't have them engraved here. Nothing is done in this place by subscription; it is a miserly spot, and the engraver will not do them at his own expense, but wants to go halves with me in the sale. So I prefer to have them engraved in Paris, where the engravers are delighted to get something new and pay handsomely and where it is easier to get a thing done by subscription. I would have had these sonatas copied and sent to you long ago; but I thought to myself: "No, I prefer to send them to him when they have been engraved". I am looking forward most particularly to the Concert Spirituel in Paris, for I shall probably be asked to compose something for it. The orchestra is said to be so excellent and is very large: and my favourite type of composition, the chorus, can be well performed there. I am indeed glad that the French value choruses highly. The only fault found with Piccinni's new opera "*Roland*",⁴ is that the choruses are too meagre and weak,

¹ K. 486^a, recitative and aria on a text from Metastasio's "*Didone abbandonata*", written for Dorothea Wendling.

² Probably K. 308, "*Dans un bois solitaire*".

³ K. 301, 302, 303 and 305 were composed in Mannheim, K. 304 and 306 in Paris.

⁴ "*Roland*", the first opera which Piccinni wrote for Paris, was performed on January 27th, 1778.

and that the music on the whole is a little monotonous; otherwise it was universally liked. To be sure, they are accustomed to Gluck's choruses in Paris. Do rely on me. I shall do my very best to bring honour to the name of Mozart and I have not the slightest fear. My last letters will have given you full particulars as to *how things are now*, and as to *what my intentions are*. I do entreat you never to allow the thought to cross your mind that I can ever forget you, for I cannot bear it. My chief purpose was, is and ever shall be to endeavour to bring about our speedy and happy reunion! But we must be patient. You yourself know even better than I do how often things go awry—but they will soon go straight—only do have patience! Let us place our trust in God, Who will never forsake us. I shall not be found wanting. How can you doubt me? Surely it is to your interest that I should work as hard as I can, so that I may have the joy and happiness (the sooner the better too) of embracing with all my heart my most beloved and dearest father? There—you see! Nothing in this world is wholly free from self-interest! If war should break out (in Bavaria), follow us at once, I beg you. I have full confidence in three friends, all of them powerful and invincible, God, your head and mine. Our heads, I admit, are very different, but each in its own way is good, serviceable and useful, and I hope that in time mine will by degrees equal yours in those branches in which it is now inferior. Well, good-bye! Be merry and cheerful. Remember that you have a son who has never, knowingly, forgotten his filial duty to you, who will endeavour to become more and more worthy of so good a father and who will remain unchangingly your most obedient

WOLFGANG MOZART

I embrace my sister with all my heart!

My greetings to all my good friends, and particularly to Herr Bullinger.

If you have not yet sent off the arias, please do so as soon as possible and you will make me really happy. Ah, if only (the Elector of Bavaria had not died!) I would have finished the mass¹ and produced it and it would have made a great sensation here. I was in excellent humour for composing it when the devil had to trot out that accursed Doctor Sanftl!²

(292a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, February 28th, 1778

We are now preparing gradually for our departure. I should be glad to pocket a good price for the carriage, but indeed I doubt whether we shall get much for it. However, we shall do our best and keep on until we get at least 50 gulden. These people simply won't value it at more than 4 carolins and keep on finding all sorts of flaws in it. It is always the way when you want to sell an article; and here particularly there are so many selfish people who keep on trying to make double or treble profits and won't do the smallest kindness without pay. I shall be delighted to be out of this and am longing for the day to arrive, which, if it is God's will, will certainly be in a fortnight at latest. Meanwhile I am so looking forward to your letters and to what you have to say to us. Rest assured that everything will be done in accordance with what you want and prescribe. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you

¹ See p. 711, n. 2.

² The Elector's death was generally considered to be due to the carelessness of his private physician, Dr. Sanftl.

both many 10000 times and remain as always your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages to all our good friends.

(293) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[*Autograph in the possession of Stefan Zweig*]

MANNHEIM, *February 28th, 1778*

MADemoisELLE MA TRÈS CHÈRE COUSINE!

Perhaps you think or are even convinced that I am dead? That I have pegged out? Or hopped a twig? Not at all. Don't believe it, I implore you. For believing and shitting are two very different things! Now how could I be writing such a beautiful hand if I were dead? How could that be possible? I shan't apologise for my very long silence, for you would never believe me. Yet what is true is true. I have had so many things to do that I had time indeed to think of my little cousin, but not to write, you see. So I just had to let things be. But now I have the honour to inquire how you are and whether you perspire? Whether your stomach is still in good order? Whether indeed you have no disorder? Whether you still can like me at all? Whether with chalk you often scrawl? Whether now and then you have me in mind? Whether to hang yourself you sometimes feel inclined? Whether you have been wild? With this poor foolish child? Whether to make peace with me you'll be so kind? If not, I swear I'll let off one behind! Ah, you're laughing! Victorial! Our arses shall be the symbol of our peacemaking! I knew that you wouldn't be able to resist me much longer. Why, of course, I'm sure of success, even if to-day I should

make a mess, though to Paris I go in a fortnight or less. So if you want to send a reply to me from that town of Augsburg yonder, you see, then write at once, the sooner the better, so that I may be sure to receive your letter, or else if I'm gone I'll have the bad luck, instead of a letter to get some muck. Muck!—Muck!—Ah, muck! Sweet word! Muck! chuck! That too is fine. Muck, chuck!—muck!—suck—o charmantel muck, suck! That's what I like! Muck, chuck and suck! Chuck muck and suck muck!

Now for something else. When the carnival was on, did you have some good fun? One can have far more fun at this time in Augsburg than here. How I wish I were with you so that we could run about together. Mamma and I send our greetings to your father and mother and to you, little cousin, and we trust all three of you are well and in good spirits. Praise and thanks be to God, we are in good health. Don't believe it. All the better, better the all. A propos, how are you getting on with your French? May I soon send you a whole letter in French? You would like one from Paris, would you not? Do tell me whether you still have that Spuni Cuni business? I'm sure you have. Well, I must tell you something before I close, for I must really stop soon, as I am in a hurry, for just at the moment I have nothing whatever to do; and also because I have no more room, as you see; the paper will soon be at an end; and besides I am tired and my fingers are twitching from so much writing; and finally even if I had room, I really don't know what I could tell you, apart from this story which I am proposing to relate. Now listen, it happened not very long ago, it all took place here and it made a great sensation too, for it seemed almost unbelievable; and, between ourselves, no one knows how the affair is going to turn out. Well, to make a long story short, about four hours from here—I have forgotten the name of the

place—at some village or other—and indeed it is all one, whether the village was Tribsterill, where muck runs into the sea, or Burmesquik, where the crooked arse-holes are manufactured—in short, it was a village. Now in that village there was a peasant or shepherd, who was well advanced in years, but was still hale and hearty. He was unmarried and very comfortably off and led a jolly life. But, before I finish my story, I must tell you that when he spoke he had a dreadful voice, so that whenever he said anything, people were always terrified of him. Well, to make a long story short, you must know that he had a dog called Bellot, a very fine large dog, white with black spots. Now one day the shepherd was walking along with his sheep, of which he had eleven thousand, and was carrying in his hand a stick with a beautiful rose-coloured ribbon. For he always carried a stick. It was his habit to do this. Well, let's get on. After he had walked for a good hour or so, he got tired and sat down near a river and fell asleep, and dreamt that he had lost his sheep. He awoke in terror, but to his great joy found all his sheep beside him. So he got up and walked on, but not for very long; for he had hardly walked for half an hour before he came to a bridge, which was very long but well protected on both sides in order to prevent people from falling into the river. Well, he looked at his flock and, as he was obliged to cross the river, he began to drive his eleven thousand sheep over the bridge. Now please be so kind as to wait until the eleven thousand sheep have reached the other side and then I shall finish my story. I have already told you that no one knows how the affair is going to turn out. But I hope that before I send you my next letter the sheep will have crossed the river. If not, I really don't care very much; as far as I am concerned, they could have remained this side of the water. So you must just be content with this instalment.

I have told you all I know; and it is much better to stop than to make up the rest. If I did so, you would not believe any of the story; but as it is, you will surely believe—not even half of it. Well, I must close, though it makes me morose. Whoever begins must cease, or else he gives people no peace. My greetings to every single friend, and whoever doesn't believe me, may lick me world without end, from now to all eternity, until I cease to be a nonentity. He can go on licking for ever, in truth, why, even I am alarmed, forsooth, for I fear that my muck will soon dry up and that he won't have enough if he wants to sup. Adieu, little cousin. I am, I was, I should be, I have been, I had been, I should have been, oh that I were, oh that I might be, would to God I were, I shall be, if I should be, oh that I should be, I shall have been, oh that I had been, would to God that I had been, what?—a duffer. Adieu, ma chère cousine, where have you been? I am your same old faithful cousin

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART
Mannheim, February 28th, 1778.

(294) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, February 28th–March 2nd, 1778
MY DEAREST WIFE AND DEAREST SON!

I have received your letter of February 22nd. Thank God that Wolfgang is better again. When you are travelling, your main concern should be your health. If Mamma has not got enough black powders with her, she will probably get some in Mannheim more easily than in Paris. I am trying to recall the name of the German doctor who is, I think, physician to the Swiss Guard, and who came to see us on the night when Wolfgang got his dangerous

cold. As far as I can recollect, it was something like "Herrschwand".

Well, I must give Wolfgang a description of Baron Bache or Bagge (for I don't know how he spells his name). As far as I know, he was a poor Baron from Prussia or somewhere in those parts, who married the daughter of a wealthy Paris hatter. As time passed by, all sorts of quarrels arose between them and, after we returned to Salzburg, husband and wife drifted into a situation which was followed by a lawsuit, and she is supposed to have entered a convent. He is a passionate lover of music and used to give concerts in his house, as he may still do, for all I know. Further, he always kept a few musicians, such as two players on the French horn (Henno¹ was one), two oboists, a double bass and so forth, to whom he paid a small salary, which they were glad to take, as it was permanent. Apart from them he did what he could with the help of the foreign virtuosi who came to him for advice and to obtain that opportunity of making acquaintances in a foreign city which his house provided. Even Parisian virtuosi often go there, some to perform their new compositions, and others to hear foreign music, as Bagge is always on the look-out for new stuff; and finally people go there to listen to these same foreign virtuosi. All that he did for us long ago was to sell some tickets for our first concert, about which Herr von Grimm had badgered him; and for our last concert he sent us his musicians and charged us nothing, so that we had only to pay the singer, Mme Piccinelli, and M. Gaviniés, though indeed in the end the latter refused to take anything. What I noticed about Bagge was that what he liked above all was to pay for a good composition. So, my dear Wolfgang, when first you

¹ Schurig in his note to Leopold Mozart's entry in his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 69, maintains that this is Heina, who was also a music publisher in Paris.



FRIEDRICH MELCHIOR GRIMM (1778)

From a water-colour painting by Carmontelle
(Musée Conde, Chantilly)

go to Baron Bagge's, you ought to be rather reserved and you should begin by producing only your very best music, so that you may at once win an honourable position for yourself. Io Victorial! Now I need not write anything more! Baron Grimm is in Paris! I have this moment received a letter from him, which again contains evidence of your usual carelessness. True, Wolfgang was busy and is short-sighted; but did not Mamma see our friend Grimm at the concert at Augsburg?—for it seems that he placed himself in your line of vision. I will quote his letter, or rather the particular passage in German, which is as follows:

I received only the other day your letter of December 25th; and just as I was about to reply to it, your second letter of January 9th arrived. It is perfectly true that I was in Augsburg when Herr Amadeo gave his concert. I was on the point of leaving again at once—but as a matter of fact I went to his concert, where I so placed myself that he and Madame Mozart could see me. But neither recognised me, and as I was in a great hurry to leave and as everyone told me that the Mozarts were on their way to Paris, I decided to remain unrecognised, as we should be sure to meet there. I shall be delighted to see him again; but I am very sorry that he is coming without his father. I see from your letter that he is now on his way; so I may hope to see him any day, and shall then hear everything and decide what I can do for him. He is certainly in good hands with M. Wendling, who can render him most useful services. But no one can take the place of a father (*mais personne ne peut remplacer un père*). I returned from my travels three months ago and do not yet know whether my recent journey from Russia will be my last. *Il serait temps de songer au repos. Je vous envoie ci-joint mon adresse, pour que vos lettres ne risquent plus de s'égarer. Je suis accablé d'affaires et d'écritures et par conséquent bien mauvais correspondant, mais lorsque M. votre fils sera ici, il sera mon secrétaire et nous vous tiendrons au courant; en attendant n'ayez point d'inquiétude. Je crois votre fils d'une conduite assez sage pour*

ne pas redouter pour lui les dangers de Paris. S'il était enclin au libertinage, il pourrait sans doute courir quelques risques; mais s'il a de la raison, il se garantira de tout inconvénient sans mener pour cela la vie d'un ermite, etc. Je suis bien fâché que vous soyez cloué a Salzbourg. Adieu, Monsieur, vous connaissez les sentiments que je vous ai voués. Je vous prie de les regarder comme invariables. Paris, le 21 février, 1778.

He enclosed a card with his address.

Monsieur le Baron de Grimm, Ministre Plénipotentiaire de Saxe-Gotha, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, près le Boulevard.

In the circumstances I think you ought to drive straight to the Lion d'Argent and, if you arrive late, call on Baron Grimm on the following morning. Who knows but that you might perhaps be able to live quite close to him? I cannot at the moment find the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. I shall reply, of course, to Baron Grimm at once. I have made arrangements for you to draw four or five louis d'or from Herr Schmalz in Mannheim. So even if you sell our chaise for only five louis d'or, you will have 100 German gulden. When you wrote to me on February 19th, you had only 140 gulden. I gather therefore that Wolfgang has earned nothing by giving lessons and that all that was, as usual, only soap-bubbles. I strongly advise you to leave very soon and hope to hear about this in your next letter. Twice I have been informed that Wolfgang is going to publish clavier duets by subscription; *but whether at Mannheim or Paris I have not yet been told.* He had better do it in Paris. As soon as he gets there, I shall send him from my travelling accounts an item quoting the cost. Addio. We kiss you millions of times. Nannerl and I wish you a pleasant journey. God keep you. Addio.

MZT.

(295) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, March 5th, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE AND MY DEAR SON!

As you will not receive my letter of March 2nd until the 7th or 8th, I am thinking that you will not be able to leave before the 15th, for I take it that the mail coach leaves once a week. *But you must leave on the 15th.* So I am writing once more, as you will still get this letter on the 11th. In my last I told you that Baron Grimm had written to me and I gave you the contents of his letter. I told you also that I had had a letter sent to Herr Herzog, to enable you still to draw four or five louis d'or in Mannheim. You will probably have sold our chaise by this time for as high a price as you have been able to get. But if once again you have left everything to the last minute—it is your own fault; for indeed I reminded you about everything in good time, that is, about your luggage, the trunks, the mail coach and all your other expenses. You really must think of nothing but your own affairs, do everything immediately and not let yourself be put off by anyone. One important point must not be forgotten, and that is, *to take no other money with you but louis d'or and laubthaler*, for this is the only money that is accepted on the route from Strassburg into France. For Heaven's sake don't waste a moment in getting everything fixed up, for if you reach Paris too late in the season, very little can be done. Besides, it takes time to make acquaintances, as it is such a big place and people are constantly going off to the country. So you must hurry up and make your acquaintances, while people are still in town. If you do not, your prospects will be ruined and we shall have the same story over again of your pulling to pieces whatever

plans I have tried to make for you, while your own schemes, which I have done my best to further, have turned out to be impracticable. All that we can do now is to look ahead. Although you have not had to pay for board and lodging in Mannheim, you have spent quite enough money; and as you will now be spending far more, you really must think things out, for you will not be able to earn another farthing there. The parcel of music will no doubt have reached you by this time. You know what our circumstances are and you have ample reason to watch every farthing, for never yet have I been in such a predicament! I pray God that He may send Wolfgang better luck in Paris. Believe me, everything will depend on the skill with which you manage your affairs, wherever you are placed—and you should throw your whole heart into this. It is lucky for Wolfgang that Herr von Grimm is in Paris. He should place complete trust in him and do whatever he advises. Thus must Time be taken by the forelock.

Baron Grimm may be ordered away again soon and may have to undertake some journey in the spring. If so, you would again be left high and dry. If things were to go on in this way, we should be hopelessly in debt and suddenly find ourselves destitute, so that in the end one of us could no longer help the other. In all my letters I have tried to tell you the unvarnished truth; but apparently you have just glanced through them rapidly with half an eye and have then thrown them away. In Heaven's name, I implore you to read them through several times both carefully and attentively; *and in future to consult your own interests only and not always those of other people and to give up being at everybody's beck and call.* Otherwise I swear that you will suddenly be faced with the necessity of having to pawn or even sell your possessions. I have sent a reply to Baron Grimm, explaining fully

why Wolfgang did not accompany Wendling to Paris, and telling him that he had to give him some other excuse. Perhaps you will have had a letter from Wendling in the meantime. I mention this so that you may tell Grimm the whole truth. I have arranged for you to draw an extra five louis d'or in Mannheim, but you must be able to draw some louis d'or in Paris on your arrival, for people will not begin to shower money on you at once. So I shall send you a letter of introduction which you can present there. Therefore, as soon as you have moved into your lodgings, send me your new address. At the same time I must think out some other arrangement, so that you may not find yourselves in a fix. But first of all, as soon as you have settled in your new quarters, you must let me know exactly where you are living. Grimm will very probably not be able to put you up; so you should make enquiries from M. Mayer. Keep well. This is my last letter to Mannheim, *as you will surely leave on the 15th*. God keep you and grant you a happy journey. Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times and I remain, faithful unto death, your old

MZT.

As a precaution I am sending you again the address of Baron de Grimm, which is:

Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, près le Boulevard.

(296) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MONSIEUR

MANNHEIM, *March 7th, 1778*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE

We have had no letter from you to-day, but we hope that the only reason is that owing to the bad weather the

post has not arrived punctually, or that you have not written at all. I have received your letter of February 26th. I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken about the arias. You are indeed punctilious about everything. *Next to God comes Papa* was my motto or axiom as a child, and I still cling to it. Certainly you are right when you say that *Learning comes before doing*. Indeed you must not regret all the bother and trouble this has caused you, for Mlle Weber well deserves your kindness. I only wish you could hear her sing my new aria¹ about which I wrote to you the other day; I say, hear her sing it, for it is absolutely made for her. A man like you who really understands what portamento singing is, would certainly find complete satisfaction in her performance. Once I am happily settled in Paris and, as I hope, our circumstances with God's help have improved and we are all more cheerful and in better spirits, I shall tell you my thoughts more fully and ask you for a great favour. But I must tell you that I was absolutely horrified and that tears came into my eyes when I read in your last letter that <you have to go about so shabbily dressed.> My very dearest Papal That is certainly not my fault—you know it is not! We <economise> in every possible way here; food and lodging, wood and light <have cost us nothing>, and what more can we want! As for dress, you surely know that in places where you are not known, it is out of the question <to be badly dressed,> for appearances must be kept up. I have now set all my hopes on Paris, for the German princes are all skinflints. I mean to work with all my strength so that I may soon have the happiness <of helping you out of your present distressing circumstances.> And now for our journey. A week to-day, that is, the 14th, we shall leave here. We have been unfortunate about the sale of the carriage, for

¹ K. 294, "Non so d'onde viene".

so far no buyer has turned up. We shall have to be content if we get four louis d'or for it. If we cannot dispose of it, people here advise us to hire a driver and drive in it as far as Strassburg, where we could sell it more easily. However, as it is cheaper to travel by the mail coach, I shall leave it here in charge of honest people. Now you must know that, as this is not a commercial town, no carriers go to Paris, and everything is sent by mail coach. I am told that from here to Strassburg the fare for each passenger is half a louis d'or, so I think it should not cost us more than fifteen gulden in all. Meanwhile farewell. Let us put our trust in God, Who will certainly never forsake us. Before I leave I will write one more or even two more letters to you. If only I were in Paris, for I dislike the thought of that tiresome journey. Wendling writes that he was most horribly bored on the journey. Well, I must close so as to leave a little room for Mamma. Adieu. I kiss your hands 100000 times and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG MOZART

Mannheim, March 7th, 1778.

(296a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! MANNHEIM, *March 7th, 1778*

You must imagine, dearest sister, and that too with a most powerful stretch, that I have written a separate letter to you.

I have turned up to thank you for the 50 gulden you so kindly lent me, and which indeed were very badly needed. And here I congratulate you and tell you how inexpressibly delighted I am that you have such a good heart. I

am extremely sorry that I am obliged for some time to rob you of 50 gulden. But, as truly as I am your sincere brother, I shall not rest until I have repaid you for all you have done for me in the goodness of your heart. Happy is that brother who has such a good sister. Please trust me absolutely and never think that I shall forget you; but remember that things do not always turn out, or at least not always exactly, as one wishes. But all will be well in time. Go on practising and whilst scrambling through scores do not forget your galanterie performance, lest I be proved a liar, when people, to whom I have sung your praises, hear you play. For I have always told them that you play with greater precision than I do. Well, adieu, dear sister. I hope that soon we shall be able to embrace one another with joy. I put my trust in God. In my prayers I ask Him for what I believe will be most useful to me and all of us, but I always add: "Lord, may Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven". We mortals often think it is evil and in the end—it turns out to be good. God always knows best how things ought to be. Adieu, my most beloved sister. I kiss you 100000 times and remain your faithful and sincere brother until death.

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(296b) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND, MANNHEIM, *March 7th, 1778*

First of all I must tell you that we always receive your letters on Tuesdays and Saturdays. So next Saturday we shall not be able to get any more of them, as the mail coach leaves at six o'clock in the morning and the post only arrives about noon. But if you write next Monday, March 9th, they will forward your letter to

Paris. We have not received the arias this week, so we shall expect them next week. The carriage is a great worry to us, for not a soul has turned up even to look at it. People here expect to get everything for a song and to be paid for everything at three times the usual price. I am infinitely delighted that Baron Grimm is in Paris; indeed it is the one thing that comforts me. We can certainly rely on him, as he is a sincere and true friend to us. Wolfgang will very soon do him honour and Grimm will never regret having taken an interest in him. I am frightfully busy this week, and until everything has been settled I shall not know whether I am standing on my head or on my heels. Everything comes on me and, as you may imagine, I have enough things to think about. But I hope that with God's help all will go off well and that we shall arrive in Paris safe and sound. True, this long journey will be very trying for us, but as God wills it, so must it be. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you both many 1000 times and remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages to all our acquaintances, particularly to Monsieur Bullinger and Mlle Sallerl, likewise to Herr Deibl and many others.

(297) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANNHEIM, *March 11th, 1778*

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

I have received your letter of March 5th and am most delighted to hear that our good, kind friend, Baron Grimm, is in Paris.

You are quite right; we are leaving here next Saturday,

the 14th, but we have not yet settled whether we shall take the mail coach or whether we shall travel to Strassburg or Metz. However, everything will be fixed up to-morrow morning. Perhaps I shall even be able to send you definite information immediately, as the post doesn't leave until to-morrow evening and before then we must come to some final decision. We are having a horrible time trying to sell our chaise. But we must do so, no matter how little we get for it. For if I were to leave it here, things would just drag on and after having had the honour of paying storage at a gulden a month, I might not in the end get more than four louis d'or for it. A coachman called to-day and I made him raise his offer from 30 to 38 gulden; perhaps I shall screw him up to 40. He says that the coach is still quite good, but that he couldn't make any use of the chassis. He is coming again to-morrow morning and if he offers me 40 gulden, then in God's name I shall let him have it. He is the same man who is to drive us from here to Paris via Metz (which, as you already know, is the shorter route) for eleven louis d'or. If to-morrow he agrees to do this for ten louis d'or, I shall certainly engage him, and perhaps even if he demands eleven. For in any case it is cheaper, which is our chief consideration, and it is more comfortable for us, as he will use our chaise, that is to say—he will fix the body on a chassis of his own; and it will be infinitely more convenient for us, as we have so many odd trifles, which we can easily stuff in our chaise, but which we could not pack into the mail coach; again, we shall be alone and able to talk about what we like. For I assure you that if after all I do travel by the mail coach, my only worry will be the boredom of not being able to talk about what I like and find most convenient; and, because we really must study economy now, I am very much inclined to do this. The difference, it is true, will not be very great, but it will

be something; and of course the main thing is to be comfortable, and to this I pay particular attention on account of my mother. Well, to-morrow I shall probably be able to write more fully about everything. The difference amounts to one louis d'or, or one and a half. For we should have to buy another trunk and a couple of cushions, as people say that the mail coach jolts you so; which is only natural, as there is a chaussée the whole way. Please forgive me for writing so little to-day and so badly, but I have still so many things to do that I do not know where to begin. Meanwhile farewell. In about a fortnight's time, after you have read this letter, I trust that you will have received my first one from Paris. I kiss your hands 1000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain until death your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Mannheim, March 11th, 1778.

P.S.—A propos. Please send something which I asked you for a long time ago, and that is, the alphabet, both capitals and small letters, in your handwriting.¹ Please don't forget this. You asked me the other day to send you Herr Weber's address, so that you might let him have the other arias. If they have not been copied yet, then please have them copied on small paper, that is, if you still have some, so that the postal fee may not be too high.

À Monsieur Fridolin Weber

à Mannheim

at the cabinet-maker's,
opposite the lottery-house.

Adieu. My greetings to all our good friends and particularly to my best friend, Herr Bullinger.

¹ Mozart wanted to improve his handwriting, the untidiness of which he was ever lamenting.

We have just this minute come to an agreement with the coachman. He is going to drive us to Paris for eleven louis d'or in our own chaise, which he has bought for 40 gulden. To-morrow I shall put it down in black and white that, as I have not made him pay me for the chaise, when we reach Paris, I shall only have to pay him seven louis d'or and four gulden.

After their arrival in Paris on March 23rd, 1778, Mozart's prospects at first seemed favourable, but owing partly to the lack of patrons and partly to his own listlessness no commissions came. Further, after a short illness his mother died early in July; and Grimm, who offered him hospitality, discouraged any hopes he might still have cherished of making good in France. So, urged by his father to take up an appointment as court organist in Salzburg and thus help him to pay his debts, Mozart returned home by way of Nancy, Strassburg and Munich. During these ten months he composed few important works, only two symphonies and a series of clavier sonatas. Letters 298-355.

(298) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *March 16th, 1778*

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

With God's help you will have arrived safe and sound in Paris. Ever since yesterday, the 15th, I have been very anxious, as we have had heavy snow and bitterly cold weather. I kept thinking all the time of Mamma on that journey, which must have been very chilly and tedious. As I have reckoned that you will not be bringing much money with you to Paris (particularly if you have not sold our chaise) and as I have not been able to make any arrangements for raising a further sum, because everyone at the Hagenauers, has been exceptionally busy on account of the Lenten fair, I had a word to-day with Herr Franz Gschwendner,¹ whose brother is with the bankers Körman in Paris. Gschwendner is going to write to him by the post which goes on Thursday, the 19th, telling him to give you a few louis d'or on my account. I cannot write, or rather finish what I have begun to write to Baron Grimm, before the 19th; for it is nothing less than a description of my whole life. I send him my most humble greetings and feel sure that when he hears exactly and circumstantially about all the oppression, persecution and tyranny which we people in Salzburg have had to endure for the last six years, his pity will be stirred and his heart moved to help us. For when he was in Russia he cannot have exchanged his tender heart for a Muscovite one. The King of Prussia has sent a very sarcastic and impertinent letter to the Emperor on the subject of Austria's claim to the

¹ Franz Xaver Gschwendner, an ironmonger in the Getreidegasse.

territories of the Bavarian Electorate.¹ I hope to have good news from you soon. Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times and I am your old

MOZART

M. de Voltaire² is in Paris. But whether M. Noverre (who, as I see in the newspapers, has also received the Order from the Pope)³ is there, I do not know for certain. If you are commissioned to write a piece of counterpoint or something similar for the Concert Spirituel, work it out with the greatest care and be sure to hear beforehand what is being composed in Paris and what people prefer. You will find their *bass singers* very powerful and excellent. Whatever you compose must be written out in full, for sometimes compositions are engraved in score. Addio.

Hagenauer, the architect, has left Salzburg with the Bishop of Gurk in order to make additions to the latter's residence there; *but he is not coming back*. For the Archbishop has treated him disgracefully, presenting him with ten thalers, as if he were a good-for-nothing. Hence for all the work he has done since he has been here, he has received *fourteen thalers and four ducats*!

(299) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE, PARIS, *le 24 mars*, 1778

Yesterday, Monday the 23rd, at four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived here, thank God, both safe and

¹ i.e. the claim made by the Emperor of Austria to be allowed to succeed to the estates of the late Elector of Bavaria in exchange for the surrender of the distant Netherlands, his wife's inheritance. The question was eventually submitted to Catherine of Russia for arbitration and was settled by the Treaty of Teschen in 1779.

² Voltaire's name appears in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 48. Hence Mozart met him in 1764 or 1766.

³ The Order of the Golden Spur, which Mozart too had received.

sound, having been nine and a half days on our journey. We really thought that we should not be able to hold out; for never in all my life have I been so bored. You can easily imagine what it meant for us to leave Mannheim and so many dear, kind friends and then to have to spend nine and a half days, not only without these good friends, but without anyone, without a single soul with whom we could associate or converse. Well, thank Heaven! we are at our journey's end and I trust that with the help of God all will go well. To-day we are going to take a fiacre and look up Grimm and Wendling. To-morrow morning, however, I intend to call on the Minister of the Palatinate, Herr von Sickingen (a great connoisseur and passionate lover of music, for whom I have two letters from Herr von Gemmingen¹ and Mr. Cannabich). Before leaving Mannheim I had copies made for Herr von Gemmingen of the quartet² which I composed one evening at the inn at Lodi, and also of the quintet³ and the variations on a theme by Fischer.⁴ On receiving them he sent a most polite note, expressing his pleasure at the souvenir which I was leaving him and enclosing a letter for his intimate friend Herr von Sickingen with the words: "I feel sure that you will be a greater recommendation for the letter than it can possibly be for you". To cover the expenses of copying he sent me three louis d'or. He assured me of his friendship and asked me for mine. I must say that all the courtiers who knew me, Court Councillors, Chamber-

¹ Otto Heinrich Freiherr von Gemmingen-Hornberg (1753-1836), who held a government post in Mannheim, was the author of *Mannheimische Dramaturgie*, 1779, and of a successful drama, "Der deutsche Hausvater", 1780. In 1782 he moved to Vienna, where he became Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge "Zur Wohltätigkeit". It is thought that he encouraged Mozart to become a Freemason. He also introduced Mozart to Baron van Swieten. See C. Fleischlen, *Otto Heinrich von Gemmingen*, Stuttgart, 1890.

² K. 80, the first three movements of which were written in 1770, the last movement, a rondo, in 1773 or 1774.

³ K. 174, composed in 1773.

⁴ K. 179, composed in 1774.

lains and other worthy people, as well as all the court musicians, were very reluctant and sorry to see me go. There is no doubt about that. We left on Saturday, the 14th, and on the previous Thursday there was an afternoon concert at Cannabich's, where my concerto for three claviers¹ was played. Mlle Rosa Cannabich played the first, Mlle Weber the second and Mlle Pierron Serrarius, our house nymph, the third. We had three rehearsals of the concerto and it went off very well. Mlle Weber sang two arias of mine, the "Aer tranquillo" from "Il Rè pastore"² and my new one, "Non so d'onde viene".³ With the latter my dear Mlle Weber did herself and me indescribable honour, for everyone said that no aria had ever affected them as did this one; but then she sang it as it ought to be sung. As soon as it was over, Cannabich called out loudly: "Bravo! Bravissimo, maestro! Veramente scritta da maestro!"⁴ It was the first time I had heard it with orchestral accompaniment and I wish you also could have heard it, exactly as it was performed and sung there with that accuracy in interpretation, piano and forte. Who knows, perhaps you may hear it yet—I hope so. The members of the orchestra never ceased praising the aria and talking about it. I have many good friends in Mannheim (people of position and means), who wished very much to keep me there. Well, if they pay me decently, they can have me. Who knows, perhaps it will come off. I wish it would. And I still have a feeling and I still cherish the hope that it will. Cannabich is an honest, worthy man and my very good friend, but he has just one failing, which is, that, although no longer young, he is rather careless and absent-minded. If you are not perpetually after him, he forgets everything. But when it's a matter of helping a *real friend*, he roars like

¹ K. 242, composed in 1776.

² K. 208, composed in 1775.

³ K. 294.

⁴ Really a masterpiece of composition!

a bull and takes the deepest interest in him; and that means a great deal, for he has influence. But on the whole I can't say much of his courtesy and gratitude, for I must confess that, in spite of their poverty and obscurity, and although I did much less for them, the Webers have shown themselves far more grateful. For M. and Mme Cannabich did not say a word to me, nor did they even offer me the smallest keepsake, not even a bagatelle, to show their kindly feeling. They gave me nothing at all, they didn't even thank me, after I had spent so much time and trouble on their daughter. She can now perform before anyone, and for a girl of fourteen and an amateur she plays quite well; and it is thanks to me, as all Mannheim knows. She now has taste and can play trills; her time is good and her fingering is much better; formerly she had nothing of this. So in three months' time they will miss me sorely; for I fear she will soon be spoiled again and will spoil herself, because, unless she has a master constantly beside her, and one who knows his job, she will be no good, as she is still too childish and careless to practise seriously and to any purpose by herself. Mlle Weber out of the goodness of her heart has knitted me two pairs of mittens in filet, which she has given me as a remembrance and a small token of her gratitude. And Herr Weber copied out gratis whatever I required, supplied me with music paper and also made me a present of Molière's comedies (as he knew that I had not yet read them) with this inscription: *Ricevi, amico, le opere del Molière in segno di gratitudine, e qualche volta ricordati di me.*¹ And once, when alone with Mamma, he said: "Indeed our best friend, our benefactor, is about to leave us. Yes, that is certain, we owe everything to your son. He has done a great deal for my daughter and has taken an interest in

¹ Accept, my friend, the works of Molière in token of gratitude and think of me sometimes.

her and she can never be grateful enough to him." The day before I left they wanted me to have supper with them, but I could not do so, as I had to be at home. All the same I had to spend two hours before supper at their house. They thanked me repeatedly, saying that they only wished they were in a position to show their gratitude, and when I left, they all wept. Forgive me, but my eyes fill with tears when I recall the scene. Herr Weber came downstairs with me, and remained standing at the door until I had turned the corner and called out after me—Adieu! The expenses of our journey, food and drink, lodging and tips, amounted to over four louis d'or, for the farther we penetrated into France, the dearer things became. This very moment I have received your letter of the 16th. Please don't worry, I will certainly make good. And I have one request to make, which is, to show in your letters a cheerful spirit. If war breaks out near Salzburg, come and join us. My greetings to all our good friends. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(299a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

PARIS, March 24th, 1778

Praise and thanks be to God, we have arrived here safe and sound. We are lodging at Herr Mayer's, in the same house where Herr von Waldburg¹ lived. We don't know yet what we shall have to pay, but this we shall hear to-morrow. We called to-day on Baron Grimm, who

¹ The alias of Count Anton Willibald Wolfegg, canon of the Salzburg Cathedral.

was not at home; but we left a note, so that he may know that we have arrived. To-morrow Wolfgang is going to drive to his house again and deliver his other letters of recommendation. On our journey we had the most beautiful weather for eight days, bitterly cold in the morning and warm in the afternoon. But during the last two days we were nearly choked by the wind and drowned by the rain, so that we both got soaking wet in the carriage and could scarcely breathe. We managed to get through the customs examination all right except for Wolfgang's small music paper, for which we had to pay 38 sous; and in Paris we had no customs examination whatever. Wolfgang is bored, as he hasn't got a clavier yet. The weather has been so bad that he hasn't been able to see about one. Addio, take care of yourselves. I kiss you both 10,000 times and remain your faithful wife

FRAU MOZART

Give our greetings to all. We drank Herr Bullinger's health on St. Joseph's day,¹ when we were at Clermont.

(300) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

PARIS, 5th, April 1778²

Praise and thanks be to God, we are both well, and trust that you and Nannerl are in good health. If so, with God's help all will be well. Wolfgang has a terrible lot to do, as he has to compose for the Concert Spirituel in Holy Week a Miserere,³ which must have three choruses, a fugue, a duet and everything else with a great many

¹ March 19th.

² This letter and Mozart's were not sent off until April 10th. See p. 789.

³ See p. 768, which corrects this statement.

instruments. It must be finished by next Wednesday, so that it may be rehearsed. He is composing it at the house of Monsieur Le Gros,¹ the director of these concerts, and he generally lunches there. If he likes, he can lunch every day at Noverre's and also at Madame D'Épinay's. Then he has to write two concertos, one for the flute and one for the harp,² and in addition an act for an opera for the French theatre.³ Besides all this he has a pupil,⁴ who pays him six livres a lesson, that is, three louis d'or for twelve, though we shan't get the money until they are all finished. Thus we shan't pocket a kreutzer before Easter. Meanwhile our capital has become very small and won't go very far, for we shall have to move into other rooms, as it is too far off here to walk and we have already spent a lot of money on drives. I shall be sorry to leave this house, for they are excellent folk with whom, moreover, I can chat in German. Madame D'Épinay has been on the look-out for another lodging for us. Send your letters to Herr Mayer, who will keep them for us, until I let you have another address. We have not yet looked up Herr Gschwendner, but if we need money, that is, if our capital comes to an end, we shall certainly ask him for an advance, although indeed we should much prefer (and it would be much better too) not to have to do this. Words fail me to tell you how famous and popular is our Wolfgang. Long before we arrived, Herr Wendling had made a great reputation for him and has now introduced him to his friends. He really

¹ Jean Le Gros (1730–1793), operatic singer and composer, became in 1777 Director of the Concert Spirituel, which he managed until its dissolution in 1791.

² See p. 870, which corrects this statement. Mozart wrote a concerto for flute and harp, K. 299, for the Duc de Guines, to whom Grimm introduced him.

³ See p. 769, which corrects this statement.

⁴ The daughter of the Duc de Guines, who a few months later married M. de Chartus, and died in 1780 in child-birth.

is a true friend of humanity. Monsieur de Grimm too has urged Wendling to do his best to make Wolfgang known, as, being a musician, he has much more influence. As for my own life, it is not at all a pleasant one. I sit alone in our room the whole day long as if I were in gaol, and as the room is very dark and looks out on a little courtyard, I cannot see the sun all day long and I don't even know what the weather is like. With great difficulty I manage to knit a little by the daylight that struggles in. And for this room we have to pay thirty livres a month. The hall and the stairs are so narrow that it would be impossible to bring up a clavier. So Wolfgang can't compose at home, but has to go to the house of Monsieur Le Gros who has one. Thus I never see him all day long and shall forget altogether how to talk. The food which the *traiteur* sends in is perfectly magnificent. For a lunch which costs 15 sous I get three courses, first of all, soup with some butter which I detest, secondly, a little slice of very poor meat, thirdly, a slab of calf's foot in some dirty sauce, or a piece of liver as hard as a stone. In the evening we don't have any food sent in, but Frau Mayer buys us a couple of pounds of veal and has it roasted at the baker's. So we have it hot the first time, and afterwards cold as long as it lasts, as is the custom in England. We have never had soup in the evenings. I simply cannot describe to you the fast days, which are positively unendurable. Everything here is half as dear again as it was the last time we were here twelve years ago. To-day, the 10th, I have been packing all day long, for we are moving into another lodging where we shall only have to pay one louis d'or a month, where we shall have two rooms looking out on the street and where we shall be near the aristocracy and the theatres. I would have sent off this letter sooner, but we wanted to wait for one from you, so that we could reply to it. For each letter we post we have to

pay 17 sous and for each we receive 24. Baron de Grimm came to see me yesterday and asked me to tell you not to worry so much, as everything will be all right in the end. We must just be a little bit patient. He will reply to your letter later on, but at the moment he has a great deal to do.

(300a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

PARIS, April 5th, 1778

Well, I must explain more clearly what my Mamma has been writing about, as it is a bit vague. Kapellmeister Holzbauer has sent a Miserere here, but as the choruses at Mannheim are weak and poor, whereas in Paris they are powerful and excellent, the choruses he has composed would not be effective. So M. Le Gros (Director of the Concert Spirituel) has asked me to compose others, Holzbauer's introductory chorus being retained. "Quoniam iniquitatem meam", an Allegro, is my first one. The second, an Adagio, "Ecce enim in iniquitatibus". Then an Allegro. "Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti" as far as "ossa humiliata". Then an Andante for soprano, tenor and bass soli. "Cor mundum crea" and "Redde mihi laetitiam", but allegro as far as "ad te convertentur". I have also composed a recitative for a bass singer, "Libera me de sanguinibus"—because a bass aria by Holzbauer follows "Dominus labia mea". Now because "Sacrificium Deo spiritus" is an aria andante for Raaff with an oboe and bassoon solo accompaniment, I have added a short recitative "Quoniam si voluisses", also with oboe and bassoon obbligatos, for recitatives are now very popular here. "Benigne fac" as far as "Muri Jerusalem" is Andante moderato. A chorus. Then "Tunc acceptabis"

as far as "Super altare tuum vitulos", Allegro and tenor solo (Le Gros) and a chorus all together.¹ Finis. I may say that I am very glad to have finished that hack-work, which becomes a curse when one cannot compose at home and when in addition one is pressed for time. Thanks and praise be to God, I have finished it and only trust that it will produce the desired effect. When he saw my first chorus, Mr. Gossec,² whom you doubtless know, said to M. Le Gros (I was not present) that it was charmant and would certainly produce a good effect, and that the words were wellarranged and on the whole excellently set to music. He is a very good friend of mine and at the same time a very dull fellow. I am not simply going to compose an act for an opera,³ but a whole opera en deux actes.⁴ The poet has already written the first act. Noverre (at whose house I lunch as often as I like) arranged the whole thing and indeed suggested the idea. I think it is to be called "Alexandre et Roxane". Madame Jenomé⁵ is also in Paris. I am now going to compose a sinfonia concertante⁶ for flute, Wendling; oboe, Ramm; horn, Punto;⁷ and bassoon, Ritter. Punto plays magnifique. I have this moment returned from the Concert Spirituel. Baron Grimm and I often give vent to our musical rage at the music here, I mean, between ourselves, of course. For in public we shout: Bravo, Bravissimo, and clap our hands

¹ There is no trace of this composition. See Köchel, p. 371.

² François Joseph Gossec (1734-1829), a Belgian by birth, became a famous operatic composer. He came to Paris in 1751 and in 1770 founded and directed until 1777 the Concert des Amateurs.

³ Mozart means that he is not going to contribute to a *pasticcio*.

⁴ This operatic plan was never carried out.

⁵ Mlle Jeunehomme, a French clavier-player, for whom, while she was on a visit to Salzburg, Mozart wrote his clavier concerto K. 271 in January 1777.

⁶ K. App. 9. See Köchel, p. 372 f.

⁷ Giovanni Punto, or Johann Wenzel Stich (1746-1803), an eminent horn-player, who travelled widely and for whom Beethoven wrote his horn and piano sonata, op. 17.

until our fingers tingle. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a hundred times and remain

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

April 5th, 1778¹

M. Raaff is here. He is staying with M. Le Gros, so we meet almost every day. My dearest Papa, I must really beg you once more not to worry so much, not to be so anxious; for now you have no reason to be so. I am at last in a place where it is certainly possible to make money, though this requires a frightful amount of effort and work. But I am willing to do anything to please you. What annoys me most of all in this business is that our French gentlemen have only improved their *goût* to this extent that they can now listen to good stuff as well. But to expect them to realise that their own music is bad or at least to notice the difference—Heaven preserve us! And their singing! Good Lord! Let me never hear a Frenchwoman singing Italian arias. I can forgive her if she screeches out her French trash, but not if she ruins good music! It's simply unbearable.

Now for our new address:—

Rue Gros Chenet, vis-à-vis celle

du Croissant, à l'Hôtel des fils Aymon.

You must add the number four, as it appears thus on the house.²

¹ This postscript evidently belongs to the foregoing letter. It was first published by Schurig, vol. ii. p. 11.

² i.e. des quatre fils Aymon. See p. 830.

(301) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, April 6th, 1778

To-day we had the most earnestly longed for pleasure of receiving your letter written on March 24th. I was all the more anxious about your journey, as at that very time we were having the most horrible weather and as I know only too well what it is to travel with a hired coachman. Thank God that you have arrived safe and sound. I was worried too about your living expenses, for in Italy things are much easier to arrange, as you know what the price is *a pasto*; but in France you must make a previous arrangement (which they are not very willing to do), or else be fleeced unmercifully. I did not tell you anything about this, for I was assuming that you would certainly travel by mail coach, in which case one can do what the others do. Basta! Thank God you have both arrived safely. I now urge you very strongly to win, or rather to preserve *by a complete and childlike trust* the favour, affection and friendship of Baron Grimm, to consult him in all matters, not to act on your own judgment or preconceived ideas, and constantly to bear in mind your interest and in this way *our common interest*. The mode of living in Paris is very different from that in Germany and there is something quite peculiar and distinctive about the manner of expressing oneself politely in French, seeking patrons, introducing oneself, and so forth, so that during our stay there long ago Baron Grimm had to give me a few hints and tell me what I should say and how I should express myself. When you convey my most dutiful greetings to him, tell him that I have mentioned this to you and he will confirm the truth of my statement. I still have in my possession *some instructions* which he

gave me as to how to leave notes on people of rank whom I could not see; and how often did I not write to M. Grimm by the *petite poste* to ask him for advice or send him word about something, when by reason of the great distance between the *rue St. Antoine* and the *rue Neuve Luxembourg* it was not possible for us to meet. In all matters of this sort I am sure that you will turn to this most trustworthy friend of ours. You will now have received my letter, addressed to Herr Mayer, informing you that I have asked Herr Gschwendner to tell his brother to assist you, should you be short of money. This is only a father's precaution, for indeed I hope and trust that you will not have to draw on him, for you know, in the first place, how we stand, that is, <that I have enough debts already and don't know how I am going to pay them;> and, secondly, that it attracts attention here, does you no honour and only draws contempt on me when it becomes known that <I have to go on sending you money.> If, however, you are in dire necessity, well, you will have to draw some, in which case you should tell everything to Baron Grimm, as I have informed him in two long letters of all our <debts> and difficulties, and have given him a full description of the persecution and the contempt which we have suffered at the hands of the <Archbishop,> adding that you will confirm my statements when you see him. I have also told him that the <Archbishop> only flattered you in a condescending manner when he wanted to get something out of you and that he never paid you a farthing for all your compositions; so you may give him a full account of my wretched situation. If, like Honnauer or the late Schobert, you could count on a monthly salary from some prince in Paris,¹ and, in addition, do some work occasionally for the theatre, the Concert Spirituel and the

¹ Honnauer was in the service of Prince Louis de Rohan; Schobert, who died in 1767, had been attached to the Prince de Conti. Cp. p. 53, ns. 4 and 6.

Concert des Amateurs, and now and then have something engraved par souscription, and if your sister and I could give lessons and she could play at concerts and musical entertainments, then we should certainly have enough to live on in comfort. *You would like me to be very cheerful in my letters.* My dear Wolfgang! You know *that honour is dearer to me than life itself.* Consider the whole course of events. Remember that although I hoped *with your help* to get out of *(debt)*, so far I have only sunk deeper and deeper. As you know, my credit with everyone here stands high—but the moment I lose it, my honour will vanish too. Moreover, the kindness and goodwill of tradespeople lasts only as long as you keep on paying them; and if payment is delayed too long, well, then, good-bye to the friendship of this world. And the *(Archbishop?)* Is he indeed to have the pleasure of hearing that things are going badly with us and of being able to laugh at us and mock us? *Rather than face this I would drop dead immediately.* When I received your letter and read it, *I was at once in the best of humours.* So to all, who have been making particular enquiries about you, we passed on the good news that you had arrived safe and sound in Paris, gave it to the Arco family, and Nannerl to the Hagenauers and the Mölks, all of whom send you their greetings.

As you know, it has ever been my habit to reflect and consider; and but for this I should not have got on as well as I have, for I never had anyone to advise me; and, as you are aware, from my youth up I have never confided wholly in anyone until I had definite proofs of his sincerity. Just look at my brothers and myself; when you consider the difference between us, you will realise how valuable has been my reflection and meditation. Well, since from my early youth I have been accustomed to think things over, how can you blame me if such an

extremely important matter, affecting the prosperity of all my loved ones, is on my mind night and day? For it is a matter which concerns not only myself, but also those who are dearest to me in the whole world! You say that if war were to break out near home I ought to join you at once; and you advise me to do so even if there is no danger of war. But I must first be able to <pay my debts,> or else we should not have enough <money> for the journey. My good spirits depend, my dear son, on your circumstances, which indeed can restore me to health, as far as health is possible at my age. Yet I feel that your active endeavours and your anxiety to drag me out of this miserable situation are really bringing me back health and strength. Once you have made your father's happiness your first consideration, he will continue to think of your welfare and happiness and to stand by you as a loyal friend. I trust that you are doing so; and this trust revives me and makes me happy and cheerful. Why, I foretold in a previous letter what you have just written about Mr. <*Cannabich's*> lack of gratitude. Poor, but honourable people, are always more grateful than those who pride themselves on their rank and distinction, sacrifice their true honour to some other imagined honour of which they boast, consider every kindness done to them as their due and think perhaps that by giving you a few meals they have rewarded you. Do you know what M. von Grimm wrote to me when he sent you <*Cannabich's*> symphonies?

C'est moi qui lui (he meant you) fais présent des symphonies de Cannabich. Imaginez que celui-ci envoie chez moi un exemplaire pour moi, un pour vous, et se fait payer tous les deux par le Baron Bagge pour mon compte, et prend même six francs de plus et décampe.

You will remember that some time ago you had to give him free of charge your Paris, London and Dutch sonatas¹

¹ K. 6-9, 10-15, 26-31.

and he promised to let you have his symphonies in return; but he took the money and cleared off. Now do you believe that such a wretched scribbler of symphonies would really like to see you appointed to the same service? Particularly as you are young and he is getting on in years? I don't for a moment believe it! To tell the truth, I never liked the Mannheim compositions. The orchestra there is good—and very powerful—but the interpretation is not in that true and delicate style which moves the hearer.

Write and tell me whether France has really declared war on England.¹ You will now see the American Minister, Dr. Franklin.² France recognises the independence of the thirteen American provinces and has concluded treaties with them.

Nannerl sends warm greetings to her Mamma and to her brother. We kiss you both millions of times and I remain your old

MOZART

So my dear wife has seen Paris once again, and so have Madame D'Épinay's red satin gown and fan. Oh, if only we were with you! I shall send you soon the ABC you asked for.³

The castrato,⁴ who comes to see us every day, sends you his greetings. He sings for us, while Nannerl accompanies him like a first-rate Kapellmeister.

¹ On February 6th, 1778, the French Government concluded with the United States an open treaty of amity and commerce and, at the same time, a secret treaty acknowledging the independence of the Thirteen Colonies and contracting with them a defensive alliance. The open treaty was communicated to the British Government on March 13th and the British Ambassador in Paris was at once recalled.

² Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) arrived in Paris on December 22nd, 1776. It was as a result of his successful negotiations that France signed the treaty of amity and commerce.

³ See p. 755 n.

⁴ Francesco Ceccarelli.

(302) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, April 12th-20th, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

By to-morrow's post I am hoping to hear that you are both well. In the meantime I write to say that we are performing the late Adlgasser's Litany to-day, Haydn's to-morrow and Wolfgang's¹ on Tuesday. In the last-named Signor Ceccarelli is singing all the solos and during the Golden Salve² the Regina Coeli, which Wolfgang composed for Frau Haydn.³ He comes to our house every evening, unless there happens to be a big concert, and always brings with him an aria and a motet. I play the violin and Nannerl accompanies and plays the solo passages written for violas or wind-instruments. Then we play a clavier concerto or perhaps a violin trio, Ceccarelli playing the second violin; and indeed we sometimes get a good laugh, for it was in Salzburg that he began to learn the violin and he has only been playing it for six months. His time is up at the end of April. If he returns in the autumn or if he now stays on for good, the Archbishop is to give him 800 gulden a year for six years. He has agreed to stay for this salary, but only for two years, and provided the Archbishop will pay his travelling expenses as well. He is now waiting for a reply. If he returns to Salzburg, he will be back on November 1st. He is going to leave all his arias with us, only taking away a few. He much regrets that he has not met the two of you and is sorry that he did

¹ Possibly K. 243.

² It is not known to which particular Salve Leopold Mozart is referring. Apparently "Golden" was an epithet frequently applied to favourite compositions, e.g. "Golden Sequence", "Golden Sonata", etc.

³ Probably K. 127, composed in 1772. See Abert, vol. i. p. 316, n. 3, and Köchel, p. 189.

not make our acquaintance immediately after his arrival, for apart from us he does not associate with anyone. Count Czernin is not content with fiddling at court, and as he would like to do some conducting, he has collected an amateur orchestra who are to meet in Count Lodron's hall every Sunday after three o'clock. Count Sigmund Lodron came to invite Nannerl (as an amateur) to play the clavier and to ask me to keep the second violins in order. A week ago to-day, on the 5th, we had our first practice. There was Count Czernin, first violin, then Baron Babbius, Sigmund Lodron, young Weinrother, Kolb, Kolb's student from the Nonnberg, and a couple of young students whom I did not know. The second violins were myself, Sigmund Robinig, Cusetti, Count Altham, Cajetan Andretter, a student and Ceccarelli, *la coda dei secondi*.¹ The two violas were the two ex-Jesuits, Bullinger and Wishofer; the two oboes were Weiser, the lacquey, and Schulze's son, who acted in the Linz play. Two watchman's apprentices played the horns. The double basses were Cassel and Count Wolfegg, with Ranftl doing duty occasionally. The 'cellos were the new young canons, Counts Zeill and Spaur, Court Councillor Molk, Sigmund Andretter and Ranftl. Nannerl accompanied all the symphonies and she also accompanied Ceccarelli who sang an aria per l'apertura della accademia di dilettanti.² After the symphony Count Czernin played a beautifully written concerto by Sirmen³ alla Brunetti, and dopo una altra sinfonia⁴ Count Altham played a horrible trio, no one being able to say whether it was scraped or fiddled—whether it was in $\frac{3}{4}$ or common

¹ The tail of the second violins. ² For the opening of the amateur concert.

³ Maddalena Sirmen, *nee* Lombardini (c. 1735– ?), born in Venice, was a distinguished eighteenth-century violinist and composer, a pupil of Tartini and a rival of Nardini. She performed constantly in London, but after 1772 abandoned her career as a violinist and took up singing with considerably less success.

⁴ After another symphony, etc.

time, or perhaps even in some newly invented and hitherto unknown tempo. Nannerl was to have played a concerto, but as the Countess wouldn't let them have her good harpsichord (which is *casus reservatus pro summo Pontifice*), and only the Egedacher one with gilt legs was there, she didn't perform. In the end the two Lodron girls had to play. It had never been suggested beforehand that they should do so. But since I have been teaching them they are always quite well able to perform. So on this occasion too they both did me credit.

Monday, April 13th, 1778

Well, we have had no letter from you to-day. The postman did call—and brought one from Mysliwecek, who writes to say that instead of the twenty-five or thirty ducats he was expecting for the six concertones, which he rewrote at the Archbishop's order, he has only received twelve *a titolo per il viaggio*,¹ and that he is leaving Munich on Maundy Thursday and so forth. In every single letter (and he has written very often asking for my assistance) he has made some excuse about the *scrittura* for Naples, which he is expecting to receive, he says, by every post. Thus he now informs me that: "Finora da Napoli non ebbi la scrittura; ma spero di finir quest' affare alla mia venuta, per ove partirò giovedì santo; frattanto sono a pregarla d'una grazia, (otherwise he wouldn't have written to me), cioè di mandarmi gli sei concerti di Bach, etc. Io sono stato pregato dal Signor Hamm per questa finezza, etc. Non ardiscono loro stessi di scrivere a Vostra Signoria, etc."² That I can well believe. For Herr Hamm was *so polite* as to send me no reply

¹ To meet the expenses of his journey, etc.

² So far I have not received the *scrittura* from Naples, but I hope to settle up the affair on my arrival. I am leaving for Naples on Maundy Thursday. Meanwhile I must ask a favour of you, etc., and that is to send me Bach's six concertos, etc. Herr Hamm has asked me to do him this kindness. They (he and his daughter) do not dare to write to you themselves, etc.

whatever to my letter of six months ago, in which I asked only 200 gulden a year for his daughter's *full board and lodging, including her instruction*. So Mysliwecek had to ask on his behalf for the concertos. Well, he can wait for them and I shall write and tell Mysliwecek the reason. On Palm Sunday, the 12th, we had our second amateur concert. On both occasions symphonies by Stamitz¹ were performed, which are very much liked, as they are very noisy. Baron Babbius, who is having lessons from Pinzger,² played a very easy violin concerto, but at least in strict time and not at all out of tune. Then Herr Kolb played your Cassation,³ which provoked the most extraordinary applause. Count Czernin, who had neither heard Kolb play the fiddle nor your Cassation, stood sometimes behind and sometimes beside him, and turned over for him with fixed attention. He praised it to the skies and, on hearing that it was your composition, he asked me most eagerly three or four times: "Why, when did he compose it? I can't have been here!" and, with the flaming red face and quivering voice which you know so well, he never ceased expressing his admiration for your composition and for Kolb's performance. Everyone listened in absolute silence, and after each movement Counts Wolfegg, Zeill, Spaur and the rest called out: *Bravo il Maestro e bravo il Signor Kolb!* The Countesses Lodron, Lützwow and all the rest listened with delight. It was only the variations, which you had had so often to play for her, which led the Countess to recognise that it was that Cassation which you had dedicated to her.⁴ She

¹ Johann Wenzel Anton Stamitz (1717-1757), the head of a Bohemian musical family of much renown in the eighteenth century. He became a violinist, and about 1743 entered the service of the Elector Karl Theodor at Mannheim. He wrote numerous compositions for the violin. His sons, Carl and Anton, also first-rate violinists and composers, settled in Paris.

² See p. 409, n. 3.

³ K. 287, composed in 1777.

⁴ The Countess Lodron.

ran up to me in great excitement to tell me so—for I was playing the second violin, Kolb's pupil the viola, Cassel the double bass, and the two watchmen who had often played it at Kolb's, the French horns. To end up, the two Kletzl girls¹ gave a wretched performance on the clavier, the elder unspeakably badly. It would have driven you away, for it was really unendurable, even worse than the way in which the two sang in Kühnburg's play. On Easter Sunday the two Lodron girls are to sing or croak, I don't know which, for I haven't heard them for a long time. Nannerl has already been asked to accompany them. *On the 16th.* Still no letter from you. We hope that you are well and we realise that just at first you will have a lot to do looking up people, making new acquaintances and renewing our old ones. A violoncellist, Xavier Pietragnua by name, has arrived here with his wife. He plays exceedingly well; he has already performed at court for the sum of ten ducats, *which was agreed upon beforehand*, and he is giving a concert on the 21st. He and his wife (who sings, but how I do not know) send their greetings to you, although they haven't met you. They have been to our house three times and are coming to shoot with us tomorrow, for I am writing this on Sunday, the 19th.

Monday, April 20th

We had another amateur concert yesterday, but only a very short one, as it began after the Regina Coeli in the Cathedral, in which the castrato sang most excellently. When I got home from the Cathedral your letter of the 5th was awaiting me. I am surprised that it has arrived so late. Surely you must have posted it later than the 5th, because a letter from Paris can get here in nine days. I suggest that you direct your letters—Par Strassbourg, Augsbourg—for your first letter also arrived late and,

¹ Eleonore and Franziska, daughters of Count Christoph Josef Kletzl.

what is more, by the roundabout route through Mannheim. There are several Salzburgs. Remember to add these words at the side

Par Strassbourg

Augsbourg

à Salzbourg.

My dear Wolfgang, I am absolutely delighted that you have got work already and I am only sorry that you have had to hurry so much with the composition of the choruses, which is a work which assuredly requires considerable time, if you want to do yourself credit. I hope and trust that it will win applause. I assume that when composing your opera *you will be guided by the French taste*. If you can only *win applause and get a decent sum of money*, let the devil take the rest. If your opera is a success, there will soon be something in the papers. That indeed I should be delighted to see, if only to spite the Archbishop. I should also love to hear your *sinfonia concertante* performed by those good players. If you could find in Paris a good clavichord, such as we have, you would no doubt prefer it and it would suit you better than a harpsichord. I am sorry to hear that the French have not yet altered their taste completely; but, believe me, they will do so gradually, for it is no easy matter to remould a whole nation. It is already a sufficiently good sign that they can listen to what is good; for by degrees they too will notice the difference. I implore you, before you write for the French stage, to listen to their operas and find out what above all pleases them. Well, you will now become a thorough Frenchman and you will endeavour, I hope, to acquire the correct accent. Thank God, Nannerl and I are well, and I am now free from all worry and thoroughly happy, knowing that our excellent friend Baron de Grimm is taking an interest in you and

that you are in the one place which, if you are industrious, as you are by nature, can give you a great reputation throughout the world. As long as I am not anxious about you, I am well. And you must know me, how I value honour and glory above all else. You won a great reputation as a child—and you must continue to do so, for this always was and still is my object. You must turn the coming years to account both for your own sake and for that of us all. God keep you both in good health. Give warm greetings from Nannerl and myself to Baron de Grimm, M. and Mme de Noverre, Madame Jenomé, Madame D'Épinay, M. Wendling, M. Raaff, M. Gossec and the rest. I have 100000 greetings to send you both from our whole household, from the whole orchestra, from Bullinger (who thanks you for having drunk his health at Clermont), Sallerl, Katherl Gilowsky, the Hagenauers, Herr Deibl and so forth. My dear wife! I am very sorry that you are having such a bad time with your food. Would it not be possible to find someone who cooks in our German way? You must try and find some better fare, even if it means paying a little more. I have been anxious about this for a long time. And you cannot cook for yourself either, can you? You will have in the end to make some other arrangement, as you are not in Paris for just a few months—seeing that Paris is at the moment the safest place to live in, both from the money point of view and because it is untouched by fear of war. You will probably have received my reply to your first letter and Baron Grimm will have had my two exceedingly long letters. Wolfgang wants an ABC, but he won't have much time to spend on it. Here is something for him to go on with.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

I can't write a good hand to-day, for my pen is no good; and I have to hurry off to vespers, as the Italians are to be there too. We kiss you both a million times and I am your old faithful

MZT.

Addio. *Keep well.*

Pimperl is in good form. She stands on the table and scratches the rolls very gingerly with her paw as a hint that she should be given one. She also scratches the knife to suggest that a slice should be cut for her. And when there are four or five snuff-boxes on the table, she scratches at the one containing Spanish snuff, by which she means that someone should take a pinch, and then let her lick the snuff off his fingers.

(303) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

PARIS, le 1 mai, 1778

We have received your letter of April 12th. I waited for it and that is the reason why it is so long since I wrote. Please do not take it amiss if now and then I leave you for a long time without a letter, but postal fees are very heavy here and, unless one has something absolutely necessary to say, it is not worth while spending twenty-four sous and sometimes more. I had intended to postpone writing until I had news and could tell you more about our circumstances. But now I feel compelled to give you an account of a few matters which are still in doubt. The little violoncellist Zygmontofsky and his worthless father are here. Perhaps I have told you this already—but I merely mention it en passant, as I have just remembered that I met him at a place about which I now want to tell

you, I mean, at the house of Madame la Duchesse de Chabot.¹ M. Grimm gave me a letter to her, so I drove there. The main object of this letter was to recommend me to the Duchesse de Bourbon² (who was in a convent the last time I was here³), to introduce me to her again and to recall me to her mind. Well, a week went by without any news. However, as she had asked me to call on her after a week had elapsed, I kept my word and went. I had to wait for half an hour in a large ice-cold, unheated room, which hadn't even a fireplace. At last the Duchesse de Chabot appeared. She was very polite and asked me to make the best of the clavier in the room, as none of her own were in good condition. Would I perhaps try it? I said that I should be delighted to play something, but that it was impossible at the moment, as my fingers were numb with cold; and I asked her to have me taken at least to a room where there was a fire. "Oh oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison", was all the reply I got. She then sat down and began to draw and continued to do so for a whole hour, having as company some gentlemen, who all sat in a circle round a big table, while I had the honour to wait. The windows and doors were open and not only my hands but my whole body and my feet were frozen and my head began to ache. There was *altum silentium* and I did not know what to do for cold, headache and boredom. I kept on thinking: "If it were not for M. Grimm, I would leave this house at once". At last, to cut my story short, I played on that miserable, wretched pianoforte. But what vexed me most of all was that Madame and all her gentlemen never interrupted their drawing for a moment, but

¹ A daughter of Count Stafford.

² A daughter of the Duc d'Orléans and the sister of the Duc de Chartres, who was later Philippe Égalité.

³ On the occasion of the Mozarts' first visit to Paris in 1764. The Duchess at the age of fifteen had entered a convent, where she remained for some years. Cp. p. 695 f.

went on intently, so that I had to play to the chairs, tables and walls. Under these detestable conditions I lost my patience. I therefore began to play the Fischer variations¹ and after playing half of them I stood up. Whereupon I received a shower of éloges. Upon which I said the only thing I had to say, which was, that I could not do myself justice on that clavier; and that I should very much like to fix some other day to play, when a better instrument would be available. But, as the Duchess would not hear of my going, I had to wait for another half-hour, until her husband came in. He sat down beside me and listened with the greatest attention and I—I forgot the cold and my headache and in spite of the wretched clavier, I played—as I play when I am in good spirits. Give me the best clavier in Europe with an audience who understand nothing, or don't want to understand and who do not feel with me in what I am playing, and I shall cease to feel any pleasure. I told Grimm all about it afterwards. You say that I ought to pay a good many calls in order to make new acquaintances and revive the old ones. That, however, is out of the question. The distances are too great for walking—or the roads too muddy—for really the mud in Paris is beyond all description. To take a carriage—means that you have the honour of spending four to five livres a day and all for nothing. People pay plenty of compliments, it is true, but there it ends. They arrange for me to come on such and such a day, I play and hear them exclaim: "Oh, c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant!", and then it is—Adieu. At first I spent a lot of money driving about—often to no purpose, as the people were not at home. Those who do not live in Paris cannot imagine how annoying this is. Besides, Paris is greatly changed; the French are not nearly as polite as they were fifteen years ago; their manners now border on

¹ K. 179.

rudeness and they are detestably self-conceited. Well, I must give you an account of the Concert Spirituel—which reminds me that I must tell you briefly that my work on those choruses turned out in fact to be useless, for Holzbauer's Miserere¹ in itself was too long and did not please. Thus they only performed two of my choruses instead of four, and left out the best. But that was of no consequence, for few people knew that I had composed some of the music and many knew nothing at all about me. However, there was great applause at the rehearsal and I myself (for I attach little value to Parisian praises) am very well satisfied with my choruses. There appears, however, to be a hitch with regard to the *sinfonia concertante*,² and I think that something is going on behind the scenes and that doubtless here too I have enemies. Where, indeed, have I not had them?—But that is a good sign. I had to write the *sinfonia* in a great hurry and I worked very hard at it. The four performers were and still are quite in love with it. Le Gros kept it for four days to have it copied, but I always found it lying in the same place. The day before yesterday I couldn't find it—I searched carefully among the music—and discovered it hidden away. I pretended not to notice it, but just said to Le Gros: "A propos. Have you given the *sinfonia concertante* to be copied?" "No", he replied, "I forgot all about it." As of course I could not command him to have it copied and performed, I said nothing; but when I went to the concert on the two days when it should have been performed, Ramm and Punto came up to me in the greatest rage to ask me why my *sinfonia concertante* was not being played. "I really don't know", I replied. "It's the first I've heard of it. I know nothing about it." Ramm flew into a passion and in the music-room he cursed Le Gros in French, saying it was a dirty trick and so forth. What

¹ See p. 768.

² K. App. 9. See p. 769.

annoys me most in the whole affair is that Le Gros never said a word to me about it—I alone was to be kept in the dark. If he had even made an excuse—that the time was too short or something of the kind—but to say nothing at all! I believe, however, that Cambini,¹ an Italian maestro here, is at the bottom of the business. For in all innocence I swept the floor with him at our first meeting at Le Gros's house. He has composed some quartets, one of which I heard at Mannheim. They were quite pretty. I praised them to him and played the beginning of the one I had heard. But Ritter, Ramm and Punto, who were there, gave me no peace, urging me to go on and telling me that what I could not remember I myself could supply. This I did, so that Cambini was quite beside himself and could not help saying: "*Questa è una gran testa!*"² But I am convinced that he did not enjoy it. If this were a place where people had ears to hear, hearts to feel and some measure of understanding of and taste for music, these things would only make me laugh heartily; but, as it is (as far as music is concerned), I am surrounded by mere brute beasts. How can it be otherwise? For in all their actions, emotions and passions they are just the same. There is no place in the world like Paris. You must not think that I exaggerate when I talk thus of the music here. Ask anyone you like—provided he is not a Frenchman born—and, if he knows anything at all of the matter, he will say exactly the same. Well, I am here. I must endure it for your sake. But I shall thank Almighty God if I escape with my taste unspoiled. I pray to God daily to give me grace to hold out with fortitude and to do such honour to myself and to the whole German nation as will

¹ Giovanni Giuseppe Cambini (1746–1825), a pupil of Tartini and Padre Martini, was a violinist and a prolific composer. He had been in Paris since 1770 and was a protégé of Gossec, who performed his symphonies at the Concert Spirituel.

² He's a first-rate fellow.

redound to His greater honour and glory; and that He will enable me to prosper and make a great deal of money, so that I may help you out of your present difficulties; and that He will permit us to meet again soon, so that we may all live together in happiness and contentment. For the rest, may His will be done on earth as it is in heaven. But I entreat you, dearest Papa, in the meantime, to do your best so that I may soon revisit Italy, where after this experience I may revive. Do me this favour, I beg you. And now I implore you to keep up your spirits. I shall hack my way through here as best I can, and I hope to get out without any bones broken! Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(303a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

PARIS, May 1st, 1778

I trust that you and Nannerl are well. All this long while, about three weeks, I have been plagued with toothache, sore throat and earache, but now, thank God, I am better. I don't get out much, it is true, and the rooms are cold, even when a fire is burning. You have just to get used to it. If by any chance Count Wolfegg is coming to Paris and could bring me a black powder and a digestive one, I should be very glad, for I have almost come to an end of our supply. Remember me to all my acquaintances. Monsieur Heina and his wife also send their greetings. He often comes to see me. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you many 100000 times and remain your faithful wife

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(304) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, Wednesday, May 6th–11th, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

We have not had any letter from you since your second one despatched from Paris on April 10th, but which Mamma began to write on April 5th. The Archbishop is now trying to get Bertoni¹ to be Kapellmeister here for a time. Did not Herr Raaff tell Wolfgang that Padre Martini of Bologna had written to him on his behalf? As long ago as February 14th Padre Martini wrote to me saying that he had received Wolfgang's portrait and adding the following remarks about what he had written to Mannheim: "Le vicende della Baviera e della partenza di S.A. Elettorale Palatina da Mannheim forse impediranno che non possino avere tutto il buon effetto appresso la sua Altezza Elettorale; tuttavia se tarderanno, non mancheranno".² I have a new pupil, Count Perusa, whom I shall be charging a ducat just to go to his house for twelve lessons, as he is a complete ass. I hear that if war breaks out (about which there is hardly any doubt) Herr Duschek and his wife will go off to Paris.

Monday, May 11th. I have received this very moment your letter of May 1st, and gather from your having addressed it *par Strassbourg, Augsbourg* that, although you only mention my first letter, my second sent off, if I am not mistaken, on April 20th, and addressed to your

¹ Bertoni did not accept the invitation, but went to Paris and later to London. See p. 731, n. 3.

² Matters connected with Bavaria and the departure of the Elector Palatine from Mannheim may perhaps prevent my recommendations from having much influence with His Electoral Highness. However, though they may be delayed, they will certainly reach him in due course.

present lodging, must have reached you. My dear Wolfgang! I shall now reply to all your points. I know by experience that in Paris you have to pay a hundred calls for nothing and indeed I told you this long ago. Further, I am well aware that the French pay people in compliments. Moreover, it is an undeniable fact that everywhere you will have enemies, inasmuch as all men of great talent have them. For all those who have made a name for themselves in Paris and have dug themselves in, refuse to be driven out of their trenches, and are doubtless fearful lest their reputation, on which their interests depend, should be injured. Not only Cambini but Stamitz¹ too—and Piccinni and others are bound to become jealous of you. *Is Piccinni still in Paris?* And will not Grétry envy you? So Wendling has told you that the music has undergone a change. I don't believe it. Perhaps it is true of their *instrumental music*, for that was improving in my time. But their *vocal music* will not have improved so quickly. But you must not let yourself be discouraged or unnerved by those who envy you; for it is the same everywhere. Remember Italy and your first opera, and your third opera too, and D'Ettore and so forth; likewise the intrigues of De Amicis and all the rest. You will have to fight your way through. If only you and Mamma have enough to live on, I shall be quite happy; and in the meantime we must wait and see what the situation in Germany is going to be. The whole country is full of soldiers, and there is no talk of anything but the delivery of horses and the transport of food. In Prussia and Austria people are being whipped off the streets and pulled out of their beds to be turned into soldiers. You must realise that I cannot help

¹ Either Carl Stamitz (1746–1801), viola-player and composer, or Anton Stamitz (1754–c. 1809), violinist and composer. They were both sons of Johann Wenzel Anton Stamitz (see p. 779, n. 1) and had been living in Paris since 1770.

you with money—and that without money Mamma cannot come home nor can you go to Italy. If with the little bit of money which I still have (*I now pay our debts*), then your Mamma and your sister would not *have a farthing after my death* and, further, I could not assist you in any way. So we must just wait and see how things turn out. Meanwhile you are both in a safe spot. For Heaven's sake, use patience and exert yourself! Who knows what we may not be able to do with the Elector of Mannheim, when things are going smoothly again? But if you are to get to Italy, you simply must have money, and that too even if I succeed in wangling a scrittura for you; for a journey means money. Do you imagine that I am in a position (*to pay our debts*) and at the same time to provide you with money, even with such a small sum as three or four hundred gulden, for a journey to Italy? Cheer up, resign yourself to circumstances, and, since you tell me that you have been commissioned to compose an opera, follow my advice and remember that *your whole reputation depends on your first work*. Before you write it, listen to what the French people like and ponder upon it, I mean, hear and see their operas. I know your capabilities. You can imitate anything. *Don't compose in a hurry*, for no man in his senses does that. Discuss the text beforehand with Baron Grimm and Noverre and make schizzi¹ and let them hear them. Everybody does that. Why, Voltaire reads out his poems to his friends, listens to their verdict and makes alterations accordingly. Your object is to make a name for yourself and to get money; and then, when we can afford to do so, we shall go to Italy again. If you compose something which is to be engraved, make it easy, suitable for amateurs and *rather popular*. Don't write in a hurry! Strike out what doesn't satisfy you. Don't do anything gratis; be sure and get paid

¹ Sketches.

for everything. We are all well. Farewell, we kiss you both 1000 times and I am your old

MZT.

My dear wife, do not forget *to be bled*. Remember that you are away from home. And you, my dear Wolfgang, do take care of your health. Have you a clavier in your lodging? Since you left, Nannerl has been working extremely hard at galanterie-playing, interpretation, expression and accompanying. Ceccarelli, who sends you his greetings, and is leaving on the 18th, brought us a violin solo without the bass, which he wanted me to fill in for him. As I was not at home that morning, Nannerl wrote it in for him, as she now very often does for me. Addio. Farewell. I quite understand that you cannot write very often, as letters are so expensive. Baron de Grimm has written to me and I shall reply by the next post.

Cornet Andretter spent a short time with us yesterday. He sends you his greetings. Count Colloredo, Archbishop of Olmütz, is to be consecrated here next Sunday and Rust's serenata is to be performed on the occasion. I shall find out whether Count Wolfegg is going off to Paris again. Perhaps you can get the black powder at some chemist's shop. It is called *Pulvis epilepticus niger*. Bullinger has been on the verge of a bad attack of jaundice and has been ill for a fortnight: but he has now been allowed to eat a little meat again. He and all our friends send their greetings—in short the whole of Salzburg do so!

(305) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

PARIS, May 14th, 1778

Praise and thanks be to God, we are both well and we trust that you too are in good health. To hear this is our only pleasure. As for our circumstances we ought to be quite satisfied just now, as it is the slack season. Wolfgang has got hold of a good family. He has to teach composition for two hours daily to a mademoiselle, the daughter of the Duc de Guines, who pays handsomely and is the Queen's favourite. He is immensely fond of Wolfgang. At the moment Wolfgang has three pupils and could have many more, but he cannot take them on account of the distances. Besides, he really hasn't the time until our affairs are more settled. When winter comes he will have so much to do that he will not know whether he is standing on his head or his heels—at least everyone tells him this. We think too (and all our good friends are giving us this advice) that when the summer is over, we ought to rent a few rooms, buy our own furniture, which is easily found here, and cook for ourselves. In this way one can live for half the cost. We are going to do this as soon as we have made more money. What I should like to hear is something about the war, for there is a rumour here that peace has been concluded between the Emperor and Prussia. War between France and England has not yet been declared, but great preparations are being made. The Queen is pregnant; this too is not yet public property, but there is no doubt about it; and the French are absolutely delighted.¹ Please give our greetings to Herr Ceccarelli (if he is still in Salzburg). We are sorry that we

¹ In December 1778 Marie Antoinette gave birth to a daughter, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, afterwards Duchesse D'Angoulême.

have not had the honour of making his acquaintance. How is Frau Adlgasser? Is little Victoria still with her? And how are Barbara Eberlin and Berantzky? Do they still come to our house sometimes? Does Nannerl go to Andretter's every week as usual? Is young Andretter still in Neu-Ötting,¹ I mean, since all these changes have taken place in Bavaria? Do Fräulein von Schiedenhofen and Nannerl Kranach still come to shoot? Herr von Schiedenhofen must be very proud of himself with such a rich wife, and will probably not condescend to come to our house, though indeed it doesn't matter much. Otherwise I trust that Salzburg is still in the same old spot. Things have changed very much in Paris since we were here last. It is much bigger and is so spread out that I simply cannot describe it. For instance, the Chaussée D'Antin, where Monsieur Grimm lives, is a completely new suburb and there are many other fine wide streets like it. True, I haven't seen many of them, but I have a new map of the town, which is quite different from our old one. Here is something for Nannerl. The "mode" here is to wear no earrings, nothing round your neck, no jewelled pins in your hair, in fact, no sparkling jewels, either real or imitation. The frisure they wear is extraordinarily high, not a heart-shaped toupee, but the same height all round, more than a foot. The cap, which is even higher than the toupee, is worn on top, and behind is the plait or chignon which is worn right down low into the neck with lots of curls on either side. The toupee, however, consists entirely of crêpe, not of smooth hair. They have been wearing this frisure even higher, so that at one time the roofs of the carriages had to be raised, because no woman could sit upright in them. But they have now lowered them again. The Bolognesi are extremely fashionable and

¹ A small town near Alt-Ötting, the oldest and most famous place of pilgrimage in Bavaria.

most beautifully made. The corselets worn by spinsters are smooth round the waist in front and have no folds. Nannerl will now know enough about the "mode" for some time and I must leave some room for Wolfgang. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you both 100000 times. My greetings to all our good friends, Monsieur Bullinger, Sallerl, Deibl, Jungfer Mitzerl and all the others. I remain your faithful wife

MARIANNA MOZART

I send greetings to Theresa and a smack to Bimperl. Is the grasshopper still alive?

(305a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

PARIS, May 14th, 1778

I have so much to do already, that I wonder what it will be like in winter! I think I told you in my last letter that the Duc de Guines, whose daughter is my pupil in composition, plays the flute extremely well, and that she plays the harp magnifique. She has a great deal of talent and genius, and in particular a marvellous memory, so that she can play all her pieces, actually about two hundred, by heart. She is, however, extremely doubtful as to whether she has any talent for composition, especially as regards invention or ideas. But her father who, between ourselves, is somewhat too infatuated with her, declares that she certainly has ideas and that it is only that she is too bashful and has too little self-confidence. Well, we shall see. If she gets no inspirations or ideas (for at present she really has none whatever), then it is to no purpose, for—God knows—I can't give her any. Her father's intention is not to make a great composer of her. "She is not", he said,

"to compose operas, arias, concertos, symphonies, but only grand sonatas for her instrument and mine." I gave her her fourth lesson to-day and, so far as the rules of composition and harmony are concerned, I am fairly well satisfied with her. She filled in quite a good bass for the first minuet, the melody of which I had given her, and she has already begun to write in three parts. But she very soon gets bored, and I am unable to help her; for as yet I cannot proceed more quickly. It is too soon, even if there really were genius there, but unfortunately there is none. Everything has to be done by rule. She has no ideas whatever—nothing comes. I have tried her in every possible way. Among other things I hit on the idea of writing down a very simple minuet, in order to see whether she could not compose a variation on it. It was useless. "Well", I thought, "she probably does not know how she ought to begin." So I started to write a variation on the first bar and told her to go on in the same way and to keep to the idea. In the end it went fairly well. When it was finished, I told her to begin something of her own,—only the treble part, the melody. Well, she thought and thought for a whole quarter of an hour and nothing came. So I wrote down four bars of a minuet and said to her: "See what an ass I am! I have begun a minuet and cannot even finish the melody. Please be so kind as to finish it for me." She was positive she couldn't, but at last with great difficulty—something came, and indeed I was only too glad to see something for once. I then told her to finish the minuet, I mean, the treble only. But for *home work* all I asked her to do was to alter my four bars and compose something of her own. She was to find a new beginning, use, if necessary, the same harmony, provided that the melody should be different. Well, I shall see to-morrow what she has done. I shall soon, I believe, get the libretto for my opera en deux actes. Then I must first

present it to the Director M. de Vismes,¹ to see if he will accept it, though there is no doubt about that, for Noverre suggested it and De Vismes owes his appointment to him. Noverre is also going to arrange a new ballet for which I am going to compose the music.² Rodolphe³ (who plays the French horn) is in the Royal service here and is a very good friend of mine; he understands composition thoroughly and writes well. He has offered me the post of organist at Versailles, if I will accept it. The salary is 2000 livres a year, but I should have to spend six months at Versailles and the other six in Paris, or wherever I like. I do not think that I shall accept it, but I have yet to hear the advice of some good friends on the subject. After all, 2000 livres is not such a big sum. It would be so in German money, I admit, but here it is not. It amounts to 83 louis d'or, 8 livres a year—that is, to 915 gulden, 45 kreutzer in our money (a considerable sum, I admit), but here worth only 333 thalers, 2 livres—which is not much. It is frightful how quickly a thaler disappears here. I am not at all surprised that so little is thought of a louis d'or in Paris, for it really does not go far. Four of these thalers or one louis d'or, which is the same thing, are spent in no time. Well, adieu. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to all our good friends, and especially to Herr Bullinger.

¹ De Vismes, Director-General of the Paris Académie Royale de Musique.

² Mozart's ballet music "Les petits riens", K. App. 10, performed on June 11th, 1778.

³ Jean Joseph Rodolphe (1730–1812), born in Strassburg, studied the horn and violin in France and Italy. In 1767 he entered the service of Prince Conti, became solo horn at the Opéra in 1769 and member of the Royal Chapel in 1770. He composed several operas and ballets and wrote two valuable works on the theory of music.

(306) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, May 28th, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

I received on the 25th your letter of the 14th and I trust that in the meantime you will have received mine which I sent off on the 11th. I am absolutely delighted that you are both in good health and that things are going well for you this season. Remember what I told you about Paris and how I kept on urging you to go there. Do have patience; things are sure to improve. Here's a piece of news! Ceccarelli, who left for Italy on the night of the 18th by the ordinary post-chaise, is to be back here on November 1st. He has signed a contract for three years at 800 gulden a year, with an addition of forty ducats for his journey there and back. He has been as kind to Bimperl as Bullinger; and I have never come across such a good and sincere Italian, not to mention a castrato, as he is. The whole town are delighted that he is returning.

The famous Carl Besozzi¹ has been here and has played twice at court, each time two concertos of his own composition. His writing, although it smacks a little of the older style, is neatly and soundly worked out and has something in common with that of our Haydn. But indeed his oboe-playing is all that is to be desired and I found it absolutely different from what it was when I heard him play in Vienna. In short, he has everything! Words fail me to describe his precision and the extremely pure tone he preserves in the most rapid runs and jumps. What is particularly remarkable is his ability to sustain his notes and his power to increase and decrease their

¹ Carlo Besozzi (c. 1738- ?), son of Antonio Besozzi (1707-1781) of Turin. They were both famous oboists.

volume, without introducing even the very slightest quiver into his very pure tone. But this *messa di voce* was too frequent for my taste and has the same melancholy effect on me as the tones of the harmonica, for it produces almost the same kind of sound. Besozzi sends you his greetings. He is still in the service of Saxony¹ and is only going to Turin because the King has conferred on him the rights of citizenship. Otherwise, as he was born in Naples, he could not claim the right to inherit from his two uncles,² one of whom, the bassoon-player, has just died. I have given him your sincere greetings and have asked him to convey our compliments to Abbate Gasparini. Our Archbishop has given him twenty ducats. The Archbishop of Olmütz³ was consecrated on the 17th. If you had not had so much to do for other people at Mannheim, you might have finished your mass⁴ and sent it to me. For at our practices Brunetti was always chattering about who should compose the Consecration mass, and was hoping to arrange for Haydn to get the commission from the Archbishop. But the latter never replied; nor did Counts Czernin and Starhemberg who were approached by Brunetti and Frau Haydn. I therefore produced Wolfgang's mass with the organ solo,⁵ taking the Kyrie from the Spaur mass.⁶ I had them copied and received six ducats for my pains. In addition the Prince of Olmütz contributed thirty ducats for the occasional music and the Serenata, and the Archbishop sent this sum to me to distribute. I apportioned it, drew

¹ He was attached to the Dresden Court from 1755 until 1792.

² Alessandro Besozzi (1700-1775), oboist, and Hieronimo Besozzi (1713-1778), bassoon-player. Cp. p. 672, n. 4.

³ Count Colloredo, cousin of the Archbishop of Salzburg.

⁴ Mozart wrote the Kyrie of this mass, K. 322. See pp. 711 and 739.

⁵ K. 259, which has an organ solo during the Benedictus. This mass was composed in December 1776.

⁶ According to Dr. A. Einstein this must be K. 258, composed in December 1776. It is not known why it was called the Spaur mass.

up the list and sent it to him for his approval; for in order to save myself from malicious criticism, I was determined that he should see that I had not included myself. I then distributed the money. By the way, he removed Abbate Varesco's name from the list. Wolf, the new Archbishop's physician, also came over from Olmütz. It was for his little daughter that Wolfgang composed his aria¹ at Olmütz long ago. Thank God, we are in good health. I believe I have already suggested that it might be more economical for you to do your own cooking, as you would then save a good deal. My dear son! I beg you to try and keep the friendship of the Duc de Guines and to win his favour. I have often read about him in the papers. He is all-powerful at the French Court. As the Queen is pregnant, there will surely *be great festivities later on*, and you might get something to do which would make your fortune. For on such occasions *whatever the Queen demands* is carried out. In your letter to-day you say that you have given the Duke's daughter her fourth lesson and you seem to expect her to be able to make up melodies. Do you think that everyone has got your genius? Let her alone. It will come in time! She has a good memory. Eh bien! Let her steal or—to put it more politely—apply what she has learnt. Nothing goes well at first until one gets self-confidence. You have started her off on the right path by giving her variations; so, carry on! If Monsieur le Duc but hears some little composition by his daughter, he will be beside himself with delight. Why, you now have a very fortunate acquaintanceship! As for the opera which you have been commissioned to write, I sent you a few suggestions the other day. I remind you once more to *think over the subject carefully, read through the text with Baron de Grimm and come to*

¹ Probably K. 53, a song with clavier accompaniment, "Freude, Königin der Weisen", composed in December 1767.

an understanding with Noverre as to how the emotions are to be expressed, and follow the French taste in singing, which your talent for modulation and for writing for voices will raise and distinguish from the work of others. So Rodolphe has offered you the post of organist at Versailles? Does the appointment rest with him? If so, he will surely help you to get it! You must not throw that away so lightly. You should bear in mind that *you would be earning 83 louis d'or in six months—and that you would have another six months in which to make money in other ways.* Further, it is probably *a life appointment*, I mean, that you hold it whether you are well or ill—and, moreover, that *you can always resign it.* You should remember too that you *would be at court*, that is, constantly in the presence of the King and Queen; that when there is a vacancy, *you might obtain one of the two posts of Kapellmeister, that in due course, if there should be a Royal family, you would become clavier-teacher to the young princes, which would be a very remunerative post; that nobody could prevent you from composing for the theatre and the Concert Spirituel and so forth, from having music engraved and dedicating it to your patrons,* since, during the summer at least, a great many ministers stay at Versailles; that *Versailles is a small town in itself and has many distinguished residents,* among whom you would surely find one or two pupils—and finally that an appointment of this kind *would be the surest way to win the protection of the Queen* and make yourself popular. Read what I say to Baron Grimm and get his opinion. If our dear Wolfgang comes across some good pieces for the clavier, he might put a few together and send them to us by mail coach; for we need them for our pupils. Do this as soon as you have an opportunity!

Where are your rooms! *In which district?* I can't find the Rue du Gros Chenet. I keep on looking round the

Palais Royal, where the theatre is.

Nannerl was delighted to hear all about the latest "*modes*". She kisses your hands and thanks you. We kiss you millions of times and I am your old

MZT.

(307) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

PARIS, *May 29th*, 1778

We have received your letter of May 11th and are delighted to hear that you and Nannerl are well. Your news amused me greatly. Indeed I pity Sandl Auer¹ from the bottom of my heart, and trust that in the meantime she has completely recovered her reason. As for Sigmund Haffner² I had a real good laugh, for I know the girl. She was a bosom friend of our Nannie,³ who let us down so; she used to come and see her very often and is still very friendly with her. She is the daughter of a brewer of Utten-dorf⁴ and she can't be more than twenty-six; she looks older, but only because she was worked to death at the colonel's. If he has married her, he has made a charming match, God bless him. He won't have any reason to be jealous of her, for certainly nobody would fall in love with her. We don't hear very much about a war. I can well believe what you say, that is, that the King of Prussia is trying to form alliances, but it will not be easy, because Russia cannot very well come in on account of the Turks, and the Turks

¹ Frau Mozart is referring to a story in her husband's letter of May 6th-11th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

² In the same letter Leopold Mozart discusses at length Sigmund Haffner's engagement. For lack of space this portion of the letter has had to be omitted.

³ A former servant of the Mozarts. See p. 141.

⁴ A small village in the Austrian Tyrol, about twelve miles from Zell am See.

are determined to have a war. Nor is it possible for the Swedes to do so, for the King of France has auxiliaries from them amounting to 30,000 men and pays them 12 million livres a year. And there is nothing doing in Denmark, whose entire man-power is about 30,000 men. Why, the whole country would be empty. Besides, don't you think that they are scared of France, who spends her time abusing the King of Prussia to all the other Powers? That's why he doesn't attack. Otherwise he would not wait, for he has always been aggressive and has never hesitated so long. The whole town here is wholeheartedly for the Emperor, save perhaps the Lutherans—and not even all of them, for some too are for the Emperor, who made himself very popular during his stay in Paris. Here is something for Nannerl. Tell her she must get herself a pretty walking-stick, for the great fashion here is for all women (except serving-maids) to carry sticks to church, when visiting, walking, wherever they go, in the streets, of course, but not when driving. No woman goes out walking without a stick because it is very slippery here under foot, particularly after the rain. It appears that some woman twisted her foot a while ago, and a doctor declared that it would be better if women carried walking-sticks; upon which it immediately became the fashion. Living is extremely expensive in Paris; a pound of good butter costs 30 to 40 sous, inferior butter, not fit to eat, 24 sous; a pound of beef 10 sous; veal 12 to 14 sous; a shoulder of lamb 3 livres, a young chicken 3 livres; wine is dear and very poor, as the innkeepers always adulterate it. It is even more expensive than it was in England, when we were there. You cannot do any more with a louis d'or in Paris than you can in Germany with a Bavarian thaler, and with a thaler you cannot do more than we can in Salzburg with 24 kreutzer. Everything is twice as dear as it used to be. But thanks and praise be to God, we are well and only wish

that you were both with us. I will remember to be bled; only I must first look about for a good surgeon, as people in Paris are no longer bled as commonly as they used to be. Indeed, how fashions do change! We send greetings to Cornet Andretter. We are sorry that Bullinger has been ill and are delighted that he is well again. We send greetings to him and to my dear Sallerl. What is she doing? Does she ever think of me? Wolfgang and I often talk about her. Ah, often and often do we talk about our friends in Salzburg when we sit at supper together in the evening. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you many 10000 times and remain your faithful wife

FRAU MARIANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages from us to all our good friends. I send greetings to Theresa.

(307a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

PARIS, May 29th, 1778

I am tolerably well, thank God, but I often wonder whether life is worth living—I am neither hot nor cold—and don't find much pleasure in anything. What, however, cheers me up most of all and keeps me in good spirits is the thought that you, dearest Papa, and my dear sister are well—that I am an honest German—and that, even if I may not always say what I like, I may at any rate think it. That, however, is all. Yesterday I went for the second time to see Count von Sickingen, Envoy of the Palatine Electorate (having already lunched there once with Wendling and Raaff). I do not remember whether I have already told you this—but he is a charming man, a passionate lover and a true connoisseur of music. I spent

eight hours quite alone with him. We were at the clavier morning, afternoon and evening until ten o'clock, playing, praising, admiring, analysing, discussing and criticising all kinds of music. He has nearly thirty operatic scores.

Well, I must not forget to tell you that I have had the honour of seeing your "Violinschule" in a French translation, which, I think, appeared at least eight years ago.¹ I happened to be in a music-shop buying a collection of sonatas by Schobert for a pupil and I mean to go there again soon and have a good look at the book in order to be able to send you more particulars. I had too little time the other day. Well, good-bye. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart. Mes compliments à tous mes amis, particulièrement à M. Bullinger.

W. A. MOZART²

(308) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, *June 11th*, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE AND DEAR SON!

We still have our amateur concerts in Lodron's hall every Sunday. The two Lodron girls have each played three times already and, what is more, they have played some music which I gave them, for they could not have managed one single piece of all the music which they learnt during five years with the late Adlgasser. Leopold Arco

¹ Leopold Mozart's *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*, which was published in 1756, appeared in 1770 in a French translation by a certain Valentin Roeser.

² The cover of this letter bears the following remark in Leopold Mozart's handwriting: "Received on the evening of the 7th and answered on June 11th".

too has played three times. They all did themselves and myself great credit. Fräulein von Mölk played once after Nannerl had given her several lessons on her piece. Well, Mlle Villersi¹ was asked to perform. Countess von Lützow had had Wolfgang's concerto² copied for her some time ago and Spitzeder had taught it to her. Thinking that she could play it very well, she tried it in her own room with the violins. Bullinger was there too. They all told her, and she agreed, that she played it abominably. So she came out to our house in tears and begged us to coach her, postponing her performance for a fortnight and ending by learning it so proficiently that she really did herself great credit. She now takes lessons with Nannerl and comes to our house for that purpose, so that the maids at the Langer Hof may not know anything about it, as Spitzeder still teaches her. Both the Count and Countess know, however, and the latter much regrets her own wilfulness and does not know what to do about her two girls, who in five whole years have learnt absolutely nothing. On June 7th the Lodron girls performed again, the elder playing Lucchesi's concerto very well indeed. Sigmund Robinig has played twice already; the first time Wolfgang's piece in B^b (I think) from the Finalmusik,³ the second time some other easy concerto. He did not play at all badly, but his cadenzas were detestably Pinzgerish.⁴ We received your letter of May 29th on the evening of the 7th and are delighted that you are both in good health. Thank God, we too are well, though indeed at times a melancholy feeling comes over me when I think how far away we are from one another and wonder whether—and when—I shall ever see you again! By self-control and fortitude I

¹ Daughter of the Archbishop's former tutor, Casimir Villersi, and governess to Count Kühnburg's children.

² K. 246, written for Countess Lützow.

³ Either K. 254, composed in 1776, or K. 287, composed in 1777.

⁴ In the manner of Pinzger. See p. 409, n. 3.

will try to banish these sad thoughts and leave all to the will of God. I am not at all surprised that everything is much dearer in Paris than it used to be, because the same thing is happening everywhere from year to year. It is generally the case that *where money is plentiful, everything is dear, and where living is cheap, money will be scarce*. Nannerl is thinking of starting here the fashion of walking-sticks for women next winter, because the streets are so slippery for pedestrians. In winter fans are out of place and a woman generally likes to have something to carry. And the war? Well, what am I to say? Things are just as they were. Preparations to terrify us—and in the meantime one courier after another, indicating that negotiations are in progress. One day—reliable news of a compromise—the next day, further information, equally trustworthy, that no compromise can be hoped for. God grant us peace! I told you some time ago that the Elector would not leave Munich so soon. God knows when the people of Mannheim will see him, for if peace prevails, it is quite certain that he will spend most, if not all of his time, in Bavaria.

*My dear Wolfgang! Your remarks: I am tolerably well—I often wonder whether life is worth living—I am neither hot nor cold—I don't find much pleasure in anything—*seem to me to indicate that you were *discontented* or annoyed at the time or that you were writing in a bad humour. I don't like it. But I can't say anything about it, as I don't know the cause of your displeasure. Indeed, earning your daily bread is a very different matter from being able to live without this anxiety and allow someone else to attend to it. *Experience is our only teacher*. Perhaps you will realise now the work, the efforts and the daily worries which I have had to cope with during *thirty years* of married life, in order to support a family, *worries* with which I shall be saddled until the hour of my death. There is no reason whatever why you should be unhappy. God

has bestowed great talents upon you. You were desperately impatient to leave Salzburg. You have now found out that a great many things I prophesied have turned out to be true; otherwise, in your opinion, I myself ought to have cleared out of Salzburg long ago with all my belongings. At least you are in a city where, even though everything is exceptionally dear, a lot of money can be made. But pains and hard work are necessary! Nothing can be achieved without some effort! You are young! Whereas I in my *59th year* have to tear my hair over five pupils, and that too *for a wretched pittance*! If some things do not turn out as you wish, hope or imagine—if you have enemies—if you are persecuted—in short, if events do not shape themselves as you want and expect them to, remember that in this world it has always been and always will be thus, and that this is something to which everyone, from beggar to king, must submit. Was your *sinfonia concertante* not performed at all? Were you paid for it? And did they not return your score? You do not say a word about the French opera—nor about your pupil in composition. In short! You still tell me at the moment of writing of the most recent events that have happened, and this last time you must have been very absent-minded indeed, for you even wrote the address *par Augsbourg—Strassbourg*, as if the letter were to go to Augsburg first and then to Strassburg. I replied to you on May 28th about the post of organist at Versailles. I regard the whole affair as a *pious wish* on the part of Rodolphe. But it has given rise to the following incident here. The Countess¹ asked me a few days ago (when we met on the stairs) how you both were and what news I had had. I told her quite coolly and rather hastily (for I was hurrying back to lunch) that you were both in good health and that, if you chose, you might perhaps have

¹ The Countess Lodron, sister of the Archbishop. Since Adlgasser's death in December 1777 Leopold Mozart had been instructing her two daughters.

one of the two posts of Royal organist, in a word, exactly what you told me in your letter. Bullinger came to see us yesterday at the usual hour and burst out at once with a piece of news, namely, that Abbé Henri had made a point of going and telling him what I had told her. She said that she was extremely sorry that she was away when your affair took place; that she would like to know whether I wished to have you back in Salzburg; that she would make sure that *later on you should certainly become Kapellmeister*, but that this was at the moment out of the question, seeing that you had resigned from the Prince's service; that you could, however, be appointed Konzertmeister and organist (which would only mean performing on the big organ and accompanying at court) at fifty gulden a month. She commissioned Abbé Henri to ask Herr Bullinger whether he could give him some information about my views or intentions. Bullinger replied that however delighted I might be to have my wife and son at home again, he was quite sure that when I told the story about the post of organist at Versailles I had no such intention, and that Abbé Henri ought to discuss the matter quite frankly with me, and I would surely give my candid opinion both to him and to the Countess. I have been watching this bit of fun for a long time. But I wanted to keep out of the whole business; and, although we must have another organist, I said nothing, so that people should not think that I have anything in my mind. You can well imagine how bad things are, for since Adlgasser's death Lipp¹ has been accompanying at court. Whenever Ceccarelli has been singing, he has cursed aloud in public. I am in no hurry to discuss the matter with Abbé Henri, so that they may see that I am not particularly keen on their proposal. As soon as I have spoken to him, I will let you know how things are going.

¹ Franz Ignaz Lipp was second organist in the Salzburg cathedral.

The Archbishop has been sending off letters to all the towns in Italy, but he cannot find a Kapellmeister. He has written to Vienna, Prague and Königgrätz, yet he cannot get a decent organist and clavierist. Nor can he arrive at an arrangement with Bertoni about the post of Kapellmeister—and—you will laugh! *Luigi Gatti*¹ of *Mantua* (you will remember him, for he copied out your mass² there), whom the Archbishop of Olmütz had recommended as an eminent clavierist and to whom he himself had written, has refused to leave his native town for more than two or three months. Ceccarelli too has been commissioned to find a Kapellmeister and a tenor, which reminds me that Meisner has not been singing for the last three months—he is finished! Hasse of Königgrätz would never come as clavierist, nor would he be asked to do so, since our good lady Theresa Arco has been spreading the news that he is one of the finest swillers and jokers. There is no longer any thought of promoting Haydn. The whole affair has acquired the most dirty connection since Brunetti's Judith was delivered on the vigil of St. Joseph and the child was baptized in the Cathedral at half past six in the evening, being christened Josepha Antonia. The girl was always at Haydn's, so that before her confinement he had to send her home to her father, or the Abbot of St. Peter's would have turned him out of his quarters. No one is saying anything, and why? Because this is the second Brunetti affair. So people are now awaiting the third, when they will report it to the Court Council and have the contract annulled, as was done in the case of Marini. If Count Czernin leaves, Brunetti will be off tool. Now for my "Violinschule". *If it has my name on it, try and*

¹ Abbate Luigi Gatti (1740–1817) was appointed in 1783 Kapellmeister to the cathedral in Salzburg, where he remained until his death. See Constantin Schneider, *Geschichte der Musik in Salzburg*, 1935, p. 142.

² Possibly K. 66, the Dominicus mass, composed in October 1769.

get a copy at a reduced price and send it to me by mail coach, for, as I have the Dutch translation,¹ I should like to have the French one too. I told you the other day that if you can find *some pleasing clavier pieces, suitable for pupils*, you might send them to me when you have an opportunity, and perhaps you could do this when you send me the French translation. But there is really no hurry and we can easily wait until Wolfgang sends us something of his own composition, even if it is only little trifles for the clavier for his sister, that is to say, if he has time to do so. I hear that Vogler at Mannheim has brought out a book,² which the Government of the Palatinate has prescribed for the use of *all clavier teachers in the country, both for singing and composition*. I must see this book and I have already ordered it. There must be some sound stuff in it, for he could copy the clavier method from Bach's³ book, the outlines of a singing method from Tosi⁴ and Agricola,⁵ and rules for composition and harmony from Fux,⁶ Riepel,⁷

¹ The Dutch translation was published in 1766 during the Mozarts' visit to Holland. See p. 95.

² *Kurpfälzische Tonschule* (Mannheim, 1778), which embodies an earlier work, *Stimmbildungskunst* (Mannheim, 1776).

³ Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's *Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen*, which was published at Leipzig in two parts in 1753 and 1762.

⁴ Pier Francesco Tosi (1646-1727) spent the greater part of his life in London, where he won renown as a teacher of singing. In 1723 he published his treatise on singing, *Opinioni dei cantori antichi e moderni, o sieno osservazioni sopra il canto figurato*, which was translated into English by Galliard and into German by Agricola.

⁵ Johann Friedrich Agricola (1720-1774), organist and composer of operas and church music. He became in 1751 court composer to Frederick the Great and established a good reputation as a teacher of singing. He translated Tosi's treatise on singing.

⁶ Johann Joseph Fux (1660-1741) was Kapellmeister to the Imperial court of Vienna and wrote a famous treatise on contrapuntal composition, *Gradus ad Parnassum*, which was translated into four languages. The original, in Latin, appeared in 1725, the German edition in 1742 and the Italian edition in 1761.

⁷ Joseph Riepel (1708-1782), Kapellmeister to Prince Taxis at Regensburg, published several works on the theory of music.

Marpurg,¹ Mattheson,² Spiess,³ Scheibe,⁴ D'Alembert,⁵ Rameau⁶ and a host of others, and then boil them down into a shorter system, such as I have long had in mind. Thus I am anxious to see whether his ideas accord with mine. You ought to have the book, for such works are useful when giving lessons. As a teacher one is led by experience to adopt certain good methods of dealing with this or that problem, and these good methods do not come to one all at once. You know well—but indeed, *that suddenly reminds me!* The day after to-morrow is the Feast of St. Anthony and you are away! Who will arrange the serenade for the Countess?⁷ Who?—Why, la compagnie des amateurs. Count Czernin and Kolb are the two violini principali. They have astounding solos to play, their work being made up as follows—an Allegro and Adagio by Hafeneder, and a minuet with three trios by Czernin—all *new compositions*. The march is by Hafeneder, wretched pilfered stuff which sounds like chop-sticks, all screeching and *out of tune*—like the world! Will Mamma please tell me in her next letter *what*

¹ Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg (1718–1795) was an eminent writer on music. From 1754 until 1786 he published several treatises, the most important being his great work in five volumes, *Historisch-Kritische Beyträge* (Berlin, 1754–1778).

² Johann Mattheson (1681–1764), a famous organist and a writer of numerous works on music which appeared from 1713 until 1739.

³ Meinrad Spiess (1683–1761), musical director and abbot of the monastery of Yrsee, Swabia. He composed a great deal of church music and wrote works on the theory of music.

⁴ Johann Adolf Scheibe (1708–1776) became in 1744 director of the court opera at Copenhagen. He was a prolific composer of church and chamber music, and wrote several works on the theory of music.

⁵ Between the years 1747 and 1765 D'Alembert wrote several treatises on acoustics, which were published in the *Proceedings* of the Paris and Berlin Academies, and also some general works on music, such as *Éléments de musique théorique et pratique suivant les principes de M. Rameau*, 1752.

⁶ Rameau's first work on music was his *Traité de l'harmonie*, which appeared in 1722. From that time onwards he published numerous treatises on harmony and organ-playing.

⁷ The Countess Antonia Lodron.

wages *Theresa should get?* For she has been paid nothing since you left: and neither of us can remember when we last paid her. All that we can find is a note jotted down in February 1777—15 gulden 20 kreutzer for five quarters. All our friends send their greetings to you, especially Bullinger and Sallerl, who are always thinking of you and talking about you, Mitzerl, Theresa, dear Pimperl—Andretter—Hagenauer and so forth, and we kiss you millions of times and I am your old

MZT.

Nannerl gets up every morning at half past five—goes to half past six mass and then carries on her work methodically the whole day long.

(309) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

PARIS, *June 12th, 1778*

We received on June 9th your letter of May 28th and were delighted to hear that you were both in good health. Thank God, Wolfgang and I are quite well. I was bled yesterday, so I shan't be able to write much to-day. Wolfgang is not at home, as he is lunching with Herr Raaff at Count Sickingen's, where they go at least once a week, for Sickingen is devoted to Wolfgang and is himself a great connoisseur of music and composes too. Herr Raaff comes to see us almost every day. He calls me "Mother", is very fond of us and often spends two or three hours with us. One day he came especially to sing to me and sang three arias, which gave me great pleasure. And now whenever he comes to see us he always sings something to me, for I am quite in love with his singing. He is a most honourable man and sincerity itself; if you knew him, you would love him with all your heart. You want to

know where we are lodging? First of all, find the rue Montmartre and then the rue Cléry. It is the first street on the left, if you enter the rue Cléry from the rue Montmartre. It is a fine street, inhabited almost entirely by the upper classes, very clean, fairly near the Boulevards, and the air is healthy. The owners of the house are good, honest folk and not out to make money, which is unusual in Paris. I lunched at Herr Heina's the day before yesterday and after lunch I went for a walk in the Luxembourg gardens; then I went into the Palace to see the fine picture gallery and was frightfully tired when I got home. I was all alone, as Wolfgang was lunching with Raaff at Monsieur Grimm's. Herr Heina saw me home. He often comes to see us. His wife too has been to see us twice with her daughter who is already married. You do not say how the *Serenata* went off, whether it was beautiful and whether the Archbishop was pleased with it. Which Colloredo is the Bishop of Olmütz? Is he a brother or a cousin of our Prince? A propos. How is Lenerl Martinelli? Where has she gone to? To her cousins or to the lieutenant of the guards? As for the lightning conductor I can't find out what people here think about it, as I don't know the language. But I have not seen any. In Mannheim, however, it cropped up once in conversation. They don't think much of it there, for they say that it attracts storms, when there would otherwise be none at all, and that where there are many conductors, the storm settles in that particular spot until everything is smashed to pieces and all the crops destroyed. It is far better to let nature take its course than to force it. For God can find anybody he wants to and no lightning conductor can save him. When the Kapuzinerberg collapsed, people were indeed very lucky, for there might have been a great disaster. Truly mountains are not safe when houses are built so near them. Why, the Neues Tor may also collapse some day.

We are having the most glorious summer here—very pleasant weather and, thank God, no storms up to the present. When Wolfgang lunches at home he and I get a meal for 15 sous. In the evening we buy four pasties for four sous. That you may know what these are, let me tell you that they are a kind of pastry which the French call “*plaisirs*” and which we call “*Holehiper*”. Please give our compliments to all our good friends. Every day we talk about our friends in Salzburg and wish that they could be with us. Many of them would stare and gape if they saw the things we see here. Addio. Keep well, both of you. I kiss you several thousand times and remain your faithful wife

FRAU MOZART

I must stop, for my arm and my eyes are aching.

(309a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

June 12th, 1778

I must now say something about our Raaff. You will remember, no doubt, that I did not write too favourably about him from Mannheim, and was by no means pleased with his singing—enfin, that I did not like him at all. The reason, however, was that I scarcely heard him properly, as it were, at Mannheim. I heard him for the first time in the rehearsal of Holzbauer's “*Günther*”, when he was in his everyday clothes, with his hat on and a stick in his hand. When he was not singing he stood there like a child at stool: when he began to sing the first recitative, it went quite tolerably, but every now and then he gave a kind of shout, which I could not bear. He sang the arias in a way so obviously careless—and some notes he sang with too much emphasis—which did not appeal to me. This has been a constant habit of his—and perhaps it is a characteristic of the Bernacchi

school—for he was a pupil of Bernacchi's.¹ At court, too, he always sang arias which, in my opinion, by no means suited his voice; so that I did not like him at all. But when he made his début here in the Concert Spirituel, he sang Bach's scena "Non so d'onde viene", which, by the way, is a favourite of mine²—and then for the first time I really heard him sing—and he pleased me—that is, in his particular style of singing, although the style itself—the Bernacchi school—is not to my taste. Raaff is too much inclined to drop into the cantabile. I admit that, when he was young and in his prime, this must have been very effective and have taken people by surprise. I admit also that I like it. But he overdoes it and so to me it often seems ridiculous. What I do like is when he sings short pieces, as, for example, some andantinos; and he has also certain arias, which he renders in his peculiar style. Well, each in his own way. I fancy that his forte was bravura singing—and, so far as his age permits, you can still tell this from his manner; he has a good chest and long breath; and then—these andantinos. His voice is beautiful and very pleasant. If I shut my eyes and listen to him, he reminds me very much of Meisner, only that Raaff's voice seems to me even more pleasing. I am talking about their voices as they are at present, for I have never heard them in their prime. So all that I can discuss is their style or method of singing, which a singer always retains. Meisner, as you know, has the bad habit of making his voice tremble at times, turning a note that should be sustained into distinct crotchets, or even quavers—and this

¹ Antonio Bernacchi (1685–1756), a successful singer and teacher, founded in 1736 his famous school of singing at Bologna.

² Johann Christian Bach's aria in his opera "Alessandro nelle Indie", produced at Naples in 1762. Bach introduced it, altering it to $\frac{3}{4}$ -time, into the pasticcio "Ezio" which was performed in London in November 1764. See p. 79, n. 5. This is therefore the setting which Mozart knew. Cp. C. S. Terry, *John Christian Bach*, p. 55.

I never could endure in him. And really it is a detestable habit and one which is quite contrary to nature. The human voice trembles naturally—but in its own way—and only to such a degree that the effect is beautiful. Such is the nature of the voice; and people imitate it not only on wind-instruments, but on stringed instruments too and even on the clavier. But the moment the proper limit is overstepped, it is no longer beautiful—because it is contrary to nature. It reminds me then of the organ when the bellows are puffing. Now Raaff never does this—in fact, he cannot bear it. Yet, so far as real cantabile is concerned, I prefer Meisner to Raaff (though not quite unconditionally, for he too has his mannerisms). In bravura singing, long passages and roulades, Raaff is absolute master and he has moreover an excellent, clear diction, which is very beautiful; and as I have already said, his andantinos or little canzonette are charming. He has composed four German songs, which are perfectly lovely. He likes me very much and we are very intimate. He comes almost every day to see us. I have lunched at least six times with Count Sickingen, Minister of the Palatinate—where people always stay from one to ten in the evening. But the time flies so quickly in his company that you simply don't notice it. He is very fond of me and I like being with him; he is such a friendly, sensible person with such excellent judgment and he has a real insight into music. I was there again to-day with Raaff. I took some of my own compositions, as the Count had asked me long ago to do so. I brought along the new symphony¹ which I have just finished and with which the Concert Spirituel will open at Corpus Christi. They both liked it very much and I too am quite pleased with it. But I cannot say whether it will be popular—and, to tell the truth, I care very little, for who will not like it?

¹ K. 297.

I can answer for its pleasing the few intelligent French people who may be there—and as for the stupid ones, I shall not consider it a great misfortune if they are not pleased. I still hope, however, that even asses will find something in it to admire—and, moreover, I have been careful not to neglect *le premier coup d'archet*¹—and that is quite sufficient. What a fuss the oxen here make of this trick! The devil take me if I can see any difference! They all begin together, just as they do in other places. It is really too much of a joke. Raaff told me a story of Abaco's² about this. He was asked by a Frenchman, at Munich or somewhere—"Monsieur, vous avez été à Paris?" "Oui." "Est-ce que vous étiez au Concert Spirituel?" "Oui." "Que dites-vous du premier coup d'archet? Avez-vous entendu le premier coup d'archet?" "Oui, j'ai entendu le premier et le dernier." "Comment, le dernier? Que veut dire cela?" "Mais oui, le premier et le dernier—et le dernier même m'a donné plus de plaisir." Now I must close. Please give my greetings to all my good friends, and particularly to Herr Bullinger. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(310) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, June 29th, 1778

MY DEAR WIFE, MY DEAR SON!

We trust that you are well. We are both in excellent health! You will have received my letter of June 11th.

¹ The opening of a symphony with a powerful *tutti* passage, generally in unison.

² Giuseppe Clemens Ferdinand Dall'Abaco (1709-1805) of Verona. In 1730 he became director of music to the Elector of Bonn. He composed some music, chiefly for the violoncello.

On Holy Trinity Sunday I lunched, as usual, at the priests' house. In the afternoon Haydn played the organ during the Litany and the Te Deum, the Archbishop being present, and he played so abominably that we were all terrified and thought he was going the way of Adlgasser of pious memory.¹ But it was only a slight tipsiness, which made his head and his hands refuse to agree. Since Adlgasser's accident I have never heard anything like it. After the Litany Count Starhemberg asked me to go and see him on the morrow, saying that there was something which he would like to discuss with me. I went and found no one there but his brother, a Major in the Imperial Army, who is living with him here and is trying to cure himself in Salzburg of his fear of Prussian powder and lead. He told me that an organist had been recommended to him, but that he didn't want to take up the matter without first knowing whether he was any good. He wanted therefore to find out from me whether I knew him. He said that his name was Mandl or something—but that he was not quite sure. I thought to myself: "*Oh—you clumsy rascal!*" Someone in Vienna has been commissioned or requested to recommend an organist and has forgotten to send the name of the candidate." I was not supposed to notice, of course, that this opening was to induce me to talk about my son. And what did I say? Not a syllable! I said—that I hadn't the honour of knowing the candidate and that in any case I should never dare to recommend anyone to the Prince, as it was always difficult to find a person who would be sure to suit him permanently. "Yes," he said, "I too should not recommend anyone. It is far too difficult! Your son ought to be here!" I thought to myself: "Bravo! I've caught you out. *What a pity this man is not a great statesman or ambassador!*" I then said: "*Do let us*

¹ Adlgasser, while playing the organ in the cathedral, had had a stroke which proved fatal.

talk quite frankly". I asked him whether people had not done everything in their power to drive you out of Salzburg? I went back to the beginning and omitted nothing and I told him everything that had happened, so that his brother was absolutely amazed and he himself could not but admit that it was the plain truth. We then began to talk about all sorts of things connected with the court music. I explained everything most frankly and he agreed that what I said was perfectly true. Finally he turned to his brother and observed that there was nothing which strangers who had come to the Salzburg Court *had admired so much as young Mozart's performances*. He tried to persuade me to send the proposal to my son. But I told him that I really couldn't do it, for it would be a waste of effort, as my son would laugh at such an offer. It would only be possible if I could mention at the same time the salary he would have, for I could not hope for a reply if it were a case of Adlgasser's salary, and that even if His Grace decided to give him fifty gulden a month, it was extremely doubtful whether he would accept it. We all three left his house together—for they were going off to the riding-school and I walked along with them. We continued to talk on the same subject, *I for my part holding firmly to what I had said already, while he maintained that he was only interested in my son*. We remarked that Haydn's wife¹ would soon be giving up—that Meisner had done so already—that Haydn would drink himself into dropsy in a few years, or, at any rate, as he is now too lazy for anything, would go on getting lazier and lazier. Finally I pointed out once again that I could not say anything to you—without knowing whether I could mention the likelihood of a decent salary, and with this I let him go off! Well, I must tell you that the

¹ Maria Magdalena, daughter of the second cathedral organist, Franz Ignaz Lipp, and an excellent soprano.

Prince is not going to get a good organist who is also a first-rate clavierist and that he is now saying (but only to his favourites) that Beecke is a quack and a joker, and that Mozart far surpasses them all, and that he himself would much prefer to have someone whose ability he knows about rather than pay a large salary to someone of whom he has had no experience. If the Prince wants to offer a smaller salary, he cannot promise anyone an income from giving lessons, for there are very few pupils to be had. I have most of them already and besides I enjoy the reputation of being the best teacher. So there's the rub! But I am not writing all this, my dear Wolfgang, in order to persuade you to return to Salzburg—for I do not rely to the slightest degree on the words of the Archbishop. Further I have not said a word to the Countess¹ and I rather avoid any occasion of meeting her; for she might interpret my slightest word as obsequiousness and solicitation. They must come to me—and, before I agree to anything, the conditions they offer must be very favourable and advantageous—all of which is extremely unlikely. Well, we must wait and see. The prospect is not entirely ruled out.

As I was asked to do so, *I had your two Litanies De Venerabili*² copied and sent to the Heiligkreuz Monastery in Augsburg, where they were performed with great success on May the 10th and 11th, when they have their great Procession there. The good old Abbot sent me his thanks and reminded me on behalf of himself and of the whole monastery that if ever I should go to Augsburg with my daughter we must stay with them. Soon afterwards, however, he fell ill and died.

¹ Maria Franziska, Countess von Wallis (1746–1795), a sister of the Archbishop, who held her own court in a wing of the archiepiscopal residence opposite the cathedral.

² K. 125, composed in 1772, and K. 243, composed in 1776.

I only received on the 26th your letter of June 12th. I trust that my last one of the 11th has now reached you. Your whole letter deals with M. Raaff, who must be very charming and whom I should like to meet. *I am absolutely delighted that my dear son enjoys the respect and friendship of such a distinguished man, to whom I send my most humble greetings.* I am glad that Wolfgang does not always wonder *whether life is worth living*. True indeed, one cannot always be in a good humour. But you say nothing more about *your pupil in composition*—nothing about *Noverre's ballet*—and nothing about *your opera*. I haven't heard whether Wendling is still in Paris? Whether Wolfgang has seen Baron Bagge? Whether Piccinni is still there? Whether Wolfgang has met the two Stamitzes? ¹ Whether he has seen Grétry? Whether the players at the Concert Spirituel are any good, and what the performances are like? I should be delighted to hear something about all these matters; but you need not cover whole pages with them. My dear son can easily imagine that it is a sort of torture for me to know that he has been composing a great deal—and that I, alas! cannot hear any of his compositions, which used formerly to give me the greatest pleasure. Patience is the counsel of a coward! Rust's *Serenata* (as you ask about it) was not a success. It was just the same old ding-dong. Colloredo, the Archbishop of Olmütz, we all met at Podstatzky's ² when we were in Vienna, for he was then canon of the cathedral. He is a rather stout, but handsome man, with a fat fresh-coloured face, a very fine-looking fellow! He is only a cousin of our Archbishop.

As soon as you described your whereabouts to me, I found the street in which you are living and where the air, I am glad to hear, is very good. After hearing how you are living I really do not know whether you would gain

¹ See p. 790, n. 1.

² See p. 110, n. 4.

so much by changing, especially as you are with very kind people. I hope that Wolfgang's symphony¹ for the Concert Spirituel was a success. To judge by the Stamitz symphonies which have been engraved in Paris, the Parisians must be fond of noisy music. For these are nothing but noise. Apart from this they are a hodge-podge, with here and there a good idea, but introduced very awkwardly and in quite the wrong place. So Voltaire is dead too! and died just as he lived; he ought to have done something better for the sake of his reputation with posterity.²

Nannerl and I, together with Bimperl, kiss and lick you both, but not your arses, a million times, and I am, with all our congratulations ad primas vespas,³
your old

MZT.

Mme Duschek has sent me a letter of introduction to a certain virtuoso on the clarinet, M. Joseph Beer,⁴ who is in the service of the Prince de Lambesc, Chief Equerry to the King of France. Tell me whether I am to send it to you. Try to see M. Beer.

(311) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MONSIEUR

PARIS, le 3 de juillet, 1778

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I have very sad and distressing news to give you, which is, indeed, the reason why I have been unable to

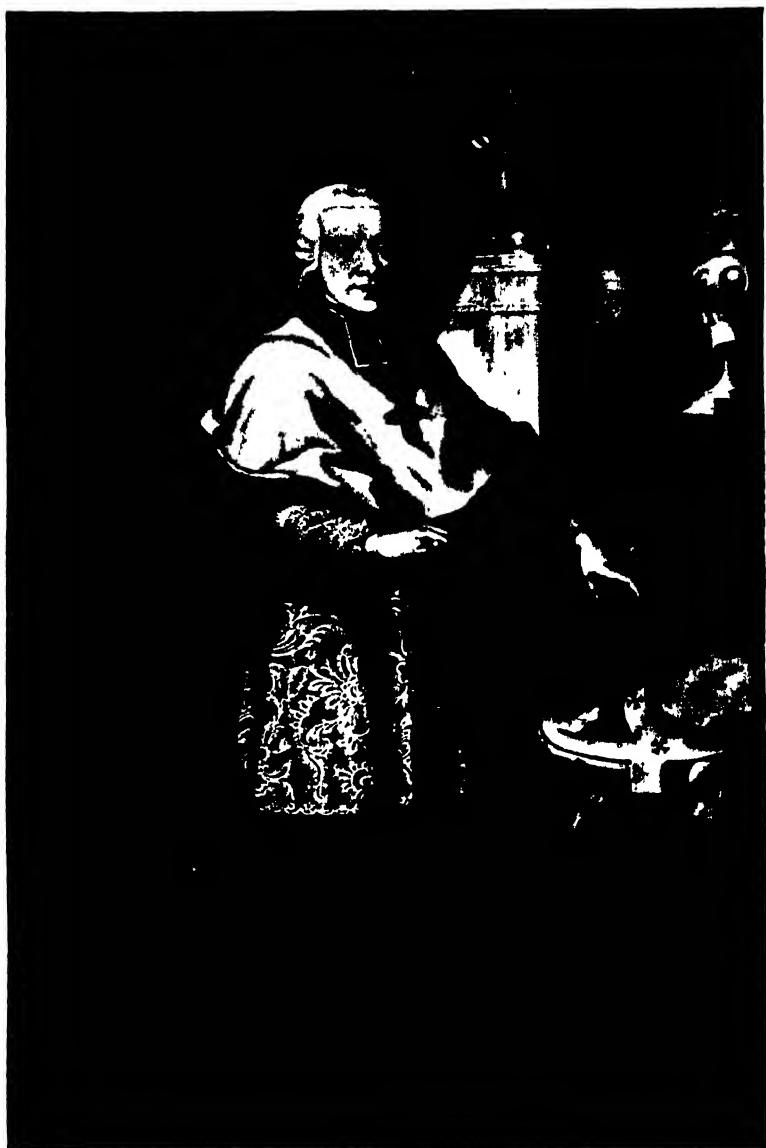
¹ K. 297. ² In Leopold Mozart's opinion Voltaire was an atheist.

³ Frau Mozart's name-day was July 26th.

⁴ Joseph Beer (1744-1811), of Czech extraction, was a remarkable clarinet-player. He served as trumpeter in the French army during the Seven Years' War. In 1771 he settled in Paris, where he became a proficient player on the clarinet. In 1782 he left France and travelled until his death.

reply sooner to your letter of June 11th. My dear mother is very ill.¹ She has been bled, as in the past, and it was very necessary too. She felt quite well afterwards, but a few days later she complained of shivering and feverishness, accompanied by diarrhoea and headache. At first we only used our home remedies—antispasmodic powders; we would gladly have tried a black powder too, but we had none and could not get it here, where it is not known even by the name of *pulvis epilepticus*. As she got worse and worse (she could hardly speak and had lost her hearing, so that I had to shout to make myself understood), Baron Grimm sent us his doctor. But she is still very weak and is feverish and delirious. They give me hope—but I have not much. For a long time now I have been hovering day and night between hope and fear—but I have resigned myself wholly to the will of God—and trust that you and my dear sister will do the same. How else can we manage to be calm or, I should say, calmer, for we cannot be perfectly calm! Come what may, I am resigned—for I know that God, Who orders all things for our good, however strange they may seem to us, wills it thus. Moreover I believe (and no one will persuade me to the contrary) that no doctor, no man living, no misfortune and no chance can give a man his life or take it away. None can do so but God alone. These are only the instruments which he usually employs, though not always. For we see people around us swoon, fall down and die. Once our hour has come, all means are useless; they rather hasten death than delay it. This we saw in the case of our late friend Hefner. I do not mean to say that my mother will and must die, or that all hope is lost. She may recover health and strength, but only if God wills it. After praying to Him with all my might for health and life for my dear

¹ Mozart's mother had died at ten o'clock that night. He wrote this letter afterwards.



ARCHBISHOP HIERONYMUS COLLOREDO (1772)

From a portrait by Franz Xaver König
(Stift St. Peter, Salzburg)

mother, I like to indulge in these consoling thoughts, because they hearten, soothe and comfort me; and you may easily imagine that I need comfort! Now let us turn to something else. Let us banish these sad thoughts; let us hope, but not too much; let us put our trust in God and console ourselves with the thought that all is well, if it is in accordance with the will of the Almighty, as He best knows what is profitable and beneficial to our temporal happiness and our eternal salvation.

I have had to compose a symphony¹ for the opening of the Concert Spirituel. It was performed on Corpus Christi day with great applause, and I hear, too, that there was a notice about it in the *Courier de L'Europe*,—so it has given great satisfaction.² I was very nervous at the rehearsal, for never in my life have I heard a worse performance. You have no idea how they twice scraped and scrambled through it. I was really in a terrible way and would gladly have had it rehearsed again, but as there was so much else to rehearse, there was no time left. So I had to go to bed with an aching heart and in a discontented and angry frame of mind. I decided next morning not to go to the concert at all; but in the evening, the weather being fine, I at last made up my mind to go, determined that if my symphony went as badly as it did at the rehearsal, I would certainly make my way into the orchestra, snatch the fiddle out of the hands of Lahoussaye,³ the first violin, and conduct myself! I prayed God that it might go well, for it is all to His greater honour and glory; and behold—the symphony began. Raaff was standing beside

¹ K. 297.

² Mozart's symphony, K. 297, was performed on June 18th. The notice in the *Courier de l'Europe* appeared on the 26th.

³ Pierre Lahoussaye (1735–1818) had his early training as a violinist in Paris, toured in Italy and from 1770 until 1775 was leader at the Italian opera in London. In 1776 he returned to Paris and became first violin at the Concert Spirituel, and later a professor at the Conservatoire.

me, and just in the middle of the first Allegro there was a passage which I felt sure must please. The audience were quite carried away—and there was a tremendous burst of applause. But as I knew, when I wrote it, what effect it would surely produce, I had introduced the passage again at the close—when there were shouts of “Da capo”. The Andante also found favour, but particularly the last Allegro, because, having observed that all last as well as first Allegros begin here with all the instruments playing together and generally unisono, I began mine with two violins only, piano for the first eight bars—followed instantly by a forte; the audience, as I expected, said “hush” at the soft beginning, and when they heard the forte, began at once to clap their hands. I was so happy that as soon as the symphony was over, I went off to the Palais Royal, where I had a large ice, said the rosary as I had vowed to do—and went home—for I always am and always will be happiest there, or else in the company of some good, true, honest German who, if he is a bachelor, lives alone like a good Christian, or, if married, loves his wife and brings up his children properly. Now I have a piece of news for you which you may have heard already, namely, that that godless arch-rascal Voltaire¹ has pegged out like a dog, like a beast! That is his reward! You are quite right, we owe Theresa wages for five quarters. That I do not like being here, you must long ago have noticed. I have very many reasons, but, as I am here, it is useless to go into them. It is not my fault, however, that I dislike Paris and it never shall be, for I will do my very best. Well, God will make all things right! I have a project in my mind for the success of which I daily pray to Him. If

¹ Voltaire died on May 30th, 1778. No doubt Mozart had heard the infamous stories circulated at the time by Voltaire's Catholic opponents. See Desnoiresterres, *Voltaire et la société française au dix-huitième siècle*, 2nd ed., 1876, vol. x. p. 370 f.

it is His divine will, it will succeed, and if not, then I am content also—at least I shall have done my part. When all this has been set going and if all turns out as I wish, you too must do your part, or the whole work would be incomplete—I trust to your kindness to do so. Only don't indulge in unnecessary conjectures now. I only wanted to beg one favour of you beforehand, which is, not to ask me to reveal my thoughts more clearly, until it is time to do so.

As for the opera, matters are as follows. It is very difficult to find a good libretto. The old ones, which are the best, are not adapted to the modern style and the new ones are all quite useless. For poetry, the only thing of which the French have had reason to be proud, becomes worse every day—and yet the poetry is the one thing which must be good here, as they do not understand music. There are now two operas in aria which I might compose. One en deux actes, and the other en trois. The one en deux is "Alexandre et Roxane"—but the poet who is writing the libretto is still in the country; the one en trois is a translation of Demofonte (by Metastasio) interlarded with choruses and dances and altogether adapted to the French stage.¹ Of this one too I have not yet been able to get a glimpse.

Write and tell me whether you have Schröter's² concertos in Salzburg—and Hüllmandel's³ sonatas? If not, I

¹ Mozart did not compose this opera, but both Cherubini in 1788 and Johann Christoph Vogel in 1789 wrote a "Démophon".

² Johann Samuel Schröter (1750-1788), a brother of the famous singer, Corona Schröter, became a well-known clavier-player and composer. He came to London in 1772 and remained in England until his death. The work to which Mozart refers is "Six concertos for the harpsichord with an accompaniment for two violins and bass, Op. 3", which were published in London in 1778. Mozart wrote cadenzas for three of these concertos. See Köchel, p. 822 ff.

³ Nikolaus Joseph Hüllmandel (1751-1823), born in Strassburg, was trained by C. P. E. Bach. He came to London in 1771, and after spending

should like to buy them and send them to you. Both works are very fine. As for Versailles, I never thought of going there. I asked Baron Grimm and some other good friends for their advice and they all thought as I did. The salary is small and I should have to pine for six months of the year in a place where nothing else can be earned and where my talent would be buried. Whoever enters the King's service, is forgotten in Paris—and then, to be an organist! I should very much like a good appointment, but it must be a Kapellmeister's and a well-paid one too. Now, farewell. Take care of your health; put your trust in God—it is there you will find consolation. My dear mother is in the hands of the Almighty. If He still spares her, as I hope He will, we shall thank Him for this blessing. But if it is His will to take her to Himself, all our fears and sorrows and all our despair can be of no avail. Let us rather resign ourselves with fortitude to His divine will, fully convinced that it will be for our good—for He does nothing without a cause. Farewell, then, dearest Papa, take care of your health for my sake. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(312) *Mozart to the Abbé Bullinger, Salzburg*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MOST BELOVED FRIEND!

PARIS, le 3 juillet, 1778

For you alone.

Mourn with me, my friend! This has been the saddest day of my life—I am writing this at two o'clock in the some time in France, settled in England as clavierist and teacher. He composed a large number of sonatas for the harpsichord with and without violin accompaniment.

morning.¹ I have to tell you that my mother, my dear mother, is no more! God has called her to Himself. It was His will to take her, that I saw clearly—so I resigned myself to His will. He gave her to me, so He was able to take her away from me. Only think of all my anxiety, the fears and sorrows I have had to endure for the last fortnight. She was quite unconscious at the time of her death—her life flickered out like a candle. Three days before her death she made her confession, partook of the Sacrament and received extreme unction. During the last three days, however, she was constantly delirious, and to-day at twenty-one minutes past five o'clock the death agony began and she lost all sensation and consciousness. I pressed her hand and spoke to her—but she did not see me, she did not hear me and all feeling was gone. She lay thus until she expired five hours later at twenty-one minutes past ten. No one was present but myself, Herr Heina (a kind friend whom my father knows) and the nurse. It is quite impossible for me to describe to-day the whole course of her illness, but I am firmly convinced that she was bound to die and that God had so ordained it. All I ask of you at present is to act the part of a true friend, by preparing my poor father very gently for this sad news. I have written to him by this post, but only to say that she is seriously ill; and now I shall wait for his answer and be guided by it. May God give him strength and courage! O my friend! Not only am I now comforted, but I have been comforted for some time. By the mercy of God I have borne it all with fortitude and composure. When her illness became dangerous, I prayed to God for two things only—a happy death for her, and strength and courage for myself; and God in His goodness heard my prayer and gave me those two blessings in the richest measure. I beg you, therefore, most beloved friend, watch

¹ July 4th.

over my father for me and try to give him courage so that, when he hears the worst, he may not take it too hardly. I commend my sister to you also with all my heart. Go to them both at once, I implore you—but do not tell them yet that she is dead—just prepare them for it. Do what you think best—use every means to comfort them—but so act that my mind may be relieved—and that I may not have to dread another blow. Watch over my dear father and my dear sister for me. Send me a reply at once, I entreat you. Adieu. I remain your most obedient and grateful servant

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

As a precaution I send you my address:

rue du Gros Chenet,

vis-à-vis celle du Croissant,

à l'Hôtel des quatre fils Aymon.

(313) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! PARIS, le 9 juillet, 1778

I hope that you are now prepared to hear with fortitude one of the saddest and most painful stories; indeed my last letter of the 3rd will have told you that no good news could be hoped for. On that very same day, the 3rd, at twenty-one minutes past ten at night my mother fell asleep peacefully in the Lord; indeed, when I wrote to you, she was already enjoying the blessings of Heaven—for all was then over. I wrote to you during that night and I hope that you and my dear sister will forgive me for this slight but very necessary deception; for as I judged from my own grief and sorrow what yours would be, I could not indeed bring myself suddenly to shock you with this dreadful news! But I hope that you have now sum-

moned up courage to hear the worst, and that after you have at first given way to natural, and only too well justified tears and anguish, you will eventually resign yourself to the will of God and worship His unsearchable, unfathomable and all-wise providence. You will easily conceive what I have had to bear—what courage and fortitude I have needed to endure calmly as things grew gradually and steadily worse. And yet God in His goodness gave me grace to do so. I have, indeed, suffered and wept enough—but what did it avail? So I have tried to console myself: and please do so too, my dear father, my dear sister! Weep, weep, as you cannot fail to, but take comfort at last. Remember that Almighty God willed it thus—and how can we rebel against Him? Let us rather pray to Him, and thank Him for His goodness, for she died a happy death. In those distressing moments, there were three things that consoled me—my entire and steadfast submission to the will of God, and the sight of her very easy and beautiful death which made me feel that in a moment she had become so happy; for how much happier is she now than we are! Indeed I wished at that moment to depart with her. From this wish and longing proceeded finally my third source of consolation—the thought that she is not lost to us for ever—that we shall see her again—that we shall live together far more happily and blissfully than ever in this world. We do not yet know when it will be—but that does not disturb me; when God wills it, I am ready. Well, His heavenly and most holy will has been fulfilled. Let us therefore say a devout Paternoster for her soul and turn our thoughts to other matters, for all things have their appropriate time. I am writing this in the house of Madame D'Épinay and M. Grimm, with whom I am now living. I have a pretty little room with a very pleasant view and, so far as my condition permits, I am happy. It will be a great help to restoring my tran-

quillity to hear that my dear father and sister are submitting wholly and with calmness and fortitude to the will of God—are trusting Him with their whole heart in the firm belief that He orders all things for the best. My dearest father! Do not give way! Dearest sister! Be firm! You do not as yet know your brother's good heart—for he has not yet been able to prove it. My two loved ones! Take care of your health. Remember that you have a son, a brother, who is doing his utmost to make you happy—knowing well that one day you will not refuse to grant him his desire and his happiness—which certainly does him honour, and that you also will do everything in your power to make him happy. Oh, then we shall live together as peacefully, honourably and contentedly as is possible in this world—and in the end, when God wills it, we shall all meet again in Heaven—for which purpose we were destined and created.

I have received your last letter of the 29th and see with pleasure that you are both, thank God, in good health. I had to laugh heartily about Haydn's tipsy fit. If I had been there, I should certainly have whispered in his ear "*Adlgasser!*" It is really disgraceful that such an able man should through his own fault render himself incapable of performing his duties—at a service instituted in honour of God—in the presence of the Archbishop too and the whole court—and with the church full of people. How disgusting! That is one of my chief reasons for detesting Salzburg—those coarse, slovenly, dissolute court musicians. Why, no honest man, of good breeding, could possibly live with them! Indeed, instead of wanting to associate with them, he would feel ashamed of them. It is probably for this very reason that musicians are neither popular nor respected among us. Ah, if only the orchestra were organised as they are at Mannheim. Indeed I would like you to see the discipline which prevails there and the

authority which Cannabich wields. There everything is done seriously. Cannabich, who is the best conductor I have ever seen, is both beloved and feared by his subordinates. Moreover he is respected by the whole town and so are his soldiers. But certainly they behave quite differently from ours. They have good manners, are well dressed and do not go to public-houses and swill.¹ This can never be the case in Salzburg, unless the Prince will trust you or me and give us full authority *as far as the music is concerned*—otherwise it's no good. In Salzburg everyone—or rather no one—bothers about the music. If I were to undertake it, I should have to have complete freedom of action. The Chief Steward should have nothing to say to me in musical matters, or on any point relating to music. For a courtier can't do the work of a Kapellmeister, but a Kapellmeister can well be a courtier. A propos, the Elector is back in Mannheim. Madame Cannabich and her husband too correspond with me. If what I dread does not happen—and it would be a thousand pities if it did—if, I mean, the orchestra is not to be considerably reduced—I still cherish some hope. You know that there is nothing I desire more than a good appointment, good in its standing and good in money—no matter where—provided it be in a Catholic country. You acted most skilfully, indeed like Ulysses, throughout the whole affair with Count Starnbock;² only continue as you have begun and do not allow yourself to be hoodwinked—and be especially on your guard, should you by any chance have to talk to that crested goose.³ I know her, and, believe me, she has pepper in her head and heart, even though she has sugar and honey in her mug. It is quite natural <that the whole affair should

¹ During the Mozarts' first visit to Mannheim in 1763 Leopold Mozart expressed the same appreciation of the Mannheim orchestra. Cp. p. 35.

² Count Josef Starhemberg, canon of the Salzburg cathedral. See p. 819 f.

³ The Countess von Wallis. See p. 821, n. 1.

still be in an unsettled state, and many points must be conceded before I could accept the offer; while, even if they were, I should still prefer to be anywhere than in Salzburg.) But I need not worry, for it is <highly improbable that all I ask will be granted, as I am asking a great deal.> Yet nothing is impossible; and <if everything were properly organised, I should no longer hesitate>—if only to have the happiness <of being with you. If the people of Salzburg want to have me, then they must fall in with all my wishes—or they will certainly never get me.> So the Abbot of Baumburg has died the usual abbot's death! I had not heard that the Abbot of the Heiligkreuz Monastery was also dead. I am very sorry to hear it. He was a good, honest fellow. So you did not think that Dean Zeschinger would be made abbot? Upon my honour I never imagined anything else; indeed, I do not know who else could have got it; and for music what better abbot could they have? So the young lady's daily walk with her faithful lacquey did lead to something after all? They lost no time indeed and have not been idle. Idleness is the mother of all vices. So amateur theatricals have been started? How long will they last, I wonder?¹ Countess Lodron, I daresay, will never again ask for such concerts. Why, Czernin is but a young puppy and Brunetti a thoroughly ill-bred fellow. My friend Raaff is leaving here to-morrow. He is going via Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa—and thence to Mannheim, when he is immediately to inform me of his arrival, for we mean to correspond. He sends his greetings to you and my sister, although he does not know you. You say that you have heard nothing more for a long time about my pupil in composition; that is so, but what am I to say about her? She will never be a composer—all my trouble is in vain, for she is not only thoroughly stupid,

¹ These comments refer to passages in his father's letter of June 29th, which for lack of space have had to be omitted.

but also thoroughly lazy. In my last letter I replied about the opera. As for Noverre's ballet, all that I ever told you was that he might perhaps design a new one. He only needed half a ballet and for this I composed the music. Six pieces in it are composed by others and are made up entirely of wretched old French airs, while the *ouverture* and *contredanses*, about twelve pieces in all, have been contributed by me.¹ This ballet has already been performed four times² with the greatest applause. But I am now determined not to compose anything more, unless I know beforehand what I am going to get for it; for what I did was only an act of friendship to Noverre. Herr Wendling left Paris on the last day of May. If I were to see Baron Bagge, I should have to have very good eyes, for he is not here, but in London. Is it possible that I have not told you this already? You will find that in future I shall answer all your letters very accurately. It is said that Baron Bagge will soon return. I should be glad of that—for many reasons—but especially because his house will always afford an opportunity of trying over some really good music. Kapellmeister Bach³ too will be here soon. I believe he is going to compose an opera. The French are and always will be asses, and as they can do nothing themselves, they are obliged to have recourse to foreigners. I spoke to Piccinni at the Concert Spirituel. He is most polite to me and I to him when—by chance—we do meet. Otherwise I do not seek acquaintanceship, either with him or with any other composer. I understand my job—and so do they—and that is enough. I told you

¹ K. App. 10. Mozart wrote the music for the ballet "*Les petits riens*" which was introduced into Piccinni's opera "*Le finte gemelle*", performed on June 11th, 1778. Noverre, the designer of the ballet, was quoted as the composer. The autograph was found by Victor Wilder in 1872 in the Library of the Paris Opéra. See Köchel, p. 379.

² It was performed six times during June and July.

³ Johann Christian Bach. His opera "*Amadis des Gaules*" was produced in Paris on December 14th, 1779.

already that my symphony at the Concert Spirituel was a tremendous success. If I am commissioned to compose an opera, I shall have annoyance in plenty, but that I shall not mind very much, for I am pretty well inured to it; if only that confounded French tongue were not so detestable for music. It really is hopeless; even German is divine in comparison. And then the men and women singers! Indeed they hardly deserve the name, for they don't sing—they yell—howl—and that too with all their might, through their noses and throats. For next Lent I have to compose a French oratorio¹ which is to be performed at the Concert Spirituel. Monsieur le Gros, the Director, is amazingly taken with me. You must know that, although I used to be with him every day, I have not been near him since Easter; I felt so indignant at his not having performed my *sinfonia concertante*. I often went to the same house to visit Monsieur Raaff and each time I had to pass his rooms. His servants and maids often saw me and I always sent him my compliments. It is really a pity that he did not perform it, as it would have made a great hit—but now he no longer has an opportunity of doing so, for where could four such players be found to perform it? One day, when I went to call on Raaff, I was told that he was out but would certainly be home very soon and I therefore waited. M. Le Gros came into the room and said: "It is really quite wonderful to have the pleasure of seeing you again". "Yes, I have a great deal to do." "I hope you will stay to lunch with us to-day?" "I am very sorry but I am already engaged." "M. Mozart, we really must spend a day together again soon." "That will give me much pleasure." A long pause; at length, "A propos. Will you not write a grand symphony for me for Corpus Christi?" "Why not?" "Can I then rely on this?" "Oh yes, if I may

¹ There is no trace of this work. Probably this plan, like those for two French operas, was never carried out.

rely with certainty on its being performed, and that it will not have the same fate as my *sinfonia concertante*." Then the dance began. He excused himself as well as he could, but did not find much to say. In short, the symphony was highly approved of—and Le Gros is so pleased with it that he says it is his very best symphony. But the *Andante* has not had the good fortune to win his approval; he declares that it has too many modulations and that it is too long. He derives this opinion, however, from the fact that the audience forgot to clap their hands as loudly and to shout as much as they did at the end of the first and last movements. For indeed the *Andante* is a great favourite with myself and with all connoisseurs, lovers of music and the majority of those who have heard it. It is just the reverse of what Le Gros says—for it is quite simple and short. But in order to satisfy him (and, as he maintains, some others) I have composed a fresh *Andante*—each is good in its own way—for each has a different character. But the last pleases me even more.¹ On the first possible occasion I shall send you this symphony and also the "*Violinschule*",² some pieces for the clavier, and Vogler's book *Tonwissenschaft und Tonsezkunst*;³ I shall then want to hear what you think of them. On August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption, my symphony with the new *Andante* is to be performed for the second time. The symphony is in Re, and the *Andante* in Sol, for here you must not say D or G. Le Gros is now heart and soul for me. Well, it is time for me to think of closing this letter. When you write, perhaps it would be better to

¹ Two slow movements of the Paris symphony, K. 297, have been preserved, one in two variant forms in Mozart's autograph score, another in the printed edition of the parts published by Sieber in Paris. The former is the one which is generally performed. Which is the earlier and which is the later is still a matter of dispute.

² The French translation of Leopold Mozart's *Violinschule*. See p. 805, n. 1.

³ See p. 654, n. 1.

address your letter: *Chez M. le Baron de Grimm, Chaussée d'Antin, près le Boulevard*. M. Grimm is writing to you very soon. He and Madame D'Épinay send their greetings to you both as well as their heartfelt condolences. They feel sure, however, that you will be able to face calmly an event which cannot be altered. Take comfort and pray without ceasing—that is the only resource which is left to us. Oh yes! I wanted to ask you to have Holy Masses read at Maria-Plain and Loreto. I have made arrangements here. As for the letter of recommendation to Herr Beer,¹ I don't think it is necessary to send it to me; so far I have not made his acquaintance; I only know that he is an excellent clarinet player, but in other respects a dissolute sort of fellow. I really do not like to associate with such people, as it does one no credit; and, frankly, I should not like to give him a letter of recommendation—indeed I should feel positively ashamed to do so—even if he could do something for me! But, as it is, he is by no means respected here—and a great many people do not know him at all. Of the two Stamitz brothers only the younger one is here, the elder (the real composer à la Hafeneder) is in London.² They indeed are two wretched scribblers, gamblers, swillers and adulterers—not the kind of people for me. The one who is here has scarcely a decent coat to his back. A propos, if by any chance Brunetti were to be dismissed, I should very much like to recommend a good friend of mine to the Archbishop as first violin; he is a most worthy fellow, and very steady. I should take him to be forty, and he is a widower. Rothfischer³ is his name. He is Konzertmeister at Kirchheim-Bolanden in the service of the Princess of Nassau-Weilburg. Between ourselves, he is dissatisfied—for the Prince does not like him, or rather, does not like *his music*.

¹ See p. 823, n. 4.

² See p. 790, n. 1.

³ Paul Rothfischer. See p. 678, n. 2.

He has urged me most earnestly to do something for him—and indeed it would give me real pleasure to help him. For he is one of the best fellows. Adieu. I kiss your hands 100000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(314) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *July 13th, 1778*

MY DEAR WIFE AND MY DEAR SON!

I am writing to-day so that my letter may reach you a few days before my dear wife's name-day.¹ I wish her millions of happinesses and congratulate her on being able to celebrate it once more, and I pray to Almighty God that He may send her many happy returns with good health and as much good fortune as is possible on this changeable stage of the world. I am absolutely convinced that if she is to be really happy she must have her husband and her daughter. God in His unsearchable wisdom and His most holy providence will order all things for our good. Would you have thought a year ago that you would be spending your next name-day in Paris? However incredible this would then have seemed to many, though indeed not to ourselves, it is just as possible that before we expect it, we may all with God's help be reunited; for it is only this separation which gnaws at my heart, I mean, to be separated from you, *and to be living so very far off*. Otherwise, thank God, we are well. We both miss you and Wolfgang millions of times and implore you to take the very greatest care of your health.

I wrote the above yesterday, July 12th, and to-day, the

¹ July 26th.

13th, this very moment, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, I have received your distressing letter of July 3rd. You can imagine what we are both feeling like. We wept so bitterly that we could scarcely read the letter—and your sister! Great God in Thy mercy! Thy most holy will be done! My dear son! Though I am resigning myself as far as possible to the will of God, you will surely find it quite human and natural that my tears almost prevent me from writing. And after all, what conclusion am I to draw? Why, none other than this, that this very moment as I write, she is probably gone—or that she has recovered, for you wrote to me on the 3rd, and to-day is the 13th. You say that after the blood-letting she felt quite well, but that a few days later she complained of shivering and feverishness. The last letter from both of you was dated June 12th and in it your mother said: "*I was bled yesterday*". So that was on the 11th—and why was it done on a Saturday?—on a fast day? Well, I assume that she had eaten some meat. She waited far too long to be bled. Knowing her as I do, I am aware that she likes to postpone everything from one day to the next, and especially in a strange place, where she would have first to make enquiries about a surgeon. Well, it has been done—and there is no help for it now. I have complete confidence in your filial love, and know that you have taken all possible care of your *devoted* mother, and if God still spares her, you will always do so; for she is a *good* mother and *you were the apple of her eye*. She was immensely attached to you, she was inordinately proud of you and (I know this better than you do) was absolutely bound up in your welfare. But if all our hopes are vain! If we have lost her!—Great God! *Then, indeed, you do need friends, honest friends!* Otherwise you will be ruined as far as your possessions are concerned—what with the funeral expenses, and so forth. Great Heavens! There are innumerable expenses about which



MICHAEL HAYDN

From an engraving by J. F. Schroter
(Städtisches Museum, Salzburg)

you know absolutely nothing. People deceive, overcharge, delude a stranger, lure him into unnecessary extravagance and, if he has no honest friends, squeeze him dry. You can have no conception of it. If this misfortune has befallen you, ask Baron Grimm to let you bring all your mother's effects to him to keep, so that you may not have so many things to look after; or else lock up everything carefully, for, since for whole days at a time you are not at home, people might easily break into your room and rob you. God grant that all my precaution is unnecessary; but here you will recognise your father. My dear wife! my dear son! As she fell ill a few days after the blood-letting, she must have been suffering since June 16th or 17th. Surely you waited too long. She hoped to cure herself by resting in bed—by dieting—by treating herself. I know how it is. One hopes and postpones from day to day. Almighty God! We are in Thy hands.

I congratulate you on having got through the Concert Spirituel so successfully with your symphony. I can imagine your nervousness. Your determination to dash into the orchestra if the performance had not gone off well, was surely only a wild idea. God forbid! You must put all such fancies out of your head, for they are wholly injudicious. Such a step might cost you your life, which no man in his senses risks for a symphony. Such an insult—and, what is more, a public insult, not only a *Frenchman*, but everyone who values his honour would and ought to avenge, sword in hand. An Italian would say nothing; he would lie in wait for you at a street corner and shoot you dead. I began this letter with my wishes—and Nannerl wanted to close it with hers. But, as you can imagine, she is incapable of writing a single word. For it is like this; when she tries to write—each stroke, each letter brings tears to her eyes. You, her dear brother, must take her place, if you can still do so, as we hope and trust

you can. Alas, you cannot do so any longer! Your mother has passed away! You try too earnestly to console me. No one does that so zealously if he is not driven to do so by the loss of all human hope or by the event itself. I am now going to lunch, but indeed I have very little appetite.

I am writing this at half past three in the afternoon. I know now that my dear wife is in heaven. I write with tears in my eyes, but in complete submission to the will of God! As the church consecration took place at Holy Trinity yesterday, our usual shooting was postponed until to-day. I couldn't and didn't want to cancel it at such a late hour. We ate very little. Nannerl, who before lunch had wept copiously, had to vomit; she started a dreadful headache and afterwards lay down on her bed. Bullinger found us in the most distressing state, as did all the others. Without a word I gave him your letter to read; he acted his part very well and asked me what I thought. I replied that I was convinced that my dear wife had died already. He said that indeed he was inclined to think so himself; he urged me to take comfort, and being a true friend, he told me all that I had already *thought to myself*. I tried hard to be cheerful, and to resign myself to God's most holy will. We finished our shooting and all our friends went away feeling very sad. Bullinger stayed with me, and asked me quietly whether I thought that there was any hope for her in the condition which you had described. I replied that I was convinced not only that she was now dead but that she had died on the day you wrote to me, that I was submitting to the will of God and must remember that *I still had two children, who I hoped would continue to love me, seeing that I lived only for their sakes*; that I was so firmly persuaded that she was gone that I had even sent off a letter to you, reminding you and urging you to take care of her possessions and so forth. Whereupon he said: "*Yes, she is dead*". As he said

this, the scales fell from my eyes. So you had doubtless written the truth to Bullinger at the same time as I was reading your letter to me, which had really stunned me. At first I was too dejected to be able to collect my thoughts; and even now I do not know what to say. You may be quite easy in your mind about me; I shall play the man. But do not forget how tenderly loving was your mother—and you will only realise now how she cared for you—just as later on when I am gone you will love me more and more. If you love me, *as I do not doubt you do*, take care of your health. *On yours depend my life* and the future support of your excellent sister who loves you with all her heart. It is mysteriously sad when death severs a very happy marriage—you have to experience it before you can realise it. *Tell me everything in detail*. Perhaps she wasn't bled sufficiently? It is quite certain that she trusted too much to her strength and called in the doctor much too late. In the meantime the internal inflammation must have gained the upper hand. *Take care of your health!* If you do not, you will make us all unhappy! Nannerl doesn't know yet about Bullinger's letter. But I have prepared her so that she now suspects that her most beloved mother is dead. Write to me soon—tell me everything—what day she was buried—where? Great God! To think that I shall have to go to Paris to see her grave! We both embrace you with all our heart. I must close. The post is going.

Your honest and grievously distressed father

MOZART

Make sure that none of your possessions are lost.

¹ Frau Mozart was buried in the cemetery of St.-Eustache. For her death certificate see Abert, vol. ii., p. 905.

(315) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autographs in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, and in the Library of the University of Prague*]

PARIS, ce 18 juillet, 1778

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I hope you have safely received my last two letters. We will not talk any more about their chief contents. It is all over now; and were we to cover whole pages, we couldn't alter it! The principal object of this letter is to congratulate my dear sister on her name-day. But first of all, I must have a little chat with you. A fine style this, isn't it? But, patience—I am not in the mood to-day to write more elegantly. You will have to be satisfied if you succeed in more or less understanding what I am trying to say. I think I told you already that M. Raaff had left Paris; but that he is my true and very special friend, on whose friendship I can absolutely rely, this I can't possibly have told you, for I myself didn't know that his affection for me was so deep. Now, to tell a tale properly, one ought to roll it off from the beginning. You must know, therefore, that Raaff lodged with M. Le Gros. Why, that reminds me, you do know this already!¹ But what am I to do? It's written, and I simply can't begin this letter over again; so let's get on. When he arrived we all happened to be at table. This, too, has nothing to do with the case; it is only to let you know that in Paris too we sit down to table as we do elsewhere; and, after all, the midday meal at Le Gros's is much more relevant to my tale of friendship than the coffee-houses and drummers to a description of a musical journey.² When I went there the

¹ See p. 770.

² Possibly a reference to Charles Burney, whose musical travels, with their constant references to military band performances and occasional notes on taverns, had been translated into German in 1772–1773 by Ebeling und Bode (*Tagebuch einer musikalischen Reise*).

following day there was a letter for me from Herr Weber, which Raaff had brought. Now if I wished to deserve the name of historian, I ought to insert here the contents of this letter; and I may say that I am very reluctant to keep them back. But I must not be too long-winded. Brevity is most admirable, as you can see by my letter! The third day I found Raaff at home and thanked him; for, to be sure, it's a good thing to be polite! I have forgotten what we talked about. That historian must be a very clumsy fellow who cannot forthwith supply some falsehood—I mean, romance a bit. Well, we chatted about—the fine weather; and when we had talked ourselves out, we were silent—and I went off. A few days later—I forget which day it was—anyhow, on some day of the week, I happened to be seated at the clavier—at the clavier, I say—and Ritter, our good wood-biter, was sitting beside me. Now, what is to be deduced from that? A great deal. Raaff had never heard me play at Mannheim, except at the concert, where the noise and uproar was so great that nothing could be heard—and he himself has such a miserable clavier that I could not have done myself justice on it. Here, however, at Le Gros's the chopping-board is good; and I saw Raaff sitting opposite me, quite lost in thought. So, as you may imagine, I preluded in the manner of Fischietti,¹ played off a galanterie sonata in the style and with the fire, spirit and precision of Haydn,² and then played fugues with all the skill of a Lipp, Hülber and Aman.³ My fugal playing has won me everywhere the greatest reputation! Well, when I had finished playing (while Raaff kept on shouting "Bravo" and showing by his expression his true and sincere delight) I dropped into conversation with Ritter

¹ Domenico Fischietti (c. 1725–c. 1810), born in Naples, was Kapellmeister in Dresden from 1765 until 1772, when he was appointed Kapellmeister in Salzburg, a post which he held until 1783. He composed a good deal of church music and some operas.

² Michael Haydn.

³ This sentence is ironical.

and among other things said that I was not very happy here; and I added: "The chief reason is, of course, the music. Besides, I can find no soulagement here, no recreation, no pleasant and sociable intercourse with anyone, especially with women, as most of them are prostitutes and the few who are not, have no savoir vivre." Ritter could not deny that I was right. Raaff then said with a smile: "Yes, I can quite believe it—for Herr Mozart is only *partly* here—that is, when it comes to admiring all the Parisian beauties. One half of him is elsewhere—where I have just come from." This of course gave rise to much laughing and joking. In the end Raaff became quite serious and said: "But you are right and I cannot blame you. She deserves it, for she is a charming, pretty, honourable girl and has excellent manners; besides, she is clever and is really very talented." This gave me an excellent opportunity to recommend to him with all my heart my beloved Mlle Weber; but it was really not necessary for me to say much, as he was already very much taken with her. He promised, as soon as he returned to Mannheim, to give her lessons and to take an interest in her. I ought, by rights, to insert something at this point, but I really must finish my tale of friendship; if there is still room, I may do so. Well, in my eyes Raaff was still only an everyday acquaintance and nothing more; but I often went to see him in his room and I began gradually to confide in him more and more. I told him my whole story about Mannheim and how I had been led by the nose, adding every time that perhaps I might still get an appointment there. He said neither yes nor no and, whenever I mentioned the matter, he always seemed to be more indifferent than interested. At last, however, I thought I noticed more cordiality in his manner, and indeed he often began to talk about my affair himself. I introduced him to M. Grimm and Madame D'Épinay. On one

occasion he came and told me that he and I were to lunch on such and such a day with Count Sickingen, and added: "The Count and I were talking together, and I said to him: 'A propos, has Your Excellency heard our Herr Mozart?' 'No, but I should very much like both to see and hear him, for people have been writing most astonishing things about him from Mannheim.' 'Well, when Your Excellency does hear him, you will realise that what has been written to you is not too much, but too little.' 'Is it possible?' 'Yes, most certainly, Your Excellency.' " Well, this was the first time that I noticed that Raaff was really interested in me. Then we became more friendly, and one day I brought him back to my room; after that he often came of his own accord—and finally he came every day. The morning after his departure a handsome man came to my room with a picture and said, "Monsieur, je viens de la part de ce monsieur"—and showed me a portrait of Raaff, an excellent likeness. Presently he began to talk German; and it turned out that he was a painter of the Elector's, whom Raaff had often mentioned to me, but to whose house he had always forgotten to take me; and his name—I believe you know him, for he must be the very person whom Mademoiselle Ursprünger of Mainz spoke of in her letter, as he says that he saw us all at the Ursprüngers¹—his name is Kymli.² He is a most kind and amiable man, upright, honourable and a good Christian, the best proof of which is his friendship with Raaff. Now comes the main evidence that Raaff is fond of me and is really interested in me—inasmuch as he discloses his real

¹ The Mozart family passed through Mainz in August 1763. Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 23, mentions the Ursprünger family. Franziska Ursprünger was the prima donna at Mainz.

² Franz Peter Joseph Kymli (c. 1748–c. 1813), a native of Mannheim. Helped by the Elector Karl Theodor he went to Paris in 1775 to study painting and on his return was appointed court painter at Mannheim. During the years 1779–1787 he exhibited his portraits and miniatures in Paris. Most of his works are to be found at Nuremberg, Stuttgart and Mannheim.

intentions rather to those whom he can trust than to the person immediately concerned, since he is slow to promise anything unless he is sure of a happy issue. For that is what Kymli told me. Raaff had asked him to call on me and to show me his portrait. He was to come and see me very often, to assist me in every way, and to establish an intimate friendship with me. It seems that Raaff used to go to Kymli every morning and that he said repeatedly: "I was at our Herr Mozart's again yesterday evening. He really is a devilishly clever little fellow—quite a phenomenon——" and that he never ceased praising me. He told Kymli all, my whole Mannheim story—everything in fact. So now you see, people who are high-principled, religious and well-conducted always like each other. Kymli says I may rest assured that I am in good hands. "Raaff", he tells me, "will certainly do his best for you; and he is a wise man, who will manage things cleverly; he won't say that you want it, but rather that the Mannheim people should do so. Moreover he is on very good terms with the Chief Equerry. Depend upon it, he'll never give in, so just let him go ahead."

A propos, there is one thing more. Padre Martini's letter to Raaff, in which he praises me, must have gone astray; for Raaff has not heard from him for a long time, and in none of his previous letters was I ever mentioned. Possibly it is still lying in Mannheim, but this is unlikely, as I know for a positive fact that during his stay in Paris all his letters were forwarded to him regularly. Now since the Elector rightly thinks a lot of the Padre Maestro's opinion, I believe it would be a very good thing if you would be so kind as to ask him to send another letter about me to Raaff. It would surely be of use; and good Padre Martini would not hesitate to do me this kindness twice over, as he knows well that in so doing he might make my fortune. It is to be hoped that he will

write in such a manner that Raaff can show the letter, if need be, to the Elector. Enough of this. I trust that all will turn out well, so that I may soon have the joy of embracing my dear father and my dear sister. Oh, how happily and contentedly we shall live together! With all my strength I pray to God to grant me this favour! Sometime, please God, things must take a different turn. Meanwhile in the fond hope that the day will come—and the sooner the better—when we shall all be happy, I intend, in God's name, to persevere in my life *here*, which is totally opposed to my genius, inclinations, knowledge and sympathies. Believe me, this is only too true. I am telling you nothing but the truth. If I were to give you all my reasons, I should write my fingers crooked; and it would do no good. For here I am and I must just do my best. God grant only that I may not impair my talents by staying here; but I hope that it won't last long enough for that. God grant it!

A propos, an ecclesiastic came to see me the other day. He used to be choir-master at St. Peter's in Salzburg, and knows you very well. His name is Lendorff. You will probably have forgotten him. He gives clavier lessons here—in Paris. By the way, you will soon shudder at the very mention of Paris, won't you? I strongly recommend him to the Archbishop as organist. He says he would be satisfied with 300 gulden.

Now farewell. Take care of your health. Keep up your good spirits. Just think that perhaps you will soon have the pleasure of tossing off a good glass of Rhine wine with your son—your truly happy son. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and remain as long as I breathe your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

All sorts of messages to my best friend Bullinger.

(315a) *Mozart to his Sister*

DEAREST SISTER!

Your name-day has arrived! I know that you, like myself, do not care about a lot of words and that you realise that not only to-day but every day I wish you with all my heart all the happiness you desire—and that too as sincerely as is to be expected from a true brother, who loves his sister.

I am sorry not to be able to send you a present of a musical composition, such as I did a few years ago. But let us hope that the happy future is not far off when a brother and sister, so united and affectionate, will be able to talk to one another and tell one another all their most intimate thoughts and feelings. Meanwhile farewell—and love me, as I do you. I embrace you with all my heart, with all my soul, and ever remain your sincere—your true brother

W. MOZART¹(315b) *Mozart to his Father*

July 20th

Please forgive me for being so late in sending my congratulations. But I wanted to present my sister with a little Preambulum.² The manner of playing it I leave to her own feeling. This is not the kind of Prelude which passes from one key into another, but only a sort of Capriccio, with which to try a clavier. My sonatas³ will soon be engraved. Up to the present everyone has refused to give me what I asked for them, so in the end I shall

¹ The autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, ends here. The autograph of the remaining portion of this letter is in the Library of the University of Prague.

² Possibly K. 395. See Saint-Foix, vol. iii. p. 98 f. But compare Köchel, pp. 387 and 983.

³ Mozart's violin sonatas, K. 301-306. They were engraved by Sieber.

have to give in and let them go for fifteen louis d'or. It is the best way too to make my name known here. As soon as they are ready, I shall send them to you by some carefully thought-out means (and as economically as possible), together with your "Violinschule",¹ Vogler's book on composition,² Hüllmandel's sonatas,³ Schröter's concertos,⁴ a few of my clavier sonatas,⁵ the symphony I composed for the Concert Spirituel,⁶ my sinfonia concertante,⁷ two flute quartets⁸ and my concerto for harp and flute.⁹

Well, what are you hearing about the war? For the last three days I have been dreadfully sad and depressed. True, it doesn't really concern me, but I am so sensitive, that I immediately feel interested in any matter. I hear that the <Emperor> has been defeated. First of all, it was reported that the <King of Prussia> had surprised <him>, or rather that he had surprised the troops commanded by the <Archduke Maximilian;> that two thousand had fallen on the <Austrian> side; that fortunately the <Emperor> had come to his assistance with forty thousand men, but had been forced to retreat. Secondly, it was said that <the King> had attacked the <Emperor> and completely surrounded him and that if General <Laudon>¹⁰ had not come to his rescue with eighteen hundred cuirassiers, he would have been taken prisoner; that sixteen hundred cuirassiers had been killed and <Laudon> himself shot dead. But I have not seen this in any newspaper. To-day, however, I was told that the <Emperor> had invaded Saxony with forty thousand men; but I don't know whether this is true. A nice scrawl this, isn't it? I haven't the patience to write

¹ See p. 805, n. 1.² See p. 654, n. 1.³ See p. 827, n. 3.⁴ See p. 827, n. 2.⁵ Probably K. 330, 331, 332. See p. 875, n. 1.⁶ K. 297.⁷ K. App. 9.⁸ K. 285 and 298.⁹ K. 299.¹⁰ Ernst Gideon, Baron von Laudon (1717-1790), who together with Daun retrieved Maria Theresa's losses in 1757 and restored the prestige of the Austrian Empire.

a beautiful hand; and as long as you can read it, it'll do. A propos, I saw in the papers that in a skirmish between the Saxons and Croats a Saxon Captain of Grenadiers, Hopfgarten by name, had lost his life and was deeply mourned. Can this be our good, kind Baron Hopfgarten, whom we knew in Paris with Herr von Bose?¹ I should be very sorry if it were, although indeed I would much rather that he died such a glorious death, than a shameful one—in Paris in bed, for instance, as most young men do in this place. It is almost impossible to find anyone here who has not suffered two or three times—or is not suffering at the moment—from one of these nice diseases. Why, in Paris children are born with them. But this is no news to you. You know it already, but believe me, it is now worse than ever. Adieu.

N.B.—I hope that you will be able to decipher the end of the prelude. As a precaution I am adding a short explanation. In the bass octave c, c, d, f, a and b are kept down with the left hand, until the right hand comes in. The last two notes² in the bass are c, g and octave c and a crotchet f and a once accented e. You need not be very particular about the time. This is a peculiar kind of piece. It's the kind of thing that may be played as you feel inclined. Adieu.

Please congratulate Jungfer Mitzerl from me. Give my greetings to the whole company of marksmen. I should like to give that miserable flunkey twenty-five stripes on his back for not marrying our nice Katherl. Nothing is more shameful, in my opinion, than to make a fool of an honest girl—or perhaps seduce her! But he hasn't done that, I hope! If I were her father, I would soon put a stop to the whole affair.³

¹ See p. 61 f.

² Possibly Mozart means "chords".

³ Mozart refers to a story in his father's letter of June 29th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

(316) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, July 20th, 1778

I am very anxious about your health; and now I shall have to wait until I get a letter from you, as no doubt you will not write until you have received mine of the 13th. Herr Bullinger couldn't write to you that day, as the post always goes at five o'clock. So I could only finish my letter, which will have told you that he carried out his commission very well. He is going to write to you some time soon. You should really have written to me sooner; we are all very anxious on your account. The sorrow and sympathy of the whole town I simply cannot describe. Your dear departed mother was known everywhere from her childhood and was loved by all, for she was friendly to everyone and never offended a soul. Your sister cheers me up, but I now feel very anxious for you. You see that I am sending you some *black powders*. God grant that they may find you in good health. Write and tell me *how much you have had to pay for them*. Where are you now? In the house of Baron de Grimm, I presume. I trust that you have kept safely all your dear Mamma's *clothes and linen—her watch—her ring and her other jewelry*. Later on you will have to pack these carefully in some chest or box and send them home. You can then put in Schröter's concertos (of which I know *only* one, in E \flat) and Hüllmandel's sonatas (which I do not know at all) and also my "Violinschule" in French. If you can give us the pleasure of sending us some of your own compositions, ah, do so! For when will such a convenient opportunity turn up again of sending us something? In that case we should prefer to wait a little. We both kiss you and I am your honest father

M.Z.T.

(317) *Mozart to Fridolin Weber, Mannheim*

[*Autograph in the Goethearchiv, Weimar*]¹

PARIS, ce 29 juillet, 1778

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER ET PLUS CHER AMI!

I have this moment received your letter of July 15th, for which I had been waiting with such longing and about which I had thought so much! Basta! Well, your esteemed letter has restored my peace of mind—save for its chief contents which made my blood boil—so that—but I will stop—you know me, my friend—so you will understand all that I felt when I read it through. I cannot omit to do so—I must reply at once, for I think it is most necessary. Yet I must ask you whether you too received my letter of June 29th? I sent you three—one after another—one dated the 27th, addressed to you direct—one of the 29th, sent to Herr Heckmann and one of the 3rd to the same address.² Now to the point. Didn't I always tell you that the Elector would make his residence in Munich? I have heard already that Count Seeau has been appointed Intendant both for Munich and Mannheim! Well, I have something really important to tell you, which, however, I cannot possibly express in German. You will soon find it out. Meanwhile I hope that, whether the court moves to Munich or remains in Mannheim, your salary will be increased and your daughter will get a good one—so that you may pay off all your debts and that you may all breathe a little more freely. Things must improve in time. If not, well then—our present circumstances are so favourable that we can afford

¹ According to Blümml, p. 118, Friedrich Rochlitz, who had long been collecting material for a biography of Mozart, presented Goethe with this and the following letters.

² There is no trace of these three letters.

to be patient, to wait for a suitable time, and then settle down *somewhere else*, in better surroundings. My friend, if I had the money which many a man, who does not earn it, squanders so disgracefully—how gladly would I then help you! But unfortunately—he who can does not want to and he who wants to cannot! Well, listen. I wanted to use my influence (and perhaps not altogether in vain) to bring you and your daughter to Paris this winter. But the position is as follows: M. Le Gros, Director of the Concert Spirituel, to whom I have already spoken about my friend, your daughter, can't have her here this winter—because he has already engaged Madame Le Brun¹ for the season—and *at the moment* he is not in such a fortunate position as to be able to pay two such singers as they deserve (and I shall *not agree to any other arrangement*). So there is no money to be made here—but this plan will be quite practicable the following winter. I only wanted to tell you that if you really can't endure it any longer—I say, not any longer—you can come to Paris. The journey, food, lodging, wood and light will cost you nothing. However, that is not enough. For allowing that you manage to get through the winter—as there are private concerts and I might perhaps arrange something for you at the Concert des Amateurs—what would you do in the summer? Indeed I am not nervous about the following winter, when you would certainly get an engagement for the Concert Spirituel. Basta, send me your views about this—I shall then undertake to do all I can. Most beloved friend! I am almost ashamed to make you such a proposal—which, even if you were to accept, would be still uncertain—and not so advantageous as you deserve and as I desire! But—just remember that my intention is good—the will is there. I would gladly help but—I look in every direction to see whether something can-

¹ See p. 550, n. 1.

not be arranged and whether it cannot be managed. Wait. I shall see. If what I now have in mind succeeds—but patience—we should never hurry up a thing too much—if so, it goes wrong or does not work out at all. Meanwhile press as hard as you can to have your own salary raised and to get a good one for your daughter. Apply frequently in writing—and mind, if our heroine is to sing at court—and in the meantime you have received no reply, or at least no favourable one to your application—then just don't let her sing—make the excuse of some slight indisposition—do it often—I beg you—and when you have often done so, then all of a sudden let her sing again—and you will see how effective that dodge will be. But you must do it with great subtlety and cunning. You must seem to be extremely sorry that Louisa¹ should be indisposed just when she has to perform. Of course, if you do this three or four times in succession, people will begin to see the joke! and that is just what I want—and when she does sing again, then, of course, you must make it quite clear that she is only doing it to oblige! She must still be slightly indisposed—she is only doing her best to please the Elector—you understand—and, at the same time, she must sing with great passion, with all her heart and soul; and meanwhile you must continue to make known to the world, both verbally and in writing, your complaints, which are only too well justified; and if the Intendant perhaps (or someone else who you know gossips about it) enquires about your daughter's health—tell him as a great secret that it's no wonder—the poor girl suffers from hypochondria, a disease which can hardly be cured in Mannheim—that she has devoted herself to singing with great zest and industry and has really made progress—which nobody can deny—and that unfortunately she now realises that all her trouble and hard work

¹ Aloysia Weber.

have been in vain and that her eagerness and delight to be able to serve His Highness the Elector have been frustrated—and that she would have lost all her love of music too, have neglected herself and really given up singing—had you not said to her: “My daughter, your trouble and hard work have not been in vain. If you are not rewarded here, people will reward you elsewhere—and that too is what I intend. I cannot stand it any longer—I cannot any longer let my child make to me such well-justified reproaches.” And then—suppose he asks you, “Where are you off to?”—tell him, “I don’t know yet. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.” But only do this if you think that all hope is lost—which I cannot possibly believe: because the Elector really cannot keep her dangling any longer—for, when he sees that he can’t get anything out of your daughter, without tossing a salary at her, he will just have to pay her—for he must have her—he really needs her. After all, whom has he got in Mannheim? Franziska Danzi?¹ As sure as I’m writing this, she won’t stay. And in Munich? Why, there he will certainly not find someone at once. For I know Munich in and out; I have been there five times. So he must have her—he cannot let her go—and as for you, your chief complaint must always be—your debts. But now, so that you may not be made a fool of, if it should happen that nothing can be done (which I truly hope will not be the case), you would do well to look about in secret for something permanent, of course, at some court. Rest assured that I too shall do all I can. My idea for yourself is that you should apply privately to Mainz. Why, you were there quite recently. You will at any rate know someone who can—who really can—do something. But for God’s sake don’t mention that Seyler company² to me—I

¹ Madame Le Brun. See p. 550, n. 1.

² One of the leading theatrical companies in Germany, who gave performances in Mainz, Frankfurt and, from 1779 onwards, in Mannheim.

couldn't bear to think that your daughter—or even if she were not your daughter—even if she were only a foundling—I should be very sorry indeed that she with her talent should fall among players—which would mean that she is only good enough to be a stop-gap—for the main thing with the Seylers, indeed with all theatrical companies, is always the play—the singspiel is just put in to give occasional relief to the players now and then—indeed, very often in order to give the actors time and room to change—and generally as a diversion. You must always think of your reputation. I at least always think of mine. Well, there you have my very candid opinion—perhaps you won't like it, but with my friends it is my custom to be sincere. Besides, you can do what you like—I shall never take the liberty of prescribing anything. I shall just advise you as a true friend. You see that I am not entêté that you should remain in Mannheim—I should be quite pleased if you were to go to Mainz—but provided it is with honour and reputation. By Heaven, my joy at going to Mainz would be considerably lessened if I should have to look up your daughter amongst the players—which might easily happen. It is not at all impossible, of course, between ourselves, that I may go to Mainz, I need hardly add, under contract. Only to you, my friend, do I tell my affairs, just as you tell me yours. One thing more. Could you, my friend, bear to have your daughter acting with players in that very same place where Mlle Hellmuth¹ (who cannot be compared with her) has an engagement at court?—and would consequently take precedence of her? Dearest friend—let this be my last, my most drastic argument for preventing it. Well, I am going briefly to sum up all this.

¹ Josepha Hellmuth, *née* Heist, a native of Munich, was a famous singer in her day. She was first a member of the Seyler theatrical company, but after her marriage to Friedrich Hellmuth, tenor and composer at Mainz, she had engagements at Weimar and Gotha and from 1778 onwards held an appointment as singer at the Elector's court at Mainz.

You seem to me (but you must not take this remark amiss) to get very easily depressed—you lose all your courage at a go—you give up hope too quickly—you cannot deny this, for I know your circumstances—they are distressing, it is true, but not at all as distressing as you think. I know how pained and hurt is an honest man when he is forced to run up debts—I know it from experience. But let us look at things in the right way—who is running up these debts? You? No—the Elector is.—If you were to leave to-day and stay away—and never pay your debts—you could not do anything which could more easily be justified,—and no one, not even the Elector himself, would say a word—but—you need not do this—you will certainly find yourself in a position—to be able to pay these debts. I advise you, therefore, to be patient until the winter after next—and meanwhile to do your best to improve your position in Mannheim—and at the same time to try to get another appointment. If either of these alternatives comes off, so much the better; if they do not, then come to Paris the winter after next. By that time I guarantee that you will be able to earn sixty louis d’or at least. At the same time Louisa will have improved in her singing and especially in her acting. In the meantime I shall look about for an opera for her in Italy. When she has sung in one opera there—then she will be launched. If in the meantime Madame Le Brun should come to Mannheim—both of you should make friends with her. For she might be useful to you for London. She is coming here this winter—and when she does, I shall immediately press your case. Although, as I am sure you do not doubt, I should prefer to see you here to-day—rather than to-morrow, yet as a true friend I must dissuade you from coming here—even this winter—in the way I suggested (the only possible way at the moment). First of all, it would be a little uncertain—and then it would not be good for your reputa-

tion to come here without an engagement. Besides, it is not very pleasant to have to be supported by someone else. But indeed, if I were in the fortunate position of being able to entertain you absolutely free of charge, then you could certainly come without the slightest fear that such a procedure would be bad for your reputation—for I swear to you on my honour—that not a soul should know it. Well, I have given my views, my opinions and my advice. Do what you think best. But please do not imagine that I am trying to prevent you from setting out on your travels and to persuade you to stay in Mannheim or to get some engagement in Mainz, simply because I have hopes of getting work in one of these places—I mean, in order to have the pleasure of embracing you very soon. Not at all—it is just because I am convinced that for many reasons it would be advisable for you to wait a little longer. Indeed, most beloved friend, if I could arrange for us to live together in the same place joyfully and happily—that is what I should certainly like best of all—that is what I should prefer—but rest assured that I value your happiness more than my own well-being and pleasure—and that I would sacrifice all my pleasure just to know that you are all happy and cheerful. I have absolute confidence in God Who will surely grant me once more the joy of seeing those whom I love so dearly with all my heart and soul, and perhaps—even of being able to live with them. Be patient, therefore, dearest, most beloved friend—and meanwhile keep on looking out for an engagement. I must now tell you something about my own affairs. You have no idea what a dreadful time I am having here. Everything goes so slowly; and until one is well known—nothing can be done in the matter of composition. In my previous letters I told you how difficult it is to find a good libretto. From my description of the music here you may have gathered that I am not very

happy, and that (between ourselves) I am trying to get away as quickly as possible. Unfortunately Herr Raaff will not be in Mannheim until the end of August. But he is then going to do his best for me, so that perhaps we may hope that something will turn up. If not, I shall very probably go to Mainz. Count Sickingen (at whose house I was yesterday and to whom I said a great deal about you) has a brother there—and the Count himself suggested that this brother might do something for me. So I think that things may move a bit. Now you know my prospects, which have been kept a secret from everyone except the Count and yourself. But, sad as my present position is, I am infinitely more disappointed to think that I am not able to serve you—as I should like to do, and this I swear to you on my honour. Adieu, most beloved friend, farewell. Write to me soon—reply to all my questions—and to my previous letters, I beg you. Give my best greetings to your wife, and to all your loved ones; and rest assured that I shall use every effort to help you to improve your position. If I hadn't a father and a sister, to whom I must sacrifice everything and whom I must try to support, I would completely renounce my own interests with the greatest pleasure—and consult your interests only. For your welfare—your pleasure—your happiness are the very foundation of mine. Farewell, your constant

MOZART

(318) *Mozart to Aloysia Weber, Mannheim*

[*Autograph in the Goethearchiv, Weimar*]

DEAREST FRIEND!

PARIS, July 30th, 1778¹

Please forgive me for not sending you this time the variations I have composed on the aria which you sent

¹ This letter is in Italian.

me.¹ But I have thought it so necessary to reply as quickly as possible to your father's letter that I have not had time to copy them and therefore cannot let you have them. But you shall certainly have them in my next letter. I am hoping that my sonatas² will be engraved very soon—and I shall send in the same parcel the "Popoli di Tessaglia", which is already half finished.³ If you are as pleased with it as I am, I shall be delighted. Meanwhile until I have the pleasure of hearing from you whether you really like this scena—for, since I have composed it for you alone,—I desire no other praise than yours—I can only say that of all my compositions of this kind—this scena is the best I have ever composed. I shall be delighted if you will set to work as hard as you can at my Andromeda scena "Ah, lo prevedi",⁴ for I assure you that it will suit you admirably—and that you will do yourself great credit with it. I advise you to watch the expression marks—to think carefully of the meaning and the force of the words—to put yourself in all seriousness into Andromeda's situation and position!—and to imagine that you really are that very person. With your beautiful voice and your fine method of producing it you will undoubtedly soon become an excellent singer, if you continue to work in this way. The greater part of the next letter which I shall have the honour of sending you will consist of a short explanation of the manner in which I should like you to sing and act this scene. At the same time I urge you to work at it for a little by yourself—and then you will see the difference—

¹ Probably the coloratura passages for the closing bars of the aria "Non so d'onde viene", K. 294. The autograph of these passages, formerly in the possession of Mozart's widow, was sold in Paris in 1881. (Facsimile in E. Benezod, *Mozart*, Paris, 1930.) ² Mozart's violin sonatas, K. 301-306.

³ K. 316, a recitative and aria composed to words taken from Gluck's "Alceste". The autograph bears the date January 8th, 1779, obviously the day on which Mozart handed it to Aloysia Weber.

⁴ K. 272, a recitative and aria composed to words taken from Paisiello's "Andromeda". Mozart wrote this scena for Madame Duschek. See p. 408, n. 2.

which will be a very useful lesson for you—although indeed I am quite sure that there won't be very much to correct or alter—and that you will sing my passages in the way I desire—for you know by experience how I like my compositions to be sung.—In the aria “Non so d'onde viene”,¹ which you learnt by yourself, I found nothing to criticise or correct—you sang it to me with the interpretation, with the method and the expression which I desired. So I have reason to have every confidence in your ability and knowledge. In short, you are capable—most capable—so that all that I ask you (and this I do beg you most earnestly to do) is to be so good as to re-read my letters now and then and to follow my advice—resting assured and convinced that my sole object when I say and when I used to say all these things, is, and always will be, to do as much for you as I possibly can.

Dearest friend! I hope that you are in excellent health—I beg you to take great care of it—for good health is the best thing in the world. Thank God, I am very well, as far as my health is concerned, because I watch it. But my mind is not at rest—nor will it be until I have heard (and what a comfort that will be) that your merits have received their just reward. But my condition and my situation will be the happiest on that day when I shall have the infinite pleasure of serving you again and embracing you with all my heart. This too is all that I can long for and desire, and my only consolation and my sole comfort lie in this hope and desire. Please write to me very often. You have no idea how much pleasure your letters afford me. Please write to me whenever you have been to see Herr Marchand²—and tell me something about your study of

¹ K. 294. See p. 736, n. 2.

² Theobald Marchand (1741–1800) had been since May 1777 manager of the “Churfürstliche Deutsche Schaubühne” in Mannheim. He became later a theatrical manager in Munich. His gifted children, Margarete, an operatic singer, and Heinrich, a violinist, were trained by Leopold Mozart.

ge acting—to which I urge you most warmly to apply
 I know that everything that concerns
 ery greatly. By the way, I have a
 nts to deliver from a gentleman—who
 care about here, and of whom I am
 re is a great friend of your family and
 ne and the pleasure of carrying you
 d kissing you hundreds of times when
 child. He is Herr Kymli—painter to
 ; friendship I have to thank Raaff who
 friend, and therefore yours and also
 le Weber family, knowing, as he does,
 my friend, unless he were yours also.
 as a great regard for you all, is never
 out you, and I—I never stop talking
 y sole pleasure is to converse with him;
 e friend of your whole household and
 Herr Raaff that the greatest kindness
 to talk about you, is for ever doing so.
 nt, dearest friend! I am very anxious
 ou. So please do not keep me waiting
 suffer too long. In the hope of having
 soon, I kiss your hands, I embrace
 t, and am, and ever shall be, your true

W. A. MOZART

our dear mother and all your sisters

) *Mozart to his Father*

*tographs in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, and in the
 Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]*

CHER PÈRE! PARIS, ce 31 juillet, 1778
 e received my two letters—I think, of
 Meanwhile I have received yours of

the 13th and 20th. The first brought tears of sorrow to my eyes—because I was reminded of the sad death of my dear departed mother—and everything came back to me so vividly. As long as I live I shall never forget it. You know that I had never seen anyone die, although I had often wished to. How cruel that my first experience should be the death of my mother! I dreaded that moment most of all, and I prayed earnestly to God for strength. My prayer was heard and strength was given to me. Sad as your letter made me, yet I was beside myself with joy when I heard that you had taken it all as it should be taken—and that thus I need have no fears for my most beloved father and my dearest sister. As soon as I had read your letter through, I fell on my knees and thanked our gracious God with all my heart for this blessing. I am quite calm now, for I know that I have nothing to fear for the two persons who are dearest to me in this world. Had it been otherwise, it would have been the greatest misfortune for me—and would have certainly crushed me. Do take care, both of you, of your health, which is so precious to me, and grant to him who flatters himself that he is now the dearest thing in the world to you, the happiness, the joy and the bliss of folding you soon in his arms. Your last letter drew tears of joy from me, for it convinced me completely of your true fatherly love and care. I shall strive with all my might to deserve still more your fatherly affection. I kiss your hand in tender gratitude for sending me the powders, and am sure you will be glad to know that I do not need them. Once during my dear departed mother's illness a dose was almost necessary—but now, thank God, I am perfectly well and healthy. From time to time I have fits of melancholy—but I find that the best way to get rid of them is to write or receive letters, which invariably cheer me up again. But, believe me, there is always a cause for these sad feelings. Would

you like to know how much I had to pay for your last letter containing the powders? Forty-five sous. You would like to have a short account of her illness and of all its circumstances? You shall have it, but I must ask you to let it be short—and I shall only allude to the main facts, as it is all over now and, unfortunately, cannot be undone—and I need room to write about things which have to do with our present situation. First of all, I must tell you that my dear departed mother *had to die*. No doctor in the world could have saved her this time—for it was clearly the will of God; her time had come—and God wanted to take her to Himself. You think she put off being bled until it was too late? That may be. She did postpone it a little. But I rather agree with the people here who tried to dissuade her from being bled—and to persuade her to take a lavement. She would not, however, have this—and I did not venture to say anything, as I do not understand these things and consequently should have been to blame if it had not suited her. If it had been my own case, I should have consented at once—for this treatment is very popular here—whoever has an inflammation takes a lavement—and the cause of my mother's illness was nothing but an internal inflammation—or at least was diagnosed as such. I cannot tell you accurately how much blood she was let, for it is measured here not by the ounce but by the plate; they took a little less than two platefuls. The surgeon said that it was very necessary—but it was so terribly hot that day that he did not dare to bleed her any more. For a few days she was all right. Then diarrhoea started—but no one paid much attention to it, as foreigners who drink a good deal of water commonly find it a laxative. And that is true. I had it myself when I first came to Paris, but since I have given up drinking plain water and always add a little wine, I have been free of this trouble, though indeed, as I cannot altogether do without

drinking plain water, I purify it with ice and drink it en glace—and take two tumblerfuls before going to bed. Well, to continue. On the 19th she complained of headache, and for the first time she had to spend the day in bed; she was up for the last time on the 18th. On the 20th she complained of shivers—and then fever—so that I gave her an antispasmodic powder. All this time I was very anxious to send for a doctor, but she would not consent; and when I urged her very strongly, she said she had no confidence in a French physician. So I looked about for a German—but as of course I could not go out and leave her, I waited anxiously for M. Heina, who was in the habit of coming regularly every day to see us—but, needless to say, on this occasion he had to stay away for two days! At last he came, but as the doctor was prevented from coming the following day, we could not consult him. Thus he did not come until the 24th. On the previous day, when I had wanted him so badly, I had a great fright—for all of a sudden she lost her hearing. The doctor (an old German of about seventy) gave her a rhubarb powder in wine. I cannot understand that, for people usually say that wine is heating. But when I said so, they all exclaimed: “How on earth can you say so? Wine is not heating, but strengthening—water is heating”—and meanwhile the poor patient was longing for a drink of fresh water. How gladly would I have given it to her! Most beloved father, you cannot imagine what I endured. But there was no help for it, for by Heaven I had to leave her in the hands of the doctor. All I could do with a good conscience was to pray to God without ceasing that He would order all things for her good. I went about as if I was bereft of my reason. I had ample leisure then for composing, but I could not have written a single note. On the 25th the doctor did not come. On the 26th he visited her again. Imagine my feelings when he said to me quite unex-

pectedly: "I fear she will not last out the night. If she is taken with pains and has to go to the night-stool, she may die at any moment. You had better see that she makes her confession." So I ran out to the end of the Chaussée d'Antin, well beyond the Barrière, to find Heina, who I knew was at a concert at the house of a certain Count. He told me he would bring a German priest next day. On my way back, as I was passing, I went in for a moment to see Grimm and Mme D'Épinay. They were distressed that I had not told them sooner, for they would have sent their own doctor at once. I had not said anything to them before, because my mother would not have a French doctor—but now I was at my wit's end. They said therefore that they would send their doctor that very evening. When I got home, I told my mother that I had met Herr Heina with a German priest who had heard a great deal about me and was longing to hear me play, and that they were coming on the morrow to pay me a visit. She was quite satisfied, and as I thought that she seemed better (although I am no doctor), I said nothing more. I see now that it is impossible for me to tell a thing briefly. I like to write about everything in detail and I think that you too will prefer it. So, as I have more urgent matters to write about, I shall continue this story in my next letter. Meanwhile you must have seen from my last letters where I am living and that all my possessions and those of my beloved mother are in good order. When I come to this point I shall explain fully how this was arranged. Heina and I did everything. Clothes, linen, jewels, indeed everything belonging to her I shall send to Salzburg on the first suitable occasion and with every precaution. I shall arrange all that with Gschwendner. Now for our own affairs. But first of all I must beg you again not to worry at all about what I told you in my letter of the 3rd, in which I asked you not to insist on my disclosing my ideas until

the time should be ripe.¹ I cannot tell you about it yet, for indeed it is not yet time—and, if I did, I should do more harm than good. But for your peace of mind let me say that it *only concerns myself*. It will not affect your circumstances either for better or for worse and I shall not think about it until I see you in a better position. But when we are happily reunited and can live somewhere together (which is my sole ambition)—when that happy time comes—and God grant it may be soon!—then the moment will have arrived and the rest will depend on you. So do not worry about it now—and rest assured that in all matters where I know that your peace and happiness are involved, I shall always put my trust in you, my most beloved father and my truest friend, and shall tell you everything in detail. If I have not always done so hitherto—it has not been entirely my fault. M. Grimm said to me the other day: “What am I to write to your father? What course do you intend to pursue? Are you staying here or going to Mannheim?” I really could not help laughing. “What could I do in Mannheim now?” I said, “would that I had never come to Paris—but so it is. Here I am and I must use every effort to make my way.” “Well,” he said, “I hardly think that you will make a success of things in Paris.” “Why?” I asked. “I see a crowd of miserable bunglers here who are able to get on, and with my talents should I not be able to do so?—I assure you that I liked being at Mannheim—and should be glad to have an appointment there—but it must be an honourable and reputable one. I must be certain how I stand before I move a step.” “Well, I am afraid”, said he, “that you have not been active enough here—you do not go about enough.” “Well,” I replied, “that is just what I find most difficult to do here.” After all, during my

¹ Mozart's letter to Fridolin Weber, p. 854 ff., explains more fully his state of mind at that time.

mother's long illness I couldn't go anywhere—and two of my pupils are in the country—and the third (the daughter of the Duc de Guines)¹ is getting married—and (what is no great loss to my reputation) will not continue her studies. Moreover I shall lose no money, for he only pays me what everyone else does. Just imagine, the Duc de Guines, to whose house I have had to go daily for two hours, let me give twenty-four lessons and (although it is the custom to pay after every twelve) went off into the country and came back after ten days without letting me know a word about it, so that had I not enquired out of mere curiosity—I should not have known that they were here! And when I did go, the housekeeper pulled out a purse and said: "Pray forgive me if I only pay you for twelve lessons this time, but I haven't enough money". There's noble treatment for you! She paid me three louis d'or, adding: "I hope you will be satisfied—if not, please let me know". So M. le Duc hasn't a spark of honour and must have thought, "After all, he's a young man and a stupid German into the bargain—(for all Frenchmen talk like this about the Germans)—so he'll be quite glad of it".—But the stupid German was not at all glad of it, in fact he didn't take it. It amounted to this, that the Duke wanted to pay me for one hour instead of two—and that from *égard*. For he has already had, for the last four months, a concerto of mine for flute and harp,² for which he has not yet paid me. So I am only waiting until the wedding is over and then I shall go to the housekeeper and demand my money. What annoys me most of all here is that these stupid Frenchmen seem to think I am still seven years old, because that was my age when they first saw me. This is perfectly true. Mme D'Épinay said as much to me quite seriously. They treat me here as a beginner—except, of course, the real musicians, who think

¹ See p. 766, n. 4.

² K. 299.

differently. But it is the majority that counts. After my conversation with Grimm I went the very next day to Count Sickingen. He was entirely of my opinion—that I should have patience and wait for the arrival of Raaff, who will do everything in his power to help me. Then, if that is no use, Count Sickingen himself has offered to get me an appointment at Mainz. So that is my prospect at present. Meanwhile I shall do my utmost to get along here by teaching and to earn as much money as possible, which I am now doing in the fond hope that my circumstances may soon change; for I cannot deny, and must indeed confess, that I shall be delighted to be released from this place. For giving lessons here is no joke. Unless you wear yourself out by taking a *large number of pupils*, you cannot make much money. You must not think that this is laziness on my part. No, indeed! It just goes utterly against my genius and my manner of life. You know that I am, so to speak, soaked in music, that I am immersed in it all day long and that I love to plan works, study and meditate. Well, I am prevented from all this by my way of life here. I shall have a few free hours, it is true, but these few hours I shall need more for rest than for work. I told you in my last letter about the opera. I cannot help it—I must write a grand opera or none at all; if I write a small one, I shall get very little for it (for everything is taxed here). And should it have the misfortune not to please these stupid Frenchmen, all would be over—I should never get another commission to compose—I should have gained nothing by it—and my reputation would have suffered. If, on the other hand, I write a grand opera—the remuneration will be better—I shall be doing the work in which I delight—and I shall have better hopes of success, for with a big work you have a better chance of making your name. I assure you that if I am commissioned to write an opera, I shall have no fears what-

ever. True, the devil himself must certainly have invented the language of these people—and I fully realise the difficulties with which all composers have had to contend. But in spite of this I feel I am as well able to overcome them as anyone else. Au contraire, when I fancy, as I often do, that I have got the commission, my whole body seems to be on fire and I tremble from head to foot with eagerness to teach the French more thoroughly to know, appreciate and fear the Germans. For why is a grand opera never entrusted to a Frenchman? Why must it always be a foreigner? For me the most detestable part of the business would be the singers. Well, I am ready—I wish to avoid quarrels—but if I am challenged, I shall know how to defend myself. But I should prefer to avoid a duel, for I do not care to wrestle with dwarfs. God grant that a change may come soon! Meanwhile I shall certainly not fall short in industry, pains and labour. My hopes are centred on the winter, when everyone returns from the country. Meanwhile farewell—and continue to love me. My heart leaps up when I think of the happy day when I shall have the joy of seeing you again and embracing you with all my heart. Adieu. I kiss your hands 100000 times, embrace my sister in brotherly fashion and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART¹

Another rigmarole for you!

July 31st, 1778

You say in your letter that Count Seeau has been appointed Intendant both at Munich and at Mann-

¹ The autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg, ends here. The autographs of the remaining portion of Mozart's letter and of the postscript to his sister are in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin, and were first published in the *Jahresgabe für den Verein der Freunde der Preussischen*

heim.¹ This seems to me so incredible that I really wouldn't believe it if a letter from Mannheim had not convinced me that it must be true. The day before yesterday my dear friend Weber wrote to me, among other things, that the very day after the Elector's arrival it was publicly announced that he would take up his residence in Munich, a message which fell upon all Mannheim like a thunderbolt and completely extinguished, as it were, the joy which the inhabitants had expressed on the previous day by a general illumination. Moreover all the court musicians were notified of it with the supplementary information that each was at liberty to follow the court to Munich or to remain in Mannheim at the same salary; and that in four days each was to hand in to the Intendant² his decision written and sealed. Weber, who, as you know, is undoubtedly in the most wretched circumstances, sent in the following statement: "I anxiously desire to follow my gracious lord to Munich, but my shattered affairs prevent me from doing so". Before this occurred, there had been a grand concert at court, at which my poor Mlle Weber was made to feel the fangs of her enemies. For this time she did not sing. Nobody knows who was at the bottom of it. Afterwards, however, there was a concert at Herr von Gemmingen's, and Count Seeau was present. She sang two of my arias and had the good fortune to please, in spite of those Italian blackguards, those infamous scoundrels, who keep on spreading the report that her singing is definitely going off. But when her arias were over, Cannabich said to her: "Mademoiselle, I hope that your singing will always continue to go off in

Staatsbibliothek, 1918-1919. The version given in Schiedermair, vol. i. p. 239 f., which is quoted from Nohl, *Mozarts Briefe*, 2nd ed., p. 176 f., is incomplete.

¹ Mozart refers to a statement in his father's letter of July 13th, a large portion of which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

² Count Savioli.

this way. To-morrow I shall write to Herr Mozart and praise you." Well, the main thing is that if war had not already broken out, the court would by this time have moved to Munich. Count Seeau, who is absolutement determined to have Mlle Weber, would have made the greatest effort to have her taken too. So there might have been some hope of the whole family being placed in better circumstances. But nothing more is being said about the Munich journey; and these poor people may have to wait for a long time, while their debts become heavier every day. If only I could help them! Dearest father! I commend them to you with all my heart. If only they could enjoy an income of a thousand gulden even for a few years!

Now for some war news! Let me think! Since the information I sent you in my last letter all that I have heard is that the King of Prussia for the time being has had to retreat. It is even rumoured that General Wunsch and 15000 men have been taken prisoners. But I don't believe a word of it, although <I wish it with all my heart.> If only <the Prussian would get a good thrashing!> I daren't say such a thing in this house. Adieu.

My greetings to the whole of Salzburg, and especially to Bullinger and to the whole high and mighty company of marksmen.

(319a) *Mozart to his Sister*

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR!

I trust that you will be quite satisfied with my little prelude.¹ It isn't exactly what you asked for, I admit,—I mean, a prelude modulating from one key into the next and in which the performer can stop when he likes. But I

¹ Possibly K. 395.

hadn't sufficient time to write a prelude of that kind, for that sort of composition requires more work. As soon as I have time, I shall present you with one. By the same occasion when I send home Mamma's belongings, I shall despatch Schröter's concertos, Hüllmandel's sonatas, the "Violinschule", and a few other sonatas of my own composition.¹ Adieu, farewell. I will not awaken sad memories. Resign yourself to the will of God and trust in Him. Remember that you have a brother, who loves you with all his heart and will always think of your welfare and happiness. Adieu, love me. I kiss you most tenderly and am ever your faithful and sincere brother

WOLFGANG MOZART

My greetings to all, and especially to Cornet Andretter, if he is still in Salzburg. No doubt it's better to be in Salzburg than in Bohemia, where one is in greater danger of losing one's head.

(320) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, August 3rd, 1778

I wish your last letter had contained some details about your dear mother's fatal illness and particularly about her burial and the difficulties you must have had to contend with. Your next letter will, I hope, tell me something. Surely you will have had to seek the assistance of Herr Heina or of some other friend, to whom (whoever they may be) I send my heartfelt thanks and greetings. As for the illness itself, I am sure that my dear departed wife neglected herself and on that account was neglected

¹ The sonatas to which Mozart is referring are undoubtedly K. 330, 331, 332, which in his letter to his father, dated June 9th-12th, 1784, he says he once sent to his sister. See Köchel, p. 389.

by others. For she was extremely economical, she would put off doing things from one day to the next and therefore would not call in a doctor, as she was convinced that she would get stronger in time. Her chronic *constipation*, her *high colour*, which was really *far too beautiful* for an old woman, her frequent *attacks of catarrh* and her *peculiar cough* were sure signs that some internal inflammation might at any time develop. I told you in May that she ought not to postpone being bled, as the climate of Paris was warmer than that of Salzburg. Yet she put it off until June 11th and even then she would probably not have had it done, if she hadn't felt that it was absolutely necessary. The day before this treatment she took far too violent exercise, and got home exhausted and overheated; she was probably bled too little; and finally the doctor was called in far too late, for, as her feverishness and shivering were accompanied by diarrhoea, she was already in danger. Doubtless she did not say much, but just stayed quiet, hoping that things would right themselves. You had your engagements, you were away all day, and as she didn't make a fuss, you treated her condition lightly. All this time her illness became more serious, in fact mortal—and only then was a doctor called in, when of course it was too late. If she had not had such an excellent constitution, she could not have lasted a fortnight. Well, it is all over. God willed it. The unbreakable chain of Divine Providence preserved your mother's life when you were born, though indeed she was in very great danger and though we almost thought that she was gone. But she was fated to sacrifice herself for her son in a different way. She readily agreed to leave Salzburg with you. When I was hoping to have her back from Mannheim and was urging you to make your arrangements and had already written to my brother in Augsburg, I received a letter from you which caused me astonishment, bewilderment and distress.

In that very letter she wrote to me (without your knowledge) that, for certain reasons and out of love for you, she wanted to travel with you to Paris. So all this was fore-ordained to happen, because in accordance with Divine Providence her days were numbered and her sands had then run out.

Now for a piece of news! Ferlendis resigned three days ago, having left the service at the end of June. This has been the more unexpected and upsetting as during the last two months whenever Ferlendis played a concerto, the Archbishop had been in the habit of giving him one or two ducats. Moreover he was the favourite in the orchestra and since Besozzi's¹ arrival in Salzburg had learnt a good deal from him. Now for another story *which I alone know about*. Ferrari is going to leave at the end of August. These two events will mean the ruin of Brunetti. The Italians are losing their good name. Everyone is going for them now, Count Arco, Countess Lodron, the two Starhembergs, the Bishop of Königgrätz and others. I shrug my shoulders and say nothing.

I shall now have to try and find a player on the French horn, an oboist, a tenor, a 'cellist, a violinist and—no—not an organist. They are still waiting for me to make a move; but they are waiting in vain. You may rest assured, my dearest son, that if you stay away, I shall die much sooner, and that if I could have the joy of having you with me, I should live several years longer. All this is quite certain, for—apart from my fits of melancholy—I am in very good health. But matters would have to be arranged properly, advantageously and honourably. If they were, then this place—as a centre between Munich, Vienna and Italy—would always have certain advantages. For Mannheim has been superseded. Seeau has been introduced to the Mannheim people and the court is returning to Munich

¹ See p. 798, n. 1.

L. 321 L. MOZART TO COURT COUNCIL, SALZBURG 1778

very soon. I think that we shall be *laying new foundations here with male and female singers and instrumentalists*. The Archbishop has already given me a few commissions. Tell me something about Rothfischer, but truthfully and impartially. Your sister kisses you a million times. She is working excessively hard, and indeed looks after me very well. Give our best greetings to Baron Grimm and Mme D'Épinay. I thank them most humbly for all the kindnesses you are enjoying in their house. My son, take care of your health. I must close, for the post is going.
MZT.

You need not send me Vogler's book, as we can get it here. Are Eckardt and Honnauer still alive?

On July 4th Kolb performed your Lodron Cassations¹ in the street in front of the Andretters' house.

On July 9th Kolb gave a Nachtmusik in front of Herr von Mayer's house, which took the form of a Finalmusik of your composition² and the concerto you wrote for Kolb.³ We listened to it across the water. It sounded charming. We hadn't heard a word about it.

(321) *Leopold Mozart to the Court Council of Salzburg*

[Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum
von W. Heyer, Cologne]

SALZBURG, August 7th, 1778

MOST WORTHY AND MOST LEARNED MEMBERS OF THE
COURT COUNCIL OF SALZBURG,
PRESIDENT OF THE COURT COUNCIL, COURT CHAN-
CELLOR AND COURT COUNCILLORS!

The unexpected and distressing death of my late wife

¹ K. 247 and 287, composed in 1776 and 1777.

² Probably K. 250, Mozart's Haffner serenade, composed in 1776.

³ One of the five violin concertos which Mozart composed in 1775.

in Paris has necessitated the application of the usual customs ban on certain articles under seal. As, however, my late wife at the time of our marriage had no property whatever, as, in view of my small salary, there was not the slightest prospect of her ever having any, and as, apart from the clothes which she took away with her, she had no effects whatsoever, I most humbly beg you graciously to remove the ban and to exempt me from any expenses connected therewith. If, however, there is any just claim for payment against me, I shall willingly fulfil it.

I remain, most worthy Court Councillors,
your most humble and obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART
Vice-Kapellmeister to His Grace the Prince

(322) *Mozart to the Abbé Bullinger, Salzburg*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

DEAREST FRIEND!

PARIS, *ce 7 aoust*, 1778

Allow me above all to thank you most warmly for the new proof of friendship you have given me by your kind interest in my dear father—first in preparing him for his loss and then in consoling him so sympathetically. You played your part most admirably—these are my father's own words. Most beloved friend, how can I thank you sufficiently? You have saved my dear father for me; I have you to thank that I still have him. Permit me to say no more on this subject and not to attempt to express my gratitude, for indeed I feel far too weak, too incompetent—too weary to do so. Most beloved friend! I am always your debtor. But patience! On my honour I am not yet in a position to repay what I owe you—but do not doubt me, for God will grant me the opportunity of showing by deeds what I am unable to express in words. Such is my

et Gluck et tous les raisonnements qu'on entend sur la musique font pitié. Il est donc très difficile pour votre fils de réussir entre ces deux partis, etc. All that is quite true. But the last statement depends largely on luck and chance. *And just because there are two parties, a third party could hope for greater success than if the whole public were infatuated with one composer only.* For my part I think that the most difficult problem is how to get a commission to write an opera and that it is high time that you did so. Piccinni and Gluck will do everything to prevent it; and indeed I am very doubtful as to your prospects of getting one. Noverre alone might have secured it for you. When I realised that at the moment you are earning nothing (for this must be near the truth, as your pupils are in the country, while in his letter Grimm adds: Vous voyez, mon cher maître, que dans un pays où tant de musiciens médiocres et détestables même ont fait des fortunes immenses, je crains fort que votre fils ne se tire pas seulement d'affaires), a heavy load once more settled on my heart, and particularly when I came to the words: Je vous ai fait cet exposé fidèle, non pour vous affliger, mais pour prendre ensemble le meilleur parti possible. Il est malheureux que la mort de l'Électeur de Bavière ait empêché M. votre fils d'être placé à Mannheim, etc. In my reply I told Grimm that people here would like to have you back, that the Elector is leaving Mannheim and going to Munich, that if you were in Salzburg you might easily obtain an appointment under the Elector and so forth. Grimm will probably have told you. Of course, the conditions which you are offered must be acceptable; and (if the arrangement does not work) you would have to be able to leave Salzburg again without being made to suffer for it. People are gossiping a good deal, but I say nothing. If the Countess¹ wanted to have me appointed,

¹ The Countess von Wallis. See p. 821, n. 1.

she would have said that she was going to do so. But so far there has not been a word—only perpetual questions—as to how you are—whether I have had letters from you—to which I keep on replying—very well—excellent. Old Lolli died on August 11th. We have buried him and we held a service for him yesterday at St. Sebastian. I am now *the only one* of the four Kapellmeisters who were on the original list.¹ Well, things will be set going again in Salzburg. I shall write to Padre Martini tomorrow. Time will show to what extent you can rely on your friends and what they are able to do for you. Experience (which you can only gain through misfortune) has quite convinced me that there is no true friend—using the word *in its fullest sense*—but a father. Even children are not *in the same degree* friends towards their own parents. Just reflect—think things out and face facts—and you will find enough examples in the world to persuade you of the truth of my dictum. It is for this reason too that God thought it necessary to lay down the commandment that children should honour their parents, and even to add a punishment, whereas he did not think it necessary to enjoin upon parents any such commandment. Mysliwecek's letters have cost me a fortune and they all say that your scrittura for Naples is ready, fixed and absolutely certain. After I had helped him to obtain thirty-seven ducats,² he left Munich before Easter, and I haven't had a line from him since. I trust that you have now sold those compositions³ to your engraver for fifteen louis d'or.

If you have not got any pupils, well then compose something more. Even if you have to let your work go for a smaller sum, why, at any rate this will help to make you known in Paris. But let it be something short, easy and popular. Discuss the matter with some engraver and find

¹ See p. 13, n. 5.

² From the Archbishop of Salzburg.

³ Mozart's violin sonatas, K. 301-306.

out what he would best like to have—perhaps some easy quartets for two violins, viola and 'cello. Do you imagine that you would be doing work unworthy of you? If so, you are very much mistaken. Did Bach,¹ when he was in London, ever publish anything but such-like trifles? *What is slight can still be great*, if it is written in a natural, flowing and easy style—and at the same time bears the marks of sound composition. Such works are more difficult to compose than all those harmonic progressions, *which the majority of people cannot fathom*, or pieces which have pleasing melodies, but which are *difficult to perform*. Did Bach lower himself by such work? Not at all. Good composition, sound construction, *il filo*—these distinguish the master from the bungler—even in trifles. If I were you I should compose in advance something of that kind and then move Heaven and earth to get a commission for an opera. You must try to sell a work or two to some engraver or other. You must have money in order to live. And if your pupils are in the country, what other way is there for you to make money? You really must do something! I have never told you anything about Madame D'Épinay's circumstances; but now that you are living in her house and, I presume, are taking your meals with her, it is time I told you more about her. She is not as well off as you may think. When we were in Paris long ago, she only had the small sum to live on, which her husband, a Parisian libertine, was obliged to allow her. So I cannot let you be an expense to her as far as your food and drink are concerned; and I am sure that Baron Grimm is paying her out of his own pocket. At the same time I strongly suspect that he too is not in very opulent circumstances, for a little court, like that of Saxe-Gotha, cannot make large payments. I can read between the lines in the following passage from his letter:

¹ Johann Christian Bach.

Je voudrais que ma position me permît de le secourir efficacement. Si j'avais deux ou trois mille livres à lui donner tous les ans, je ne vous en parlerais seulement pas, et je vous épargnerais tous les soins: mais vous m'avez vu pendant votre séjour à Paris dans un état beaucoup plus obscur, et cependant j'étais plus riche alors que je ne le suis aujourd'hui que ma place m'oblige à une infinité de dépenses que je n'avais pas alors. Depuis trente ans que je suis en France¹ je n'ai jamais été dans un état aussi gêné que cette année qu'il a fallu faire avec un revenu très modique mon établissement de ministre, après avoir voyagé de Paris par Naples à Pétersbourg et de Pétersbourg par Stockholm à Paris, ce qui m'a mangé un argent incroyable." Naturally he will conceal his financial difficulties by pretending to be quite comfortably off. So, if he allows you to lunch at her house, you must ask him to permit you to pay him, for to be invited to a meal a few times is one thing, but to be constantly lunching in the same house is quite another. Such behaviour would be most indiscreet. Wherever you are, you will have to pay. Surely this is the most sensible and advantageous course and one which will bring you more honour if you are able to stay with Baron Grimm. You cannot expect to do this for nothing, since to do so would be to abuse the kindness of a friend who, far from being well-to-do, has debts to pay off. Again, I should like to know, and I must know, whether you owe him anything? Has he lent you any cash? If so, I want to hear exactly how much it is. From his letter I suspect something of this kind. I have already told him that in this case I shall refund him. I have implored him to look after you, if he can possibly do so. If you owe him money, be sure that you repay it even in small sums. Do not pay him off with empty words, as, for example, that you are going to sell your sonatas for fifteen louis d'or.

¹ Grimm came to Paris in 1748 as secretary to the Duc D'Orléans.

Sell them and see that they are engraved soon. Now that you are alone, I trust that you will be able to live without running up debts. Let me know at once *whether you owe* Baron Grimm anything and, if so, *how much*. He has rendered us so many kindnesses that we really must show him our gratitude. If he has given you money, it is money which he needs to meet his own expenses. Besides, I remember that when we were in Paris, Madame D'Épinay was already a delicate woman, and she is probably so to-day. I am sorry for her. The remaining portion of Baron Grimm's letter is an expression of his care and desire for your happiness. He points out that you have been in Paris for four months and even longer and adds: Et il est presque aussi peu avancé que le premier jour, ayant pourtant mangé près de mille livres. Well, either you have earned that sum—or you owe it. He wishes that I were with you. Yes, indeed, if I were, things would take a different turn. He says: Un malheur à ajouter à tous les autres c'est que je suis si accablé d'affaires que je n'en puis faire que la moitié; par conséquent il ne me reste aucun moyen de m'occuper de M. votre fils ou de lui chercher des ressources. Yes, and you yourself are not at all anxious, or only a trifle so. Your sister thanks you for the praeambulum, which is excellent, and she is going to write to you herself. It arrived at four o'clock. I got home after five and she told me that she had made up something and would write it down if I liked it. She began to play the first page of your prelude by heart. I stared at her and exclaimed: "Where the devil have you got those ideas from?" She laughed and pulled the letters out of her pocket. Bullinger and all our good friends, and particularly the company of marksmen, send their greetings. Addio. The post is going. I remain

your honest father

MZT.

(324) *Leopold Mozart to Hieronymus Colloredo,
Archbishop of Salzburg*

[Autograph in the *Regierungsarchiv, Salzburg*]

YOUR GRACE!

SALZBURG, *August 1778*

MOST WORTHY PRINCE OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE!

Seeing that Kapellmeister Lolli¹ has passed over into eternity, that he only drew the salary of a Vice-Kapellmeister, that, as Your Grace is aware, I have been serving this worthy Archbishopric for thirty-eight years, and that since the year 1763, that is, for fifteen years, I have been performing as Vice-Kapellmeister most of the services required, and indeed nearly all of them, I humbly beseech Your Grace to allow me to recommend myself to you and to remain with the deepest homage

your most obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART ²

(325) *Leopold Mozart to Padre Martini, Bologna*

[Autograph in the *Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

SALZBURG, *August 21st, 1778*³

MOST REVEREND PADRE MAESTRO!

MOST ESTEEMED FATHER,

I should not have failed to send you, most Reverend Father, my portrait, as you desired to possess it, if the painter had not left our country and we had no other artist. But as another has at length arrived in our town and has already by some portraits given proof of his skill, I hope to be able to carry out your wish on the occasion of the St. Andrew's Fair at Bozen. For the painter, who

¹ Giuseppe Francesco Lolli had died on August 11th.

² Leopold Mozart's application was unsuccessful. Domenico Fischietti was appointed Kapellmeister.

³ This letter is in Italian.

is the only good one we have, has a great deal to do. Moreover I can think of no better opportunity of sending my portrait safely and gratis than that of the coming fair.

I now ask you, most Reverend Father, to favour my son with a very strong recommendation to the Mannheim court. You were good enough to say in your letter "I shall not fail to write to Signor Raaff, urging him to recommend your son on my behalf to His Highness the Elector", and subsequently in your letter acknowledging the receipt of my son's portrait: "Matters connected with Bavaria and the departure of the Elector Palatine from Mannheim may perhaps prevent my recommendations from having much influence with His Electoral Highness. However, though they may be delayed, they will certainly reach him in due course."¹ You must know, however, most dear and esteemed Padre Maestro, that M. Raaff never received your letter.

My son and his mother reached Paris on March 23rd and Signor Raaff arrived soon afterwards. He and my son struck up such an intimate friendship that Raaff came to see him almost every day, used to stay for two or three hours, used to call my wife his dear mother and longed most ardently to see my son appointed to the service of the Elector of the Palatinate. Alas, what a tragedy! Fate willed it that my dear wife should fall sick and die after a fortnight's illness. Great God! What a blow! I ask you, most Reverend Father, to imagine my condition and that of my poor daughter, and the situation of my son, all alone and bereaved in Paris. As soon as the Elector returned to Mannheim, Raaff left Paris after assuring my son of his sincere friendship and of his great interest and adding that his one desire was to have a letter of recommendation from our most beloved Padre Maestro. The fact is that (as you may perhaps know

¹ See p. 789, n. 1.

already) His Highness the Elector only has performances of operas in the German language. *Therefore he now wants a German maestro.* Count Seeau, who is in charge of the music at Munich, has now been established in his new appointment and at the moment is at Mannheim sorting out the two musical organisations, one for Munich and the other for Mannheim. In due course the court will return to Munich where in future the Elector will reside.

Most beloved and esteemed Padre Maestro! You have heard that my young son aged twenty-two is all by himself in Paris, a most dangerous city! And you—you by putting in a favourable word are in a position to save the soul and to build up the fortune of a talented youth. By a letter addressed to His Highness the Elector, or at least by a letter of recommendation to Signor Raaff and another one to Count Seeau testifying to my son's talent, you can do a good work, further the prospects of a youth who is well educated but is now exposed to a thousand dangers, and help forward a particularly talented young man, who is only seeking an opportunity to make his way and whose whole time is spent in study and composition. Finally you can soothe the anxious heart and save the life of a father. Forgive my cries of anguish! The death of an excellent wife and mother and the position of so gifted a son have almost driven me crazy. I rely wholly on your kind heart, I commend my son and myself to your favour and remain with the deepest homage

your most humble, devoted and
obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART
Kapellmeister to His Grace the Archbishop

If, as I hope, you will do me this kindness, I entreat you not to lose time and to write forthwith to Mannheim.

Prince Henry of Prussia made an attempt to join forces with the King, but General Laudon prevented this move and the Prince had to withdraw to Leipa. General Laudon is at the moment at Tornau. For the last seven weeks the King has not been able to move.

(326) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, *August 27th, 1778*

You will have received my letter of the 13th in which I promised to reply very soon to your two letters which arrived together. The first, which you wrote between July 18th and 20th, told me a good deal about the beginning and the deepening of your valuable friendship with Herr Raaff, whose efforts on your behalf, on which you place such reliance, have, I hope, had a good effect. I remember, however, that in a letter from Mannheim you both mentioned that Raaff was a very honourable, excellent old man, but that *he would never be able to do anything for you*. To tell the truth, I found it difficult to believe this. For a man of his standing has surely a very high reputation, although on account of his age he may not be such a good singer as he once was. I have written to Padre Martini and we must now await the result. Your second letter of July 31st gives me an account of the illness of your most beloved mother. That she should have been the first person whose death you had to witness was a special ordering of God. Indeed I made that very remark to those who were present when I received the news. My dear son! Fate provided the occasion for another remark. Your dear mother was only too glad to take you away from Salzburg. She was to have returned home from Mannheim. It was only after your acquaintanceship

and your trip with those Webers that you began to think seriously and decided not to travel to Paris with Wendling. You sent off that letter so late that before my reply could reach you, Wendling had already taken his departure. I had worked everything out quite accurately, otherwise you would not have remained behind. I had therefore to write and tell you to be off to Paris as soon as possible, as the season was coming to an end. Your dear mother saw it all, but she wished to spare me every anxiety and wrote at the end of your letter:¹ "My dear husband, you will have seen from this letter that when Wolfgang makes new acquaintances, he immediately wants to give his life and property for them. True, she sings exceedingly well; still, we must not lose sight of our own interests. I never liked his being in the company of Wendling and Ramm, but I never ventured to raise any objections, nor would he ever have listened to me. But as soon as he got to know the Webers, he immediately changed his mind. In short, he prefers other people to me, for I remonstrate with him about this and that, and about things which I do not like; and he objects to this. I do not consider his journey to Paris with Wendling at all advisable. I would rather accompany him myself later on. Perhaps you will still get a reply from Herr Grimm." This, my dear son, is the sole postscript which your dear departed mother wrote to me in confidence about you during the whole period of your absence. And although she might have written more explicitly and called things by their right names, she loved both of us too dearly to speak more plainly. If your mother had returned home from Mannheim, she would not have died. But as Divine Providence had fixed the hour of her death for July 3rd, she had to leave home with you and, owing to your new friendship, her return had to be abandoned. I am delighted that Count Sickingen has offered to help

¹ See p. 683 f.

you to obtain a post in Mainz. But do not imagine that it is a foregone conclusion that you will get one. All that his offer means is that he will make an effort on your behalf. Whether he will succeed is another matter. There is an old Kapellmeister in Mainz called Schmidt, who has seen better days. Kreusser¹ went there at the right time, that is, just after Jacobi,² the Konzertmeister, had died. His easy symphonies, which are pleasant to listen to, were a success, so that he was immediately appointed Konzertmeister. At present he is working hard to fit himself for the post of Kapellmeister. I cannot forgive you for having neglected, during your very long stay in Mannheim, *to go to Mainz*. If you consider everything impartially, you will have to acknowledge that you have very seldom followed my advice and precepts. A journey to Mainz would have been of more use to you than that stupid trip of yours to Kirchheim-Boland, for Mainz is after all a court where there are some prospects and where you would find many acquaintances amongst the nobility and several other friends. You see, then, that at present *all your planning must be directed solely to making your way successfully in Paris*. As for all the rest about Mannheim, Mainz or Salzburg, you must wait and see and not engage your thoughts with mere idle dreams which only render you incapable of dealing with our present necessary arrangements. You are forever writing about the embarrassed circumstances of the Weber family. But tell me, how, if you have any common sense, can you entertain the idea that you could be the person capable of making the fortune of these people? You have now learnt by degrees (or so I hope) *how much money a single man*

¹ Georg Anton Kreusser (1743-c. 1811), a famous violinist who studied in Italy, returned to Germany in 1775 and became Konzertmeister to the Elector of Mainz. He composed a great many orchestral works.

² Father of the violinist and composer Konrad Jacobi (1756-1811).

needs to keep himself in decency. We may of course make an effort to assist Mlle Weber as far as possible and even achieve in due course all you desire; but are our resources sufficient to succour a family with six children? Who can do this?—I?—You? You, who have not yet been able to help your family? How can you help others before you have helped yourself? You write: "*Dearest father! I commend them to you with all my heart. If only they could enjoy an income of a thousand gulden even for a few years.*"¹ My dearest son! When I read that, could I help fearing for your reason? Great God! I am to help them to get a thousand gulden for a few years! If I could do so, I would first of all help *you and myself and your dear sister, who is already twenty-seven years of age and is not provided for, while I am growing old.* Where, pray, are the courts, where is there a single court, which will give a thousand gulden to a singer? In Munich they get five, six or at most seven hundred gulden, and do you imagine that someone is going to give a thousand gulden forthwith to a young person, who is considered a beginner? That you will never find, even if you think about it day and night and imagine it half done or quite easy to arrange; more particularly since, *as you yourself are constantly hearing and seeing,* one must make a name for oneself and obtain a certain reputation, before one can take longer strides towards one's fortune in this world. If you spend the whole day pondering and dreaming of a hundred thousand imaginary possibilities, not only will the miracle not happen, but unless you turn your present circumstances to profit and advantage to yourself, you will spend your life in ineffectiveness, remain unknown and poor, ruin yourself and me and thus help nobody. You must write to Cannabich and Raaff and ask them to propose you to the Elector and to Count Seeau as a composer for the

¹ See p. 874.

German opera. Count Sickingen must write in the same strain to Gemmingen and others. You should also write a letter in French to the same effect to the Imperial Ambassador, Baron Lehrbach. *Grimm could draft one for you.* In short, you should write to everyone who may have any influence with the Elector, for in the future German operas will always be performed in Munich.¹ On St. Charles's day, November 4th, the opera by Wieland and Schweitzer² is to be performed and will probably be continued through the carnival: I shall also approach Count Seeau from here. Even if you were to get only six hundred gulden, it would be something. When did Gluck, when did Piccinni, when did all the others first come to the fore? Gluck must be at least sixty,³ and it is only twenty-six or twenty-seven years since people began to talk about him; and you want the French public, or perhaps only the theatrical managers, to be convinced already of your ability in composition, although they have never yet heard anything of yours, and only know of you from your childhood as a remarkable clavierist and an outstanding genius. You must therefore make an effort to get on and to make yourself known as a composer of all kinds of music. And for this you must look out for opportunities, seek out friends indefatigably, spur them on relentlessly, wake them up when they seem to be going to sleep, and not believe that what they promised has already been done. I myself would have written long ago to M. de Noverre, if I had had his address. In the meantime your friends and I will work hard for you in Munich. All your thoughts and cares for Herr Weber, and mine too, are absolutely futile until you are in a

¹ The Electoral Court was transferred from Mannheim to Munich in September 1778.

² "Rosemunde", which was to have been performed in Mannheim on January 11th, 1778.

³ Gluck was sixty-four.

better position; and that must now be your main object.

Your sister and I kiss you a million times with all our hearts. She has not been able to write to you, as I have more than filled the paper. She will do so next time. For Heaven's sake, take care of your health, or we shall both come to grief. I am your true friend and honest father

MZT.

(327) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! ST. GERMAIN, *ce 27 aoust*, 1778

I am writing to you in the greatest haste. You will see that I am not in Paris. Mr. Bach¹ from London has been here for the last fortnight. He is going to write a French opera, and has only come to hear the singers. He will then go back to London and compose the opera, after which he will return here to see it staged.² You can easily imagine his delight and mine at meeting again; perhaps his delight may not have been quite as sincere as mine—but one must admit that he is an honourable man and willing to do justice to others. I love him (as you know) and respect him with all my heart; and as for him, there is no doubt but that he has praised me warmly, not only to my face, but to others also, and in all seriousness—not in the exaggerated manner which some affect. Tenducci³ is here too. He is Bach's bosom friend. He also was greatly delighted to see me again.⁴ I must now tell you how I

¹ Johann Christian Bach.

² Bach's opera "Amadis des Gaules" had its first performance in Paris on December 14th, 1779.

³ Giustino Ferdinando Tenducci (1736–c.1800), a celebrated male soprano, who came to London in 1758 and remained in England and Ireland until 1791. He then returned to Italy. His portrait was painted by Gainsborough.

⁴ The Mozarts had met Tenducci during their visit to London. See Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 35.

happen to be at St. Germain. As you already know (for I am told that I was taken *here* fifteen years ago,¹ though I don't remember it), the Maréchal de Noailles lives here. Tenducci is a great favourite of his, and because Tenducci is *very* fond of me, he was anxious to procure me this acquaintance. I shall not gain anything here, save perhaps a trifling present; at the same time I shall not lose anything, for this visit is costing me nothing; and even if I do not get anything, I shall still have made a very useful acquaintance. Well, I must make haste, for I am composing a scena for Tenducci,² which is to be performed on Sunday; it is for pianoforte, oboe, horn and bassoon, the performers being the Maréchal's own people—Germans, who play very well. I should like to have written to you long ago, but just as I had started a letter (which is now lying in Paris) I was obliged to drive to St. Germain, intending to return the same day. But I have now been here a week. I shall return to Paris as soon as possible, though I shall not lose much there by my absence, for I have now only one pupil, the others being in the country. I could not write to you before from here either, as we have been obliged to wait patiently for an opportunity to send a letter to Paris. Thank God, I am quite well, and I trust that both of you are the same. You must have patience—everything goes very slowly. I must make friends—France is rather like Germany in feeding people with praises. Yet there is some hope that by means of your friends you can make your fortune. The best part of the business is (that food and lodging cost me nothing. When you write to the friends with whom I am staying,³ don't be too obsequious in your thanks. There are reasons for

¹ During the Mozarts' first visit to Paris, from November 1763 to April 1764.

² There is no trace of this composition. Tenducci appears to have taken it to London, as Burney speaks very highly of it. See Barrington's *Miscellanies*, p. 289, and C. F. Pohl, *Mozart und Haydn in London*, vol. i. p. 121.

³ Grimm and Madame D'Épinay.

this of which I shall tell you some other time.) The rest of the story of my mother's illness will follow in the next letter. You really want a portrait of Rothfischer? He is an intelligent, hardworking conductor—not a great genius. But I was delighted with him—and, best of all, he is the kindest fellow, with whom you can do anything—of course, if you know how to set about it. He conducts better than Brunetti, but is not so good at solo-playing. He has better execution, and plays well in his way (a little bit in the old-fashioned Tartini manner)—but Brunetti's style is more pleasing. The concertos which he writes for himself are pretty—for playing now and then. They are always pleasant to listen to—and who can tell whether he may not please? Of course he plays ten million times better than Spitzeder; and, as I have already said, he is a good conductor and very hardworking. I recommend him to you heartily, for he is the best fellow in the world. Adieu. I shall write a great deal more next time. A thousand compliments from Mr. Tenducci. A propos. M. Follard and his wife, a native of Munich, are here. He was French Ambassador in Munich and they met us there. When she heard my name she recognised me at once. But I cannot remember her. Adieu. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG MOZART

My compliments to Mr. Bullinger and to all my good friends.

(328) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON,

SALZBURG, August 31st, 1778

Since the two letters which I received together, the second being dated July 31st, I have not had a line from

you, although I have written to you twice. You do not like being in Paris and on the whole I cannot blame you. Well, thanks to my brave perseverance, not only have I got my way, that is, not only has the Archbishop agreed to everything, both for me and for you (you are to have five hundred gulden),¹ but he has even apologised for not being able at the present moment to appoint you Kapellmeister; you are, however, to take my place if I am tired or indisposed; and he mentioned that he had always intended that you should have a better salary, etc. In a word, I was astonished—but more particularly at the very polite apology. That reminds me, he has raised Paris's² salary by five gulden, so that he is to be responsible for most of the services; and you will be appointed Konzertmeister as before. So together we shall receive *an official salary* of a thousand gulden a year, as I have already told you. Everything now depends on whether you believe that I am still in possession of my mental faculties, whether you think that I have served your best interests, and whether you want to see me dead or alive. I have thought out everything. The Archbishop has declared that he will give you leave to travel where you like for the purpose of composing an opera. To excuse himself for having refused us leave last year, he said that he could not tolerate people going about the world begging. In Salzburg you will be midway between Munich, Vienna and Italy. It will be easier for you to get a commission for an opera in Munich than to get an appointment there, for where are German composers to be found? And how many? My next letter will tell you that you are to leave. Your sister and I already kiss and embrace you in thought. Take care of your health. We can hardly await the hour and the

¹ Actually, according to his certificate of appointment, Mozart received 450 gulden. See Abert, vol. ii. p. 906.

² Anton Paris (1739–1809), third organist to the Salzburg court.

moment when we shall see you. I shall revive when you are here. I remain your honest father

MZT.

Stick to Baron Grimm, for he will make arrangements for your journey. I write in haste, as it was only this morning that the matter of your appointment was settled.

(329) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, *September 3rd, 1778*

I hope that all my letters have reached you. I wrote to you on August 3rd, 13th and 27th, and enclosed a short note for you in a letter to Baron Grimm.¹ Yet since your letter of July 31st I have not had a line from you; and this makes my heart, which is already depressed, even more anxious. As the Elector and his court are expected in Munich on September 15th, you may be able, when you are travelling through, to speak to your friends, to Count Seeau and perhaps to the Elector himself. You might say that your father wished to have you back in Salzburg and that the Prince had offered you a salary of seven or eight hundred gulden as his *Konzertmeister* (for you should add two or three hundred gulden, though it is a lie), which salary you had accepted out of filial respect for your father, *although indeed he would prefer to see you in the service of the Elector*. But that is all; you should not say a word more! I should prefer you to speak to the Imperial Ambassador, Baron Lehrbach, who will be in Munich, and tell him that you are only applying for a commission to compose an opera in order to show what you can do. How, in Heaven's name, is the Elector to make up his mind to appoint you his Court Composer when he has

¹ Letter 328.

never heard any of your compositions? You must arrange the business from here. It will be all the easier for you to get a commission, as the Italians can no longer push themselves forward. Then things will move of their own accord. And finally I swear to you most solemnly that, as you yourself must know, I only remained tied to Salzburg in order that, whatever happened, your poor mother might have been sure of a pension. Well, that is all over now, the pension is no longer needed, and so we shall not stand any tyranny but be up and away. In your last letter you say "*My heart leaps up when I think of the happy day when I shall have the joy of seeing you again and embracing you with all my heart!*"¹ Well, my dear son, that day is now approaching; and I hope that God will let me live to see it. You will scarcely know your poor father. On the two occasions when I was summoned to the Archbishop, he was so shocked at my appearance that he spoke of it to everyone. I was ill when you left a year ago, and what have I not had to experience during this year? I must have a constitution of iron, or I should be dead already. If, when you return, you do not lift this heavy burden from my heart, it will crush me utterly. All heart-strengthening medicines are powerless to cure a distressed soul. You alone can save me from death. And no one will help you more loyally than your father who blesses, loves and kisses you with all his heart and who desires to fold you in his arms and who will use every effort which is humanly possible to achieve your happiness.

I send my most obedient greetings to Baron von Grimm.

¹ See p. 872.

(330) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, September 10th, 1778

Indeed I cannot tell you how anxious I have been at not hearing from you for a whole month. I received two letters on August 11th, and one from St. Germain arrived to-day, September 10th. So four letters from me will have been awaiting you in Paris. One thing only I beg of you, and that is to read them carefully and think over my plans for you calmly and setting aside all minor considerations. Are you going to remain in Paris? If you do, all your hopes for Munich are in vain, as are also your hopes for Italy. You are too far away. You will, of course, become better known in Paris, but you will be completely forgotten in Munich and Italy. You should move nearer to the centre at which you are aiming. I have explained everything with absolute clearness in my last letters. And what fortifies me in my plans for you is the following list of the Mannheim musicians who are going to Munich:

*Female singers*Madame Wendling *née* Sarselli

„ Danzi
„ Strasser

Signor Jean Toeschi

„ Fränzl
„ Wendling
„ Ritschel
„ Winter

Male singers

Signor Giorgetti, soprano

„ Raaff, tenor
„ Hartig, tenor
„ Zonca, buffo
„ Weber, bass

„ Danner Junior
„ Schönges
„ Sepp
„ Falgara
„ Eck
„ Hampel
„ Strasser

Violins

Signor Cannabich

„ Toeschi

and they are trying to
get three more.

Flutes

Wendling
Metzger

Bassoons

Ritter and Holzbauer

Horns

Lang, Eck, Dimler and
Lang Junior

Oboes

Ramm, Le Brun and
Hieber

Clarinets

Hampel, Tausch and
Tausch Junior

Violoncellos

Danzi and Schwarz

*But no Kapellmeister**Double basses*

Marconi and Bohrer

This is the list which
Becke¹ has sent me

In this list I have found neither a *clavierist* nor an *organist* nor a *Kapellmeister*! So you see that you can do a great deal on your way through Munich, where the court is to arrive on the 25th. I will tell you more about this by the next post or at the latest in a week, when I shall have received your certificate of appointment with the Archbishop's signature. I will tell you too how to arrange your journey to Donaueschingen, through which the diligence passes, and your visit to Prince von Fürstenberg; and I will send you a money order for Strassburg. By the way, you may rest assured that the Archbishop has now great respect for you and that he will show it. No doubt he used to adopt that high and mighty attitude of his, in part to prevent us from putting forward our requests and in part because he never believed that you would really leave Salzburg. But he has had proofs to the contrary. He wishes to see you conduct from the harpsichord and he has already handed over all the rest of the work to me. So he does not require any more Italian

¹ Johann Baptist Becke, flautist in the Munich court orchestra. He corresponded regularly with Leopold Mozart.

Kapellmeisters, and indeed he has been bamboozled far too much. I have nothing more to tell you, save that I can hardly contain myself for joy when I think that soon I shall fold you in my arms.

Your honest father

MZT.

(331) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

PARIS, *ce 11 sept^b*, 1778

I have received your three letters of August 13th, 27th and 31st, but I shall only reply to the last one, as it is the most important. When I read it through (M. Heina, who sends his compliments to you both, was with me), I trembled with joy, for I fancied myself already in your arms. It is true (and you will confess this yourself) that no great fortune is awaiting me in Salzburg. Yet, when I think of once more embracing you and my dear sister with all my heart, I care for no other advantage. This indeed is the only real excuse I can make to the people here who keep on shouting in my ears that I must remain in Paris: for I always reply at once: "What do you mean? I am satisfied, and that settles it. There is one place where I can say I am at home, where I can live in peace and quiet with my most beloved father and my dearest sister, where I can do as I like, where apart from the duties of my appointment I am my own master, and where I have a permanent income and yet can go off when I like, and travel every second year. What more can I desire?" To tell you my real feelings, the only thing that disgusts me about Salzburg is the impossibility of mixing freely with the people and the low estimation in which the musicians are held there—and—that the Archbishop has no confidence in the experience of intelligent people, who have seen the

world. For I assure you that people who do not travel (I mean those who cultivate the arts and learning) are indeed miserable creatures; and I protest that unless the Archbishop allows me to travel every second year, I can't possibly accept the engagement. A fellow of mediocre talent will remain a mediocrity, whether he travels or not; but one of superior talent (which without impiety I cannot deny that I possess) will go to seed, if he always remains in the same place. If the Archbishop would only trust me, I should soon make his orchestra famous; of this there can be no doubt. I can assure you that this journey has not been unprofitable to me, I mean, from the point of view of composition, for, as for the clavier, I play it as well as I ever shall. But there is one thing more I must settle about Salzburg and that is that I shall not be kept to the violin, as I used to be. I will no longer be a fiddler. I want to conduct at the clavier and accompany arias. It would indeed have been a good thing if I could have obtained a written agreement regarding the post of Kapellmeister, for otherwise it may be that I shall have the honour of filling two posts and being paid for one—and in the end the Archbishop may again promote some stranger over my head. Dearest father! I must confess that were it not for the pleasure of seeing you both again, I really could not decide to accept. And yet I am glad to get away from Paris, which I detest, although my affairs here are beginning to improve steadily and I do not doubt that if I could make up my mind to hold out here for a few years, I should certainly get on very well. For I am now fairly well known or—rather people know me, even if I don't know *them*. I have made quite a name for myself by my two symphonies,¹ the second of which was performed on the 8th. Now that I have said that I am going away I

¹ K. 297 is one of these symphonies. The other may be K. App. 8. But see Köchel, p. 393.

could easily get a commission for an opera, but I have told Noverre: "If you will guarantee that *it will be performed* as soon as it is finished, and will tell me exactly what I am going to get for it, I will stay on for another three months and compose it". For I could not reject the offer at once, or people would have thought that I distrusted myself. Noverre could not agree to these terms (and I knew beforehand that he couldn't), for they are not the terms which are ordinarily offered here. What happens in Paris, as you probably know, is this:—When the opera is finished, it is rehearsed and if these stupid Frenchmen do not like it, it is not performed—and the composer has had all his trouble for nothing. If they think it good, it is produced and paid for in proportion to its success with the public. There is no certainty whatever. However, I am saving up these matters to discuss when we meet. I must tell you candidly that my own affairs are now beginning to prosper. It is no use trying to hurry matters—*chi va piano, va sano*.¹ My complaisance has won me both friends and patrons; if I were to tell you all, my fingers would ache! Well, I shall be able to relate all this by word of mouth and make it plain to you that M. Grimm may be able to help *children*, but not grown-up people—and—but no, I had better not write anything—and yet I must. Do not imagine that he—is the same as he was; were it not for Madame D'Épinay, I should not be in this house. And he need not be so proud of his hospitality—for there are four houses where I could have had both board and lodging. The good fellow doesn't know that, *if I had remained in Paris*, I should have cleared out of his house next month and gone to a less boorish and stupid household, where people can do you a kindness without constantly casting it in your teeth. Such conduct is enough to make me *forget* a benefit. But I will be more generous than he

¹ Slow and sure wins the race.

is—I am only sorry that I am not remaining here, for I would show him that I do not need him—and that I can do as well as his Piccinni¹—although I am only a German. The greatest kindness he has shown me has taken the form of fifteen louis d’or, which he lent me bit by bit during my mother’s illness and death.—Is he afraid of losing them, I wonder? If he has any doubts about it, he really deserves to be kicked, for in that case he is distrusting my honesty (which is the only thing which is capable of driving me into a rage) and also my talents—but I know that he distrusts the latter, for he himself once said to me that he did not believe I was capable of composing a French opera. When I leave I shall return the fifteen louis d’or with thanks and I shall say a few very polite words. My poor mother often said to me: “I don’t know how it is, he seems to me to be quite changed”. But I always took his part, though secretly I was convinced that he was changed. He spoke about me to no one—or if he did, it was always done very stupidly and awkwardly or disparagingly. He was always wanting me to run off to see Piccinni, and Caribaldi² also—for they have a miserable opera buffa here now—but I invariably said: “No, I shan’t go a single step to see them” and so on. In a word, he is of the Italian faction—he is false and is even trying to down me. This seems incredible, does it not? But it is true, and here is the proof: I opened my whole heart to him as a true friend—and good use he has made of it! He always gave me bad advice, supposing that I should be stupid enough to follow it; but he was only successful two or three times, for latterly I have never consulted him—and when he has offered me advice, I have not taken it, although I

¹ In the Gluck-Piccinni rivalry Grimm actively sided with the Piccinists.

² Caribaldi was an opera buffa tenor whom the Mozarts had heard in Vienna. See p. 122.

have always said yes, so that I might not have to swallow more insults from him.

Well, enough of this. We can talk it over when we meet. At all events Madame D'Épinay has a better heart. The room I am living in belongs to her and not to him. It is the sick-room—that is, if anyone in the house is ill, he is put up there; it has nothing to recommend it, except the view: only four bare walls; no cupboard or anything. So now you may judge whether I could have stood it any longer. I would have told you this long ago, but I was afraid that you would not believe me. But, whether you believe me or not, I cannot keep silence any longer—and yet I feel sure that you do believe me, for I have still sufficient credit with you to convince you that I tell the truth. I take my meals too with Madame D'Épinay; but you must not suppose that he pays her anything, for indeed I cost her next to nothing. They have the same meals whether I am there or not, for as they never know when I am going to be in, they can't consider me; and in the evening I eat fruit and drink a glass of wine. All the time I have been in their house, which is now more than two months, I have not lunched with them more than fourteen times at most. So, with the exception of the fifteen louis d'or, which I mean to repay with thanks, Grimm has been put to no expense whatever on my account save for candles; and I should really be ashamed of myself more than of him, were I to offer to supply my own; in fact, I could not bring myself to say such a thing—on my honour, I couldn't. I am like that. When he spoke to me the other day rather harshly, boorishly and stupidly, I hadn't the courage to say, as I was afraid of offending him, that he need not worry about his fifteen louis d'or. I just endured it—and asked him whether he had said all that he wished. I then replied, "Your obedient servant", and went off. He makes out that I must leave

Paris in a week—he is in such a hurry. I have told him that this is impossible—and have given him my reasons. “Oh,” he said, “that doesn’t matter; it is your father’s wish.” “Excuse me, in his last letter he said that he would let me know in his next when I was to leave.” “Well, get ready for the journey anyhow.” But I must tell you plainly that it will be impossible for me to leave before the beginning of next month—or at the earliest the end of the present one, for I have still six trios to compose,¹ for which I shall be well paid. Moreover I must first get my money from Le Gros and the Duc de Guines—and, further, as the court goes to Munich at the end of this month, I should like to be there at the same time to present my sonatas² to the Electress³ in person, which might perhaps bring me a present. I shall pack my things and talk to Gschwendner, and send them off immediately or as soon as possible. I see that it is not advisable to leave things behind with Grimm. As for my three concertos, the one written for Mlle Jeunehomme, the one for Countess Lützow and the one in B \flat ,⁴ I shall sell them to the man who engraved my sonatas, provided he pays cash for them. And, if I can, I shall do the same with my six difficult sonatas.⁵ Even if I don’t get much—it will be surely better than nothing. On a journey one needs money. As for the symphonies,⁶ most of them are not in the Parisian taste. If I have time, I shall rearrange some of my violin concertos,⁷ and curtail them. In Germany we rather like length, but after all it is better to be short and good. In your next letter I shall no doubt

¹ There is no trace of these works.

² K. 301-306.

³ Marie Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Karl Theodor.

⁴ K. 271, written in January 1777 for Mlle Jeunehomme; K. 246, written in 1776 for the Countess Lützow; K. 238, written in 1776.

⁵ K. 279-284, the six clavier sonatas written in 1774 and 1775.

⁶ Mozart means his earlier symphonies, written in Salzburg.

⁷ Mozart is referring to the five violin concertos which he composed in 1775.

find some instructions for my journey. I only hope that you have sent them to me alone, as I would rather have nothing more to do with Grimm. I trust that you have done so, and it would be better too—for on the whole a Gschwendner and a Heina can arrange these things better than this upstart Baron. Indeed I owe Heina more than I owe him, if you will but look at it by the light of a farthing candle. Well, I shall expect an early reply to this letter and I shall not leave Paris until it comes. I have already worked out the times. You will get this letter on September 22nd; you will reply immediately; the post leaves on Friday the 25th and I shall have your answer on October 3rd. I can then leave on the 6th, for I am not in a hurry, nor is my stay here vain or fruitless, as I shut myself up and work in order to make as much money as possible. But there is one thing I want to ask you. I don't know yet how you want me to travel. As I shall not have a lot of extra luggage with me (for when I get an opportunity, I shall send in advance what I do not require), I could perhaps purchase a pretty cabriolet, of the type which is now very popular here. That's what Wendling did. After Strassburg you can travel as you like, with the mail coach or with a vetturino. The cabriolets here are different from what they used to be, for they are now closed and have glass windows. But they have two wheels and will take two persons who are not too stout. Well, I shall arrange all that when you have replied to this letter. I have another request which I trust you will not refuse. If it should happen, though I hope and believe it is not so, that the Webers have not gone to Munich, but are still at Mannheim, I should like to have the pleasure of going there to visit them. I know that this would take me a little out of my way, but it would not be much—or at all events it would not seem much to me. But I don't think that, after all, it will be necessary, for I'm sure I shall find them in

Munich. I hope to be assured of this to-morrow by a letter. But, if that should not be the case, I am already convinced that you will not deny me this pleasure. Most beloved father! If the Archbishop wants a new singer, by Heaven I do not know of a better one. He will never get a Teiber or a De Amicis; and the rest are certainly worse. I am only sorry that when the Salzburg people flock to Mannheim for the next carnival and "Rosemunde" is given, poor Mlle Weber will probably not please, or at least that they will not be able to judge her as she deserves—for she has a miserable part—almost that of a *persona muta*—and has only to sing a few lines between the choruses. She has one aria where something good might be expected from the ritornello, but the voice part is alla Schweitzer, as if dogs were yelping. She has only one song, a sort of rondo in the second act, where she has an opportunity of sustaining her voice a little and showing what she can do. Yes, unhappy indeed is the singer, male or female, who falls into Schweitzer's hands, for as long as he lives he will never learn how to write for the voice! When I return to Salzburg, I shall certainly not fail to plead with great enthusiasm for my dear friend. Meanwhile, please do all you can for her, for you cannot give your son greater pleasure. I think of nothing now but the delight of embracing you so soon. Please see that everything the Archbishop has promised you is absolutely assured—and also what I asked you for, that is, that my place should be at the clavier. My greetings to all my good friends, and particularly to Herr Bullinger. Oh, what fun we shall have together! I see it all in thought already—it is all before my eyes. Adieu.

I kiss your hands 100000 times and embrace my sister with all my heart. Hoping to have a reply at once, so that I may leave immediately, I remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

[*Written inside the cover*]

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

A propos. You will know from my last letter that I have been to St. Germain, where I was given a commission. Madame Follard, wife of a former French Ambassador in Munich, who is a bosom friend of the Bishop of Chiemsee, would like to know whether by any chance he has not received the letters which she sent him? For she has had no reply. So please do her this kindness, as she pressed me most earnestly to find out. Adieu. I await your reply, and I shall not leave until I get it. Do not appear to know anything about what I have told you concerning a certain gentleman. I like to reward people of his type with courtesy—which hurts them far more, for then they can't retort. Adieu.

(332) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, *September 17th, 1778*

I have been expecting a letter from you for two post-days, as I gathered from your last one of August 27th from St. Germain that you would be back in Paris at the end of August or the beginning of September and that you would have read my letters and thought over my plans. Well, either you must get settled in Munich or return for the time being to Salzburg, where you will enjoy a great reputation, a large salary and more consideration and responsibility. If you were here, it would be easier to further your prospects in Munich either by getting an appointment there or by writing operas. That I have pressed the matter earnestly to Padre Martini you can

judge from the following reply which I received from him yesterday:

Ho piacere grande, etc.—Ritornato a Mannheim il Signor Raaff le ho scritto raccomandandole con tutta l'efficacia il di lei figlio, avendo ancora io grande premura che sia collocato decorosamente evantaggiosamente: ma perchè il Signor Raaff non rispose a una mia di somma premura, replico in quest'ordinario, e le raccomando l'affare quanto mai so e posso. Sento poi con rammarico la perdita della sua degna consorte, etc.—S'assicuri che ho tutta la premura possibile perchè ella venga consolata, e spero in Dio che obtenga il di lui contento, etc. Bologna 6 settembre.¹

So you see that I am making every possible effort to get you an appointment in Munich. Everyone is longing to see you again! The Chief Steward offers you his horses and Dr. Prex his fine little bay; Louisa Robinig her love; I my health—long life—and all the good things which you would like your father to have; your sister her sisterly friendship, love and service; our maid Theresa all the thirteen capons which she has bought for you; and Bimperl several thousand licks. What more can you ask? Indeed the capons, which have been ordered in advance to celebrate your return, are already awaiting you. The players are to arrive this evening, and on Sunday we shall have the first play. *Look after your things and send off with your poor Mamma's belongings what you will not require for your journey. Take care of your possessions and make friends with no one when travelling. Sell the copies of all your music, of which you or I have the*

¹ I am delighted, etc. On his return to Mannheim I wrote to Signor Raaff recommending your son to him very strongly, as I too am particularly anxious that he should have a suitable and profitable appointment. As Signor Raaff has not replied to my letter immediately, I am writing again by this post and urging him as far as I can to take up the matter. I am grieved to hear of the loss of your gracious wife, etc. Rest assured that it is my most earnest wish that you should be comforted, and I hope that God will grant you consolation, etc. Bologna, September 6th.

original scores. *Bring back the addresses of the music dealers*, so that you may be able to correspond with them. And relieve me at last of all my worries which are causing me sleepless nights; and see to it that I may soon embrace you with the most inexpressible delight.

Your loving honest father

MZT.

Bullinger and all our friends send their greetings and Nannerl and I kiss you a million times. Take care of your health!

(333) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR SON!

SALZBURG, September 24th, 1778

I have read your letter of the 11th with the greatest pleasure. <I am not very much surprised at all you tell me about our mutual friend, as his letters have always struck me as rather suspicious.> It would have been much better if you had told me all this long ago. <I am not writing to him to-day, as I sent him a letter by the last post-day but one.> You will now have received my letter of the 17th. Well, I must tell you that Baron von Grimm wrote to say that he would make arrangements for your journey to Strassburg, and from his letter I gathered that he must have advanced you money. So I replied that I wanted to pay everything and asked him to give me a letter of credit to Augsburg. Great Heavens! I had to write it, for how could I leave you high and dry? He replied, however: "Je ne veux pas entendre parler de remboursement dans ce moment-ci. Quand vous serez plus à votre aise, nous solderons nos comptes. Je vous l'ai dit, je voudrais être en état de faire une pension à votre fils, etc." My dear son, why, that is very polite, and you see that he has complete

confidence in us. He goes on to say: "Ne vous inquiétez pas de m'envoyer de l'argent, mais tracez à votre fils tout ce qu'il doit faire pendant sa route. Je vous le livrerai jusqu'à Strassbourg, si vous lui faites trouver là de l'argent pour continuer sa route par Augsbourg et Salzbourg, etc." Such remarks, far from showing distrust of me, suggest that he has complete confidence in me. This was a great relief, for Grimm, who has travelled a good deal, must know best how you can get from Paris to Strassburg most safely and conveniently and without much expense. He knows the route, which I do not, and he will be responsible for the expenses of the journey. His letter closes with these words: "Employez donc l'argent que vous voulez m'envoyer, à son voyage depuis Strassbourg à Salzbourg, etc." You may judge from this remark whether your suspicions were not over-hasty. I do not think that you should leave anything behind. But, if you can, you should sell some of your music at once. It is better that whatever does you no honour, should not be given to the public. That is the reason why I have not given any of your symphonies to be copied, because I suspect that when you are older and have more insight, you will be glad that no one has got hold of them, though at the time you composed them you were quite pleased with them. One gradually becomes more and more fastidious. Your idea of going to Mannheim is absolutely impracticable, because by the end of the month everyone who is not at Munich already will be going off there. Your desire that the Webers should have a thousand gulden a year has been fulfilled, for a letter from Munich of September 15th informs me that Count Seeau has engaged Mlle Weber for the German theatre at six hundred gulden. So if you add her father's four hundred, they will have a thousand. I must now urge you most insistently to abandon all your high-flown ideas which are

too exalted for our Salzburg orchestra. You think that I ought to have demanded for you a written promise of the post of Kapellmeister? But do you think that I attach such importance to this post?—Not at all! If you are at a small court like ours, will you not always be perfectly free to leave? Again, you say—“*I will no longer be a fiddler*”. Why, formerly you were nothing but a *fiddler* and also incidentally *Konzertmeister*. But now you are *Konzertmeister* and Court Organist and your main duty will be to *accompany at the clavier*. As a lover of music you will not consider it beneath you to play the violin in the first symphony any more than does the Archbishop himself¹ and also the courtiers who play with us. You would surely not deny to Haydn certain achievements in music? Has he, a *Konzertmeister*, become a court viola-player, because he plays that instrument in the chamber music concerts? Why, one does it for one’s own amusement; and as the concert is short and only consists of four items, believe me that to play is a pleasant recreation, as one doesn’t know what to do with oneself in the evenings. If something more important turns up, eh bien! one stays away—as others have done. And I wager that rather than let your own composition be bungled—you will prefer to take part in the performance. It does not follow, however, that you will be regarded as a fiddler, while others enjoy themselves, and that you will have to play their trios and quartets. Not at all! My chief satisfaction in this arrangement is that your salary and my improved one will enable us to pay *⟨our debts⟩* and live in comfort. You are returning *⟨with a great reputation.⟩* Everyone knows that *⟨the Archbishop has invited you to return⟩* and the whole town is delighted that you have decided to come home and help your father who is now a widower and give him the

¹ The Archbishop frequently played the violin in his orchestra. For an account of these performances see Abert, vol. i. p. 323.



THE MOZART FAMILY (1780-81)

From a portrait by Johann Nepomuk de la C roce
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

necessary support in his old age. God keep you in good health and grant you a pleasant journey! It is a long one! Take care of yourself! Do not strike up an intimate friendship with anyone on the journey! Trust no one! Keep your medicines in your night-bag, in case you should need them. Look after your luggage when you get in and out of the coach. Give my compliments to Baron von Grimm and *(be sure not to play any impudent prank on him.)* I shall write to him when I hear that you have left. We are counting the days until we can embrace you. That idiot of a maid Theresa has bought six more capons and Nannerl ironed for you yesterday a most beautiful pair of *lace cuffs*. She and I kiss you a million times and I remain your father who is hoping to see you soon.

MZT.

(334) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, October 1st, 1778

I am very much annoyed with Grimm for the way in which he has hurried up your departure from Paris. I received on September 29th his letter of the 11th, in which he informed me that you were leaving on the 26th par les carosses de Strassbourg; and my reply to your letter will not arrive until October 3rd. He said that your journey would take ten days and that you would arrive in Strassburg on October 5th or 6th. If you cannot give a concert in Strassburg or make money quickly in some other way, then hurry off and do not waste your time and substance. Scherz is to give you just as much money as he thinks you require, for you will get some more from my brother at Augsburg, to whom I am writing. I hope to hear from you from Strassburg *what route you have chosen*, so that I may make arrangements accordingly.

I wish you a pleasant journey. Nannerl, Bullinger and I are praying God to grant you this. I remain your honest father, who awaits you,

MZT.

Nannerl and I kiss you a million times.

(335) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

NANCY, *ce 3 octob.*, 1778

Please forgive me for not having informed you of my departure before leaving Paris, but I simply cannot describe it to you, on account of the way in which the whole business was hurried up, contrary to my plans, hopes and wishes. At the last moment I wanted to send my luggage to Count Sickingen's instead of to the Bureau des Diligences, and stay on in Paris for a few days longer—and on my honour I would have done so, had I not—thought of you—for I did not wish to cause you any anxiety. We shall be able to go into all this more satisfactorily in Salzburg. But one thing more. Just imagine, M. Grimm actually deceived me, when he said that if I went by the diligence I should arrive in Strassburg in five days. It was not until the last day that I found out that it was quite another coach, which goes at a snail's pace, never changes horses and takes ten days! So you may easily conceive my rage; but I only expressed my feelings to my intimate friends—to him I pretended to be quite happy and contented. When I got into the carriage, I heard the pleasant news that we should be twelve days on the road. So you can see the great wisdom of Herr Baron von Grimm. He sent me off by this slow conveyance simply to save money, without ever con-

sidering that, as I should have continually to be making use of inns, my expenses would be just the same. Well, it is all over now; but what annoyed me most in the whole affair was his not being straightforward with me. Of course it was his own money which he saved, and not mine, as he paid for my journey, but not for my keep; whereas, had I stayed eight or ten days longer in Paris, I should have been able to arrange for my journey myself and much more comfortably. Well, I endured a week in that carriage, but any longer I could not stand—not on account of fatigue, for the carriage was well sprung, but for want of sleep. We were off every morning at four o'clock, so we had to get up at three; and twice I had the honour of getting up at one o'clock, as the carriage was to leave at two. You know that I cannot sleep in a coach; so it was impossible for me to go on in this way without endangering my health. Moreover, one of our fellow-travellers was badly afflicted with the French disease—and didn't deny it either—which in itself was enough to make me prefer, should it come to the point, to travel by post-chaise. But that is not necessary, for I have had the good fortune to fall in with a man whom I like—a German merchant who lives in Paris and deals in English wares. Before getting into the coach we exchanged a few words, and from that moment we remained together. We did not take our meals with the other passengers, but in our own room, where we also slept. I am glad I met this man, for he has travelled a great deal and therefore understands the business. As he too has got bored with that coach, we have both left it and to-morrow we are proceeding to Strassburg by a good conveyance which does not cost us much. There I hope to find a letter from you and to learn from it something about my further journey. I hope you have received all my letters. Yours have reached me safely. Please forgive me for not writing

much, but I am never in a good humour when I am in a town where I am quite unknown; though I believe that, if I had friends here, I should like to stay on, for it is indeed a charming place with handsome houses, fine broad streets and superb squares. I have one thing more to ask you, which is to put a large chest in my room, so that I may have all my belongings beside me. I should also like to have beside my writing-desk the little clavier which Fischietti and Rust had, as it suits me better than Stein's small one.¹ I am not bringing you many new compositions, for I haven't composed very much. I have not got the three quartets² and the flute concerto³ for M. De Jean, for, when he went to Paris, he packed them into the wrong trunk and so they remained in Mannheim. But he has promised to send them to me as soon as he returns to Mannheim and I shall ask Wendling to forward them. I am therefore bringing no finished work with me except my sonatas⁴—for Le Gros purchased from me the two ouvertures⁵ and the sinfonia concertante.⁶ He thinks that he alone has them, but he is wrong, for they are still fresh in my mind and, as soon as I get home, I shall write them down again. The Munich players must now be giving performances. Are they popular? Do people go to see them? I suppose that Piccinni's Fishermayden (*La pescatrice*) or Sacchini's⁷ Peasant girl at court (*La contadina in corte*) will be the first of the singspiele to be given. The prima

¹ The portable clavier which Leopold Mozart purchased from Stein during the Mozarts' stay in Augsburg in 1763. See p. 30, n. 3.

² K. 285, 285a, and K. App. 171. See p. 674, n. 1.

³ K. 313.

⁴ K. 301-306, or possibly K. 330-333.

⁵ Another name for symphonies. K. 297 is one. The other may be K. App. 8. But see Köchel, p. 393.

⁶ K. App. 9.

⁷ Antonio Maria Gasparo Sacchini (1730-1786), a popular operatic composer in his day, whose operas were performed on nearly all the stages of Europe.

donna will be Mlle Kaiser, the girl I wrote to you about from Munich. I do not know her—I have only heard her sing. It was then her third appearance on the stage and she had only been learning music for three weeks. Well, good-bye. I shall not have one quiet hour until I see again all those I love in this world. I embrace my dear sister with all my heart and I kiss your hands a thousand times and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to all my good friends, and especially to our true, dear friend Bullinger.

(336) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MONSIEUR

STRASSBURG, *October 15th, 1778*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I have received your three letters of September 17th and 24th and October 1st, but it has been quite impossible to answer them sooner. I hope that you got my last letter from Nancy. I am most delighted that, thank God, you are both in good health. I too, thank God, am well—very well. I now want to reply as far as I can to the most important points in your three letters. What you have told me about M. Grimm I, of course, know better than you do. He was all courtesy and civility—that I know well. Had he been anything else, I should certainly not have stood on such ceremony with him. All that I owe M. Grimm is fifteen louis d'or, and it is his own fault that I have not repaid them—and I have told him so. But what is the use of this rigmarole? We can talk it all over in Salzburg. I am very much obliged to you for having put my case so strongly before Padre Martini, and also for

having written about me to Mr. Raaff. But I never doubted that you would do so, for I know that you like to see your son happy and contented and that you are aware that there is no place where I could be happier than in Munich, because, as it is so near Salzburg, I could often visit you. That Mlle Weber, or rather my dear Mlle Weber, is now receiving a salary, and that justice has at last been done to her merits, delights me as much as is to be expected from one who is deeply interested in her affairs. I commend her once more to you most warmly; though I must now, alas! give up all hope of what I so desired—that is, that she should get an appointment in Salzburg—for the Archbishop would never give her the salary she is now drawing. At most she might come for a time to Salzburg to sing in an opera. I have had a letter from her father, written in great haste the day before their departure for Munich, in which he also mentions this piece of news. The poor things had all been in the greatest anxiety about me. They thought I was dead, as they had not heard from me for a whole month, for my last letter but one had gone astray—and they were further confirmed in this fear as it was being said in Mannheim that my poor mother had died of some contagious disease. So they had all been praying for my soul, and the poor girl had gone every day to the Kapuzinerkirche to do so. Perhaps you will laugh? But I don't. I am touched and I cannot help it. Well, to proceed. I think I shall certainly go to Augsburg by way of Stuttgart, as, judging from your letters, there is nothing or generally not much to be made in Donaueschingen. But you will hear all this in a letter which I shall send you before I leave Strassburg.

Dearest father! I assure you that were it not for the joy of embracing you so soon, I should certainly not return to Salzburg. For, apart from this praiseworthy and really delightful reason, I am truly committing the greatest folly

in the world. Rest assured that these are my very own thoughts and have not been borrowed from other people. Of course, when people heard of my intention to leave Paris, they opposed it with strong arguments, against which my only effective weapon was my true and tender affection for my most beloved father, for which naturally people could not but praise me, adding, however, that if my father knew of my present circumstances and excellent prospects (and had not received different and false information from a certain good friend),¹ he would surely not have written to me in such a strain that resistance to his wish was out of the question. And I thought to myself that if I had not had to put up with so much vexation in the house where I was staying, and if matters had not developed into a series of thunderclaps, leaving me no time to consider the question coolly, I should have earnestly besought you to have had patience for a time and to have left me for a little longer in Paris, where I assure you I should have gained honour, reputation and wealth and should most certainly have removed the burden of your debts. But now the thing is done, and you must not for a moment suppose that I regret it, for you alone, dearest father, can sweeten for me the bitterness of Salzburg; and that you will do so, I feel convinced. Still, I must frankly confess that I should arrive in Salzburg with a lighter heart, did I not remember that I am to be in the service of the court. It is that thought which is intolerable to me. Consider it yourself—put yourself in my place! At Salzburg I never know how I stand. I am to be everything—and yet—sometimes—nothing! Nor do I ask *so much* nor *so little*—I just want something—I mean to be something! In any other place I should know what my duties were. Everywhere else, whoever undertakes the violin, sticks to it, and it is the same with the clavier, etc.

¹ Grimm.

But no doubt all this can be arranged. Well, I trust that everything will turn out fortunately and happily for me. I rely wholly on you. Things here are in a poor state, but the day after to-morrow, Saturday the 17th, I am giving a subscription concert *all by myself* (for the sake of economy) to please some kind friends, amateurs and connoisseurs. If I engaged an orchestra, it would cost me, with lighting, over three louis d'or, and who knows whether I shall make that sum? I am obliged to you for having made such excellent arrangements about money for my journey. I do not think I shall need it—even if I do not give a concert. But I shall draw a few louis d'or either here or in Augsburg as a precaution, for one never can tell what may happen. Meanwhile, farewell. I shall tell you more in my next letter. My sonatas ¹ cannot have been engraved yet, although they were promised for the end of September. That is what happens if you cannot see to a thing yourself. And that again is due to Grimm's obstinacy. They will very likely be full of mistakes, because I have not been able to revise them myself, but have had to get someone else to do so. And I shall probably have to go to Munich without these sonatas. These seemingly trivial matters may often bring success, honour and wealth or, on the other hand, disgrace. Well, adieu. I embrace my dearest sister with all my heart and you, my most beloved father, I kiss in the flattering hope of soon being able to embrace you and kiss your hand myself. I remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to all Salzburg, and particularly to our dear and true friend Bullinger.

¹ K. 301-306.

(337) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *October 19th, 1778*

I received your letter from Nancy on October 13th. After reading it I was more angry than ever with Baron Grimm. I cannot understand what his object was in hurrying you off so inconsiderately; and it would have been a good thing, provided that Count Sickingen could have taken you in, if you had remained a few days longer in Paris and waited for my last letter, that is, of course, if you had been sure of making some more money. I am annoyed with Grimm for other reasons too, which I shall reserve for our conversation. Now for a blow! *A most frightful blow!* I had written to the brothers Frank at Strassburg on October 1st, telling them of your arrival and of the money order on Herr Scherz. They replied on the 9th, saying *that you had not yet arrived, that the conductor of the coach had told them that you had stayed behind in Nancy with some travelling companions and so forth.* But you wrote to me from Nancy about the 3rd, saying *that you and that merchant had left the coach at Nancy and that you were both going off on the following morning to Strassburg by a good conveyance which would not cost much.* Well, seeing that six days later you had not reached Strassburg, must we not all think that *you have fallen ill?—or that the merchant in question was perhaps a robber or a knave?* And I am still in this dreadful state of anxiety, as to-day, October 19th, I have still had no letter from you. I await one with longing and yet I tremble, and so do we all, at sight of the postman, for I fear some frightful news. Whenever Bullinger appears, I watch his features with the greatest attention, lest he should be bringing my sentence of death. I have now

spent four sleepless nights—*such ghastly nights, my son!* I dread them; and I am glad when the day breaks, which unfortunately is very late now. One single shimmer of hope still shines and soothes me when I turn to that passage in your letter where you say: "*Though I believe that, if I had friends here, I should like to stay on, for it is indeed a charming place with handsome houses, fine broad streets and superb squares*".¹ As Abbé Henri has told me that Nancy has a theatre and a concert-hall and as I feel sure that in such an important town you will have called on *some Kapellmeister, conductor or organist and tried one of the organs*, I am hoping that you have made acquaintances and found an opportunity of remaining for a few days and resting. You will remember that on our travels long ago we used to do this and at least went to see the organs in the churches. God grant that this may be so! I will gladly endure this dreadful agony, if there has been no ground for it. I have confessed and taken communion together with your sister and I have prayed God most earnestly to preserve you. Our excellent Bullinger prays daily for you at Holy Mass. I implore you to travel to Munich by the safest possible conveyance, as only three days ago two French merchants turned up here, who had been attacked near Plattling in Bavaria by nine robbers on a moonlight night and had lost a trunk. Take care of your health. Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times. I can hardly await the hour when I shall see you. I remain your very anxious father

MOZART

¹ See p. 924.

(338) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*STRASSBURG, *October 26th–November 2nd, 1778*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

As you see, I am still here and that too on the advice of Herr Frank and some other Strassburg bigwigs; but I am leaving to-morrow. In my last letter, which I hope you have received safely, I told you that on Saturday the 17th I was giving a concert of sorts, as to give a concert here is an even worse undertaking than in Salzburg. That, of course, is over now—I played quite alone and I engaged no musicians, so that at least I might lose nothing. Briefly, I took in three louis d'or in all. The chief receipts consisted in the shouts of Bravo! and Bravissimo! which echoed on all sides. Prince Max von Zweibrücken too honoured the concert with his presence. I need not tell you that everyone was pleased. I wanted to leave Strassburg at once, but they advised me to stay on until the following Saturday and give a grand concert in the theatre. I did so and to the surprise, indignation and disgrace of all the people of Strassburg, my receipts were exactly the same. The Director, M. Villeneuve, cursed the inhabitants of this really detestable town in a way that was delightful to listen to. I took in a little more money certainly, but the cost of the orchestra (who are very bad but demand to be paid handsomely), the lighting, the guard, the printing, the crowds of attendants at the entrances and so forth made up a considerable sum. Still I must tell you that the applause and clapping of hands made my ears ache as much as if the whole theatre had been full. All who were present loudly and publicly abused their fellow-citizens—and I told them all, that if I could have reasonably supposed that so few people would have

come, I should gladly have given the concert gratis merely for the pleasure of seeing the theatre well filled. And indeed I should have preferred it, for upon my word there is nothing more depressing than a large T-shaped table laid for eighty with only three at dinner. Besides, it was so cold—though indeed I soon warmed myself, for, in order to show these gentlemen of Strassburg how little I cared, I played a very long time for my own amusement, giving one more concerto than I had promised—and, in the end, extemporising for quite a while. Well, that is over—and at least I have won honour and glory. I have drawn eight louis d'or from Herr Scherz simply by way of precaution, for one can never know what may happen on a journey; and a bird in the hand is always worth two in the bush. I have read the fatherly, well-meaning letter which you sent to Mr. Frank, when you were so anxious about me. Of course you could not know what I did not know myself when I wrote to you from Nancy, that is, that I should have to wait so long for a good opportunity. Your mind may be quite at ease about the merchant with whom I am travelling. He is the most upright man in the world, takes more care of me than of himself, and, just to please me, is coming to Augsburg and Munich, and possibly even to Salzburg. We constantly shed tears when we think that we shall have to part. He is not a learned man, but a man of experience; and we live together like children. When he thinks of his wife and children, whom he has left in Paris, I try to console him; and when I think of my own people, he endeavours to comfort me.

November 2nd. On October 31st, my worthy name-day, I amused myself, or rather, I amused others for a couple of hours. At the repeated requests of Herr Frank, De Beyer and others, I gave another concert at which, after paying the expenses (which this time were not heavy), I actually cleared one louis d'or. Now you see what Strass-

burg is! I said at the beginning of this letter that I would leave on the 27th or 28th. But it has proved impossible, owing to sudden floods which have caused a great deal of damage. No doubt you will read about them in the papers. Travelling was thus out of the question, and that was the only reason which induced me to consent to give another concert, as I had to stay on in any case. To-morrow I am leaving by the diligence and travelling through Mannheim. Do not be startled at this. In foreign countries it is expedient to follow the advice of those whom experience has taught better. Most of the strangers who travel to Stuttgart (I mean, by the diligence) think nothing of this *détour* of eight hours, as the road is better and the mail coach too. Well, all that I have to do now is to congratulate you, most beloved father, with all my heart on your approaching name-day.

Most beloved father! With all my heart I wish you all that a son can wish for his dear father, for whom he has great respect and real affection. I thank God Almighty that He has permitted you again to pass this day in excellent health, and I only ask Him for this grace that all my life long (and I hope to live for a good many years to come) I may be able to congratulate you every year. However strange and perhaps ridiculous this wish may seem to you, I assure you that it is both sincere and genuine.

I trust that you received my last letter of October 15th from Strassburg. I don't want to run down M. Grimm any more; but I cannot help saying that it is entirely due to his stupidity in hurrying up my departure that my sonatas¹ have not yet been engraved, or have not appeared—or at any rate that I have not yet received them. And when they do come, I shall probably find them full of mistakes. If I had only stayed three days longer in Paris, I could have corrected them myself and brought

¹ K. 301-306.

them with me. The engraver was in despair when I told him that I should not be able to revise them myself, but should have to commission someone else to do so. Why? Because, when I told Grimm that, as I could not spend three more days in his house, I was going to stay with Count Sickingen for the sake of the sonatas, he replied, his eyes sparkling with rage: "Look here. If you leave my house before you leave Paris, I shall never look at you again as long as I live. In that case you must never come near me, for I shall be your worst enemy." Well, self-control was indeed very necessary. Had it not been for you, who knew nothing about the whole affair, I should certainly have replied: "Well, be my enemy; be so by all means. You are my enemy as it is, or you would not be preventing me from putting my affairs in order here—from doing what I have promised to do—and thereby preserving my honour and reputation—from making money and perhaps even my fortune. For if I present my sonatas to the Electress when I go to Munich, I shall be keeping my promise, I shall get a present—or even make my fortune." But, as it was, I only bowed and went off without saying a word. Before I left Paris, however, I did say all this to him—but he answered me like an idiot—or like some wicked fellow who now and then prefers to behave like one. I have written twice to M. Heina, but have got no reply. The sonatas ought to have appeared by the end of September and M. Grimm was to have forwarded the promised copies to me at once. So I expected to find them in Strassburg. M. Grimm says in a letter that he has not seen or heard anything of them, but that he will forward them to me as soon as he gets them. I hope I shall have them soon. Strassburg is loth to let me go! You cannot think how much they esteem and love me here. They say that everything about me is so distinguished—that I am so composed—and polite

—and have such excellent manners. Everyone knows me. As soon as they heard my name, the two Herren Silbermann¹ and Herr Hepp,² the organist, came to call on me, and also Kapellmeister Richter.³ The latter now lives very economically, for instead of forty bottles of wine a day he only swills about twenty. I have played here in public on the two best organs built by Silbermann, which are in the Lutheran churches—the Neukirche and the Thomaskirche. If the Cardinal⁴ (who was very ill when I arrived) had died, I might have got a good appointment, for Richter is seventy-eight. Now, farewell! Be cheerful and in good spirits. Remember that your son, praise and thanks be to God, is in good health and is delighted that his happiness daily draws nearer. My greetings to all my good friends, and particularly to Herr Bullinger. I embrace my dearest sister with all my heart, and kiss your hands a thousand times and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG MOZART

Last Sunday I heard in the Minster a new mass by Richter, which is charmingly written.

¹ Johann Andreas Silbermann (1712–1783) belonged to a famous family of organ-builders. He built 44 organs, including the organ of the Predigerkirche at Strassburg. He also wrote a history of Strassburg which was published in 1775. His younger brother, Johann Heinrich Silbermann (1727–1799), also an organ-builder, was living in Strassburg at that time. They were both sons of Andreas Silbermann (1678–1734), who built the Strassburg Cathedral organ.

² Sixtus Hepp (1732–1806).

³ Franz Xaver Richter (1709–1789) was at first bass singer at the Mannheim court. In 1769 he left Mannheim for Strassburg, where he became Kapellmeister at the cathedral and where he remained until his death. He composed 64 symphonies in the style of the Mannheim school and an enormous amount of church music.

⁴ Louis Constantin de Rohan (1697–1779), who in 1756 became bishop of Strassburg and in 1761 cardinal. His successor was the famous Cardinal de Rohan.

(339) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MANNHEIM, le 12 nov^{bre}, 1771

I arrived here safely on the 6th and pleasantly surprised all my good friends. God be praised that I am back again in my beloved Mannheim! I assure you, if you were here, you would say the same. I am staying with Madame Cannabich, who, with her family and all my good friends here, was almost beside herself with joy at seeing me again. We have not finished talking yet, for she is telling me of all the events and changes which have taken place during my absence. Since I came here I have not been able to lunch at home once, as there is a regular scramble to have me. In a word, Mannheim loves me as much as I love Mannheim. And I am not positive, but I believe that I may yet obtain an appointment here—here, not in Munich; for my belief is that the Elector <will be glad to have his residence again in Mannheim, as he will not long be able to stand the insolence of those Bavarian gentry!> You know that the Mannheim company is in Munich. Well, the Bavarians have already hissed there the two best actresses, Madame Toscani and Madame Urban, and there was such an uproar that <the Elector himself> leaned over his <box> and called out—"Sh"—and when nobody took the slightest notice, he sent someone down to put a stop to it—and <Count Seeau,> who had asked certain officers not to make such a noise, as <the Elector> did not like it, got the reply <that they had paid to come in and would take orders from no one.> But, what a fool I am! You must have heard this long ago from our—¹ Now for something important. I have a

¹ Mozart omits the name. The reference is to Johann Baptist Becke, flautist in the Munich court orchestra, who corresponded regularly with Leopold Mozart.



JOSEPHA DUSCHEK (1796)

From an engraving by August Clar after a portrait by Von Haake
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

chance of making forty louis d'or here! To be sure, I should have to stay six weeks, or at most two months in Mannheim. The Seyler company are here, whom you no doubt already know by reputation; Herr von Dalberg is their manager. He refuses to let me go until I have composed a duodrama for him; and indeed it did not take me long to make up my mind, for I have always wanted to write a drama of this kind.¹ I cannot remember whether I told you anything about this type of drama the first time I was here? On that occasion I saw a piece of this kind performed twice and was absolutely delighted. Indeed, nothing has ever surprised me so much, for I had always imagined that such a piece would be quite ineffective! You know, of course, that there is no singing in it, only recitation, to which the music is like a sort of obbligato accompaniment to a recitative. Now and then words are spoken while the music goes on, and this produces the finest effect. The piece I saw was Benda's² "Medea". He has composed another one, "Ariadne auf Naxos", and both are really excellent.³ You know that of all the Lutheran Kapellmeisters Benda has always been my favourite, and I like those two works of his so much that I carry them about with me. Well, imagine my joy at having to compose just the kind of work I have so much desired! Do you know what I think? I think that most operatic recitatives should be treated in this way—and only sung occasionally, when the words *can be perfectly expressed by the music*. An Académie des Amateurs, like the one in Paris, is about to be started here. Herr Fränzl is to lead the violins. So at the moment I am

¹ Mozart was to compose the music for "Semiramis", a drama by Otto Heinrich von Gemmingen. See p. 948, n. 1.

² See p. 657, n. 2.

³ "Ariadne auf Naxos" had its first performance on January 27th, 1775, and "Medea" on May 1st, 1775. Both duodramas were produced at Gotha, where Georg Benda was Kapellmeister.

composing a concerto for violin and clavier.¹ I found my dear friend Raaff still here—but he left on the 8th. He has been singing my praises and has been using his influence on my behalf. I hope he will do the same in Munich. Do you know what that <confounded rascal Seeau> has been saying here? That my opera buffa² was hissed off the boards in Munich! Unfortunately for him he said it at a place where I am very well known! But what annoys me is his impudence, for when people go to Munich, they will hear the exact opposite! There is a whole regiment of Bavarians here, including Fräulein de Pauli (I don't know her present name). But I have been to see her already, for she sent for me at once. Oh! what a difference there is between the Palatines and the Bavarians! What a language Bavarian is! So coarse!—as is their whole manner of living too! I really get scared when I think that I shall have to listen to their “hoben” and “olles mit einonder” and their “gestrenger Herr”.³ Well, good-bye, and write to me soon. Just put my name on the cover, for they know at the post office where I am! I will give you one instance which proves how well my name is known here and that it is indeed quite impossible that a letter for me could go astray. My cousin⁴ wrote to me, addressing the letter “Fränkischer Hof” instead of “Pfälzischer Hof”. The landlord sent it immediately to Privy Court Councillor Serrarius, where I lodged the last time I was here. I am writing to my cousin by this post⁵ to tell her to forward the letters

¹ K. App. 56. This work was never completed. The fragment consists of 120 bars. Saint-Foix to his discussion of this unfinished concerto (vol. iii. pp. 122-124) adds the following remark: “On est tenté de penser, lorsqu'on a étudié les projets musicaux de Mozart, que ses œuvres inachevées sont parfois les plus belles, et eussent été les plus achevées”.

² “La finta giardiniera”, written for the 1775 carnival in Munich.

³ Mozart gives examples of the Bavarian dialect.

⁴ Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the “Bäse”.

⁵ If Mozart did so, the letter has disappeared.

which are waiting for me at their house.

What delights me most of all in the Mannheim and Munich story is that Weber has feathered his nest so well. They will now have 1600 gulden—for the daughter alone has 1000 and her father 400 with an additional 200 as prompter. This is due primarily to Cannabich—but it's a long story. As for <Count Seeau,> well, if you don't know that story already, I shall tell it to you in my next letter.

Meanwhile, farewell, my dearest, most beloved father. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

I beg you, dearest father, to make use of this affair ¹ at Salzburg and to speak so strongly and emphatically that the Archbishop may be led to think that perhaps I shall not come after all, so that he may thus be induced to give me a better salary; for I declare that I cannot think of the whole business with composure. Indeed the Archbishop cannot pay me enough for that slavery in Salzburg! As I said before, I feel the greatest pleasure at the thought of paying you a visit—but only annoyance and anxiety when I see myself back at that beggarly court! The Archbishop had better not begin to play the high and mighty with me as he used to—for it is not at all unlikely that I shall pull a long nose at him! Indeed it is quite likely; and I am sure that you too will share the pleasure which I shall have in so doing. Adieu. I say, if you would like to save me ten kreutzers, always address your letters to Mannheim thus:

Monsieur Heckmann, Régistrateur
de la Chambre des Finances de S.A.S.
Électeur Palatine
à Mannheim.

¹ His commission to write a duodrama for Dalberg.

Well, adieu—farewell. Take care of your health which is so precious to me.

My greetings to all my good friends, and especially to our true friend Bullinger.

(340) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *November 19th, 1778*

Really, I don't know what to say to you. I shall go mad or die of a decline. The very recollection of all the projects which since your departure from Salzburg you have formed and communicated to me is enough to drive me crazy. They have all amounted to proposals, empty words ending in *nothing whatever*. And now, having cherished since September 26th the comforting hope of seeing you in Salzburg *on your name-day*,¹ I have had to endure *my first taste of mortal agony*, for on the 3rd you wrote from Nancy that you were going to Strassburg the following day, while on the 9th the brothers Frank wrote to say that you had not yet arrived there. Then you did not write to me from Strassburg until the 14th. So during your stay in Nancy you were playing ducks and drakes with your money, when, instead of frittering it away, you might have spent it in hiring a conveyance of your own and thus making your way more quickly to Strassburg. Then you sat down in Strassburg until the heavy rains began, although I had previously told you that, if there was no profit to be made, you should leave at once and not throw your money away; and although you yourself had told me that things there were in a poor state and that you would leave at once after the little concert you were

October 31st.

giving on the 17th. But people praised you!—*and that is always enough for you!* There you sat without writing me a line, and thus you gave me *my second taste of mortal agony* (for we too had rain and floods here), and only on November 10th was the burden of anxiety lifted by your letter sent off on November 2nd. Had you left Strassburg on the 19th or 20th after your concert on the 17th, you would have arrived in Augsburg before the floods, we should have been relieved of our anxiety, and the wasted money would have been still in your pocket. Then Herr Scherz wrote to say that you were leaving on the 5th. So I kept on hoping every post-day for news from Augsburg that you had arrived. But it was always “He is not here yet”, and a letter of November 18th actually stated that you were not coming at all. And so, having had no word from you until to-day, the 19th, I was naturally in *my third state of agony*, as I could not possibly entertain the mad supposition that you would stay at Mannheim, where there is no longer a court, and consequently thought that you must have arrived at Augsburg on the 10th at the very latest. Why, I believed this with the greater certainty as I thought you would lose no time in getting to Munich, where, as I imagined, the moment you left Nancy you would apply for work in connection with the Festival of St. Charles.¹ So you only drew eight louis d’or in Strassburg as a precaution and simply in order to sit about in Mannheim? You hope to get an appointment there? An appointment? What does that mean? You must not take an appointment at present either in Mannheim or anywhere else in the world. I will not hear the word *appointment*. If the Elector were to die to-day, a whole battalion of musicians in Munich and Mannheim would have to go about the world begging their bread, as the Duke of Zweibrücken has an orchestra of thirty-six, and the present

¹ November 4th.

orchestra of the Bavarian Electorate and Mannheim costs 80,000 gulden a year.

The main thing is that *you should now return to Salzburg*. I do not want to hear anything more about the forty louis d'or which *perhaps* you may be able to earn. Your whole intention seems to be to ruin me, simply in order to go on building your castles in the air. When you left Paris, you had *more than fifteen louis d'or* in your pocket, that is

165 gulden

According to your statement you made

at least seven louis d'or in Strassburg 77 gulden

You drew eight louis d'or from Herr Scherz 88 gulden

330 gulden

The carriage from Paris was paid for. So that is a nice sum for a single person—seeing that when travelling by the diligence the expenses are small—a proportion, of course.

In short, I am *absolutely determined* not to remain covered with disgrace and deep in debt on your account; and still less to leave your poor sister destitute. Neither you nor I know how long God will permit you to live. If I were to write and tell Madame Cannabich that

on your departure from Salzburg I provided 300 gulden

that I arranged for you to draw in Mannheim 200 gulden

that I paid for money which you drew from

Gschwendner in Paris 110 gulden

that I owe Baron Grimm fifteen louis d'or 165 gulden

that you drew eight louis d'or in Strassburg 88 gulden

so that in fourteen months *you have plunged*

me into debt to the extent of

863 gulden

if I were to ask her *to give this information to all who are advising you to remain in Mannheim and to tell them that I am asking you to come to Salzburg to take an appoint-*

ment for a couple of years, as then I might have some prospect of paying off these debts, they would not say one word to hold you back and they would make quite different faces. In short, up to the present I have written to you not only as a father, but also as a friend. I trust therefore that when you receive this letter you will hasten your journey home and so arrange your affairs that I shall be able to receive you with joy and not have to meet you with reproaches. I hope to have a letter from you shortly, telling me that you have left. God grant you a pleasant journey. I kiss you a million times and remain your father, who awaits you,

MZT.

(341) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, November 23rd, 1778

I hope that this letter will no longer find you in Mannheim and, as you will have received my reply of the 19th, I trust that, if you are still there, you will leave by the very first mail coach. Two things seem to be turning your head and altogether preventing you from thinking out matters sensibly. The first and chief one is your love for Mlle Weber, to which I am not at all opposed. I was not against it when her father was poor, so why should I be so now, *when she can make your happiness*—though you cannot make hers? I assume that her father knows about this love, as everyone in Mannheim knows about it. Fiala heard about it there. Bullinger, who is tutor in Count Lodron's family, told us that when the Count was driving with the Mannheim musicians in the mail coach from Ellwangen (where he was on holiday), they talked to him of nothing but your skill, your talent for composition and your love for Mlle Weber. Well, I told you long ago

that by entering the Archbishop's service you will have the advantage of being nearer Munich, which you can reach in eighteen hours, where we can hear about everything, even the smallest matter, whither we can take a trip as easily as to Seeon,¹ and whence Herr Weber and his daughter can visit us and even stay with us. Further, by entering the Archbishop's service (which, however, is the *second thing* which seems to be turning your head) you will have the one and only opportunity of getting to Italy again, a plan which attracts me most of all. Yesterday Herr Fiala was with the Archbishop, who questioned him about the Mannheim musicians and especially about their compositions. Fiala told him that the best music in Mannheim was Mozart's, that at the very first concert, there being one every Monday in the Kaisersaal, apart from Cannabich's symphony everything else was Mozart's, and that immediately after the symphony Mlle Weber had sung an aria by Mozart,² the like of which he had never heard in his life. Then he had to give an exact account to the Archbishop, who wanted to have full details about each of the players who had performed your concertos, and displayed great satisfaction. Then he had to give him full particulars about Mlle Weber, her singing, her age and so forth. My dear Wolfgang, I am inclined to think that Herr Weber is a man like most of his type, who make capital out of their poverty and, when they become prosperous, lose their heads completely. He flattered you when he needed you—perhaps he would not even admit now that you had shown her or taught her anything. Those who have been poor generally become very haughty when their circum-

¹ A famous Benedictine monastery on an island in the Klostersee, near the Chiemsee.

² K. 294, a recitative and aria "Non so d'onde viene", written for 'Aloysia Weber. See p. 736, n. 2.

stances improve. I have had a useful chest made for your room in which you can lay your clothes on shelves. It has no drawers, only two doors. The clavichord has been under your writing-table for a very long time. Do not delay your arrival any longer, if you are in Mannheim, that is, if you want me to believe that you love me and wish to keep me alive. I kiss you a million times and remain your honest father

MZT.

Your sister embraces you with all her heart. Ceccarelli can hardly await the moment when he will meet you. Bullinger, Fiala and his wife, Feiner,¹ Rüscherl Gilowsky, all the Robinigs, Andretters, Mölks, Hagenauers and Kolbs send their greetings. I have found rooms for Fiala in Hagenauer's house three flights up, where you and your sister were born. I trust you will leave at once. If not, I shall write to Madame Cannabich. If it is God's will, I want to live a few years longer, pay my debts—and then, if you care to do so, you may have your own obstinate way. But, no! you have too good a heart! You have no vices. You are just thoughtless! You will be all right in time!

(342) *Mozart to Heribert von Dalberg*²

[Autograph in the Staatsbibliothek, Munich]

MONSIEUR LE BARON! MANNHEIM, November 24th, 1778

I have called on you twice to pay my respects, but have not had the good fortune to find you at home.

¹ Ludwig Feiner, second oboist in the Salzburg orchestra.

² Baron Heribert von Dalberg (1750–1806) had obtained from the Elector Karl Theodor a charter dated September 1st, 1778, allowing the establishment of a Mannheim National Theatre under the management of Dalberg and with a subsidy of 500 gulden from the court. From 1779 onwards this

Yesterday you were in the house, it seems, but I could not see you! So I hope that you will forgive me for troubling you with these few lines, as it is very important to me to explain myself fully. Herr Baron, you are well aware that I am not a self-interested person, particularly when I know that it is in my power to render a service to so great a lover and so true a connoisseur of music as yourself. At the same time I am convinced that certainly you would not wish that I should be a loser here. I therefore take the liberty of stating my final conditions, as it is quite impossible for me to remain here any longer in uncertainty. I undertake to compose a monodrama for the sum of twenty-five louis d'or, to stay on here for another two months, to make all the arrangements which will be necessary in connection with it, to attend all the rehearsals and so forth, but on this condition that, whatever happens, I shall be paid by the end of January. In addition I shall of course expect free admission to the theatre. You see, my dear Baron, that this is all I can do! If you consider it carefully, you will admit that I am certainly acting with great discretion. In regard to your opera¹ I assure you that I should be delighted to compose the music for it; but you yourself must agree that I could not undertake this work for twenty-five louis d'or, as (reckoned at its lowest) it would be twice the labour of writing a monodrama. Again, what would deter me most would be the fact that Gluck and Schweitzer, as you yourself told me, are already composing the music. Yet,

theatre prospered and attracted some of the leading German actors, including Iffland, and the best dramatists, particularly Schiller. See F. Walter, *Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik am Kurpfälzischen Hofe* (Leipzig, 1898), and J. H. Meyer, *Die bühnenschriftstellerische Tätigkeit des Freiherrn Wolfgang Heribert von Dalberg* (Heidelberg, 1904).

¹ Dalberg had written "Cora, ein musikalisches Drama" and was negotiating with Gluck and Schweitzer with a view to having it set to music. The plan was dropped. "Cora" was published in a *Beitrag zur pfälzischer Schaubühne* (Mannheim, 1780).

even assuming that you were willing to give me fifty louis d'or, I should still as an honest man most certainly dissuade you from the undertaking. An opera without male and female singers! What an extraordinary idea! Still, if in the meantime there is a prospect of its being performed, I shall not refuse to undertake the work to oblige you—but it would be no light task, that I swear to you on my honour. Well, I have now set forth my ideas clearly and candidly and I request your decision as soon as possible. If I might have it to-day, I should be the better pleased, as I hear that someone is travelling alone to Munich next Thursday and I should very much like to take advantage of this opportunity. Meanwhile I have the honour to remain with the greatest respect—

Monsieur le Baron!

your most obedient servant

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

ce mercredi le 24 novembre

1778.

(343) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MONSIEUR

MANNHEIM, December 3rd, 1778

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I must ask your forgiveness for two things—first, that I have not written to you for so long—and secondly, that this time also I must be brief. My not having answered you sooner is the fault of no one but yourself, and of your first letter to me at Mannheim.¹ Really I never could have believed—but peace! I will say no more about it. For it is all over now. Next Wednesday, December 9th, I am leaving Mannheim. I could not do so any sooner, for,

¹ Leopold Mozart's letter of November 19th (Letter 340).

thinking that I was going to be here for a couple of months, I took some pupils; and of course I wanted to make up my twelve lessons. I assure you that you have no idea what good and true friends I have here. Time will certainly prove it. Why must I be brief? Because I am up to the eyes in work! To please Herr von Gemmingen and myself I am now composing the first act of the declaimed opera (which I was commissioned to write) and I am also doing this *for nothing*; I shall bring it with me and finish it at home.¹ You see how strong is my liking for this kind of composition. Herr von Gemmingen is the poet, of course—and the duodrama is called “Semiramis”.

I have received your last letter of November 23rd. I am setting off next Wednesday, and do you know how I am travelling? With the worthy Imperial Abbot of Kaysersheim. When a kind friend of mine spoke to him about me, he at once recognised my name and said what a pleasure it would be to him to have me as a travelling companion. Although he is a priest and a prelate, he is a most amiable man. So I am travelling through Kaysersheim and not through Stuttgart; but it is all the same to me, and indeed I am very lucky in being able to spare my rather slender purse a little on the journey. Do answer the following questions. What do people in Salzburg think of the players? Is not the girl who sings called Kaiser? Does Herr Feiner play the cor anglais as well? Ah, if only we had clarinets too! You cannot imagine the glorious effect of a symphony with flutes, oboes and clarinets. I shall have much that is new to tell the Archbishop at my first audience and I shall make some suggestions as well. Ah, how much finer and better our orchestra might be, if only the Archbishop desired it. Probably the chief reason why it is not better is because there are far too many performances. I have no objection to the chamber music,

¹ There is no trace of this composition.

only to the concerts on a larger scale. A propos—you do not mention it, but I assume that you have received the trunk; if not, Herr von Grimm is responsible. You will find in it the aria I wrote for Mlle Weber.¹ You have no idea what an effect it produces with instruments; you cannot judge of it by the score, for it must be rendered by a singer like Mlle Weber. Please do not give it to anyone, for that would be the greatest injustice, as it is written solely for her and fits her like a well-tailored garment. Now farewell, dearest, most beloved father. I embrace my dear sister with all my heart. Please give all sorts of messages to our dear friend Bullinger, and my greetings to Ceccarelli, Fiala, his wife and Herr Feiner and to all those people of Salzburg who have some idea what life is like outside their native district. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and—remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(344) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *December 10th, 1778*

After waiting so long for it I was delighted to receive to-day your letter of December 3rd, to which I am replying at once. I daresay my letter will still reach you at Kaysersheim, though indeed I hope that you will not prolong your stay there unduly. You want to know what Salzburg thinks of the players? Up to the present I have been in no humour to write to you about such trifles. Well, on the whole the company is a rather poor one, but two of them, Herr Heigel and his wife,² *are excellent*. Mlle Kaiser is not

¹ K. 294, "Non so d'onde viene".

² Franz Xaver Heigel and Caroline Reiner. They had given a farewell performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at Munich on September 15th, 1778, and possibly repeated it at Salzburg.

with the company, as the Dowager Duchess Clemens, who gives her a salary and her keep, has refused to let her come. So they have had to bring another singer, who is of good family and acts under the name of Mlle Ballo.¹ Her only asset is a very powerful chest voice, which, however, is quite untrained. Well, I have no idea, in fact I cannot really imagine what a declaimed duodrama, as you describe it, really is. I suppose that in this type of opera a great deal more depends on declamation and action than on fine singing, or rather than on a first-class voice. Herr Heigel and his wife would certainly do it to perfection, as both of them sing in operettas and are such good actors that one forgets how poor their voices are. Your trunk has arrived. Everything was very carefully packed. As well as a few oddments the following articles are missing:—two new caps of Brussels lace, a length of gold lace and the little amethyst ring which Madame D'Épinay gave your mother a long time ago. And where is your mother's *gold watch*? Has it been pawned?

Signor Ceccarelli has come in this very moment. He again sends you his greetings and asks me to tell you that he is longing to meet you. He has just sat down at the clavier and is learning Schröter's first concerto in F² with your sister. Herr Bullinger too sends his greetings. He is delighted that we have heard from you at last, that, thank God, you have started on your homeward journey and that from September 26th to December 9th you have covered such a distance so rapidly.²

I have at last set up a music engraver here, as I have found someone whom I have trained. On your arrival you will find here your variations on Salieri's

¹ Franziska Ballo, who afterwards married Murschhäuser, the actor.

² Op. III, no. 1. For the first movement of this concerto Mozart wrote a cadenza. See Köchel, p. 824. ³ The last paragraph is written on the cover.

arioso¹ engraved on seven sheets. I only wish you had not made them so well-known, for then I could sell more copies.² They are beautifully engraved, far more clearly than Schröter's concerto. You must compose something new as soon as possible and have it engraved. Your variations were finished to-day.

(345) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

KAYSERSHEIM, *December 18th, 1778*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

Thank God, I arrived here safely on Sunday, the 13th. I travelled in the most agreeable way and had, moreover, the indescribable pleasure of finding a letter from you waiting for me. The reason why I did not reply to you at once was because I wanted to send you the most certain and precise information about my departure from here, for which I myself had not fixed any definite date. But I have at last decided—as the Abbot is going to Munich on the 26th or 27th, to accompany him again. I must tell you, however, that he is not travelling by way of Augsburg. I shan't lose anything by this; but if you have anything to arrange or transact where my presence might be necessary, I can always, if you wish it, take a short trip there from Munich, as it is very near. My journey from Mannheim to Kayserstheim would have been certainly most pleasant to a man who was leaving a town with a light heart. The prelate and his chancellor, a very honest, worthy and amiable fellow, drove in one carriage;

¹ K. 180, composed in 1773, six clavier variations on "Mio caro Adone" from Antonio Salieri's opera "La fiera di Venezia", which Mozart may have seen in Vienna during the summer of 1773.

² Evidently Leopold Mozart did not know that his son had already sold these variations to the Paris music publisher, Madame Heina.

and Father Daniel, the cellarer, Brother Anton, the secretary, and I, always drove ahead by half an hour—and sometimes an hour. But for me, to whom nothing has ever been more painful than leaving Mannheim, this journey was only partly agreeable, and would not have been at all pleasant, but indeed very boring, if from my youth up I had not been so much accustomed to leave people, countries and cities, and with no great hope of soon, or ever again, seeing the kind friends whom I had left behind. I cannot deny, but must at once admit, that not only I myself, but all my intimate friends, and particularly the Cannabichs, were in the most pitiable distress during the last few days, when the time of my sad departure had been finally settled. We really believed that it would not be possible for us to part. I set off at half past eight in the morning, but Madame Cannabich did not get up—she simply would not and could not say good-bye. I too did not wish to distress her, so I left the house without seeing her. Dearest father! I assure you that she is one of my best and truest friends, for I only call those friends who are so in every situation, who day and night think of nothing else but how they can best serve the interests of their friend, and who make use of their influential acquaintances and work hard themselves to secure his happiness. Well, that is the faithful portrait of Madame Cannabich. Of course, there may be some self-interest in this; but where does anything take place, indeed how can anything be done in this world without some self-interest? And what I like best about Madame Cannabich is that she never attempts to deny it. I shall tell you when we meet in what way she told me so. For, when we are alone, which, I regret to say, is very seldom, we become quite confidential. Of all the intimate friends who frequent her house I am the only one who possesses her entire confidence, who knows all her domestic and family troubles,

affairs, secrets and circumstances. We did not get to know one another nearly so well the first time I was here (we have agreed on this point), nor did we understand one another so thoroughly; but living in the same house affords greater facilities for getting to know a person. It was when I was in Paris that I first began to realise fully how sincere was the friendship of the Cannabichs, having heard from a trustworthy source the interest which both of them were taking in me. I am saving up a good many things to tell you and discuss with you, for since my return from Paris the scene has undergone some remarkable changes, though not in all respects.

Now for my cloistered life. The monastery itself has made no great impression on me, for once you have seen the Abbey of Kremsmünster,¹ well. . . !—But of course I am only speaking about the exterior and what they call here the court—for I have yet to see the most famous part. What appears to me truly ridiculous is *the formidable military organisation*—I should like to know of what use it is. At night I hear perpetual shouts of “Who goes there?” and I invariably reply “Guess!” You know what a good, kind man the Abbot is, but you do not know that I am classed among his favourites, which, I think, will do me neither good nor harm. However, it is always helpful to have one more friend in the world. I do not know either Mlle Ballo or Herr Heigel and his wife. With regard to the monodrama or duodrama, a voice part is by no means necessary, as not a single note is sung; everything is spoken. In short, it is a recitative with instruments, only the actor speaks his words instead of singing them. If you could but hear it once, even with the clavier, it could not fail to please you; and if you could hear it performed, you would be swept off your feet, I warrant you. At the same

¹ A famous Benedictine abbey on the river Krems, about twenty miles south of Linz. It was founded in 777.

time it requires a good actor or actress. Well, I shall feel quite ashamed if I arrive in Munich without my sonatas.¹ I cannot understand the delay. It was a stupid trick of Grimm's and I have written to tell him so, adding that he will now see that he was in rather too great a hurry. Nothing up to the present has ever provoked me so much. Consider the matter. I know that my sonatas were published at the beginning of November—and I, the author, have not yet received them—and therefore cannot present them to the Electress, to whom they are dedicated. Meanwhile, however, I have made arrangements which will ensure my getting them. I hope that my cousin in Augsburg has received them or that they are lying there at Joseph Killian's. I have therefore written to tell her to send them to me at once.² Until I come myself I commend to your kindness an organist,—who is at the same time a good clavierist, Herr Demmler from Augsburg.³ I had entirely forgotten him and was very glad when I heard of him here. He is very talented, and an appointment in Salzburg might be extremely useful in promoting his further success, for all he needs is a good guide in music—and there I know of no one better than you, my dearest father; it would be really a pity if he were to leave the right path.

Well, that melancholy "Alceste" by Schweitzer⁴ is now being performed in Munich. The best part (besides some of the openings, middle passages and the finales of a few arias) is the beginning of the recitative "O Jugendzeit"⁵—and it was Raaff's contribution which *made this a success*;

¹ Mozart's violin sonatas, K. 301-306, which he was proposing to present to the Electress Marie Elizabeth.

² This letter, if Mozart ever wrote it, has disappeared.

³ See p. 498, n. 2.

⁴ Anton Schweitzer composed "Alceste" on a text by Wieland for the Ducal Theatre at Weimar, where it was produced in 1773. It was performed at Mannheim in 1775.

⁵ "Alceste", Act IV, Scene 2.

for he phrased it for Hartig¹ (who sings the part of Admet) and by so doing introduced the *true expression* into the aria. But the worst part of all (though most of it is bad) is undoubtedly the *ouverture*. As for the trifles which have disappeared from the trunk, it is quite natural that in such circumstances something should have been lost, or even stolen. The little amethyst ring I felt I ought to give to the nurse who attended my dear mother, as otherwise she would have kept her wedding-ring. The ink-bottle is too full and I am too hasty in dipping in my pen, as you will perceive. As for the watch, you guessed rightly. I pawned it, but I only got five louis d'or for it, and that on account of the works, which were in good order—for the shape, as you know, was out of date and completely out of fashion. Talking of watches, I must tell you that I am bringing with me one for myself—a *real Parisian one*. You know the sort of thing my jewelled watch was—how inferior the little stones were, how clumsy and awkward its shape; but I would not have minded all that, had I not been obliged to spend so much money on having it repaired and regulated; yet in spite of that the watch would one day gain and the next day lose an hour or two. The watch the Elector gave me did just the same and, moreover, the works were even worse and more fragile. I exchanged these two watches and their chains for a Parisian one worth twenty louis d'or. So now at last I know what the time is—which I never managed to do with my five watches. At present, out of four watches I have at least one on which I can rely. Now farewell, dearest father. As soon as I reach Munich, I shall inform you of my arrival. Meanwhile I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

¹ See p. 666, n. 1.

My greetings to all our good friends, and particularly to our dear Bullinger. Heina's address is—

A Monsieur

Monsieur Heina, rue de Seine.

Faubourg St. Germain, à l'Hôtel de Lille

à

Paris.

(346) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[Autograph in the possession of Stefan Zweig]

KAYERSHEIM, December 23rd, 1778

MA TRÈS CHÈRE COUSINE!

In the greatest haste and with the most profound regret and sorrow and with fixed determination I now write to inform you that to-morrow I am leaving for Munich. Dearest coz, don't be a fuz. I would gladly have gone to Augsburg, I assure you, but the Imperial Abbot wouldn't let me go and I can't blame him, you know, for that would be contrary to God's and Nature's law and whoever doubts this is a wh—e. Well, that's how things are at the moment. Perhaps I shall take a trip from Munich to Augsburg. But I am not sure about this. So if it really gives you pleasure to see me, come to Munich, that fine town. Make a point of being there before the New Year, mind, and I shall take a good look at you in front and behind; I shall take you round the town and, if necessary, wash you down. The only thing I regret is that I can't give you a shake-down, because I shall not be staying at an inn, but shall be living—where do you think? I should love to know where. Well, j-o-o-o-king apart! That is just the reason why it is very necessary that you should come and stay, perhaps you will have a great part to play. So

come for a bit or else I'll shit. If you do, this high and mighty person will think you very kind, will give you a smack behind, will kiss your hands, my dear, shoot off a gun in the rear, embrace you warmly, mind, and wash your front and your behind, pay you all his debts to the uttermost groat, and shoot off one with a rousing note, perhaps even let something drop from his boat.

Adieu, my angel, my sweetheart.

I am aching to see you.

Do send me a nice little letter of 24 pages to Munich, Poste Restante; but do not say where you will be staying, so that I may not find you, nor you me.

Votre sincère cousin

W. A.

P.S.—Shit-Dibitari, the parson at Rodampl, licked his cook's arse, to others as an example.

vivat vivat.

(347) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, *December 28th, 1778*

While I am writing this letter you will probably have arrived in Munich. I have told you repeatedly that our interests and my prospects demand that you should return to Salzburg. I assumed that you would be guided by your common sense and that you would have more confidence in your father's judgment, which you know to be sound, than in your own futile wishes. So I felt sure that by the New Year at latest you would be home in Salzburg. But, when I was least expecting it and was already hoping to get a letter from you from Augsburg, you acquaint me with the fact that you are not travelling

to Munich with the Abbot until the 26th or 27th. Good! The occasion excuses you. Please do not think, however, that you are going to sit about in Munich. But what is the use of my saying anything? You yourself, if you will think over everything impartially and set all your gay dreams aside, will have to admit that I am right; and it is hardly necessary for me to take the trouble to justify my opinion to you, the more so as I am heartily sick of composing these long letters and during the last fifteen months have almost written myself blind. You left Paris on September 26th. If you had travelled straight to Salzburg, I should have paid, or rather I *could have paid off* one hundred gulden of our debts. So I command you to leave at once, as your conduct is disgraceful and I am heartily ashamed of having assured everyone that you would quite certainly be home by Christmas or by the New Year at the very latest. Good God! How often have you made a liar of me! The sonatas¹ for the Electress must not prevent this. If you have them, you may present them. If you have not, you may commission Cannabich to do so and correspond with him about it. The devil may wait for them! It is ridiculous that you should be acting thus. Who knows what is now concealed behind this pretty arrangement! If the sonatas are not there and turn up later, I shall consider what ought to be done. I think that I have now made myself quite clear—or am I to take the mail coach myself and fetch you? Surely my son will not let things reach such a pitch! There was a great turn-out at our shooting yesterday, in fact, a whole crowd of us. Everyone sends their greetings to you and particularly Ceccarelli and Bullinger. Nannerl and I kiss you several 100000 times and I remain your father who is still awaiting you.
M.Z.T.

¹ K. 301-306.

(348) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, *December 29th, 1778*

I am writing this letter at Herr Becke's house. Thank God, I arrived here safely on the 25th, but until now it has been impossible for me to write to you. I am saving up everything until our happy and joyous meeting, for to-day I can only weep.¹ I have far too sensitive a heart. Meanwhile, I must tell you that the day before I left Kaysersheim I received my sonatas; so I shall be able to present them myself to the Electress. I shall only wait on here until after the first performance of the opera,² when I intend to leave immediately, unless I find that it would be very useful and profitable to me to remain here for some time longer, in which case I feel certain, nay, quite assured, that you would not only be satisfied that I should do so, but would yourself advise it. I have naturally a bad handwriting, as you know, for I never learnt to write; but all my life I have never written anything worse than this letter; for I really cannot write—my heart is too full of tears. I hope you will write to me soon and comfort me. Address your letter, *Poste Restante*, and then I can fetch it myself. I am staying with the Webers. I think that after all it would be better, far better, to address your letters to our dear friend Becke. I am going to compose a mass³ here (I am just telling you this as a tremendous secret). All my good friends are advising me to do so. I cannot tell you what good friends Cannabich and Raaff have been to me! Now farewell, most beloved,

¹ Mozart is referring to the cool reception he has had from Aloysia Weber. See Nissen, pp. 414-415.

² Schweitzer's "*Alceste*". See p. 954, n. 4.

³ There is no trace of this composition.

dearest father! Write to me soon. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and remain until death

your

A Happy New Year! I cannot manage anything more to-day—

most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZT.

MUNICH, *December 29th*, 1778

My greetings to all my good friends. I hope to see Frau von Robinig here.

(349) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 31st*, 1778

MY DEAR SON!

For the last time 1778

I was very much surprised to read your and Mr. Becke's letters. If your tears, your sadness and heart-felt anxiety have no other reason but that you doubt my love and tenderness for you, then you may sleep peacefully—eat and drink peacefully and return home still more peacefully. For I now realise that you do not really know your father. From our friend's letter¹ this seems to be the main cause of your sadness; and oh! I trust there is no other! If this is really so, then you have no reason to fear a cool reception or disagreeable days in the company of your sister and myself. But what plunges me into a state of anxiety and is bound to worry me is your prolonged absence. As it is already four months since I received

¹ Abert, vol. i. p. 753 f., quotes a portion of Becke's letter to Leopold Mozart, in which he assures him that Mozart has the best heart in the world, but is afraid of a chilly welcome from his father.

your provisional certificate of appointment¹—as people know that you left Paris on September 26th—as they know that I have been for ever telling you that you should come—for our friends expected to see you here on my name-day,² then at Christmas, and finally by the New Year for certain, you will understand me when I tell you that people are saying to my face that you are treating the Prince—and, what is worse, your own father, as a fool; and that I could not say anything if the Prince were to take back his certificate. You have been in Munich since the 25th. When you wrote to me on the 29th you had not yet presented the sonatas.³ Well, I suppose that during the holidays it was difficult to get them bound. I assume that in the meantime you will have done all this. You say that *I ought to comfort you*, while I say, *come and console me*. I shall embrace you most joyfully. As I write this letter I am almost going crazy, for it is New Year's Eve, and, although the door is closed, the bell is ringing the whole time, Bimperl is barking, Ceccarelli is shouting and chattering, and people are deafening me with wishes for a Happy New Year, although they see that I am writing and that I am in a hurry, for the post is going off. Mlle Mellin left for Munich this morning in her own carriage, a two-seated coach with glass windows. The driver is bringing you a letter from me and he can wait a couple of days, if you should prefer to return with him in this very comfortable carriage instead of in the jolting mail coach. We wish you from our hearts a Happy New Year. Oh, would that you were here already, how peacefully then would I sleep! God grant you a pleasant journey. We kiss you a million times and I look forward

¹ As Mozart's certificate of appointment as court organist is dated January 17th, 1779 (see Abert, vol. ii. p. 906), Leopold Mozart must refer to some earlier document, signed by the Archbishop, which has not been preserved.

² November 15th.

³ K. 301-306.

to telling you soon that I am your father who loves you with all his heart.

MZT.

(350) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *December 31st, 1778–January 2nd, 1779*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I have this moment received your letter through our friend Becke. I wrote to you from his house the day before yesterday—a letter such as I never wrote before; for this friend talked to me so much about your tender paternal love, your indulgence towards me and your complaisance and discretion when it is a question of furthering my future happiness, that my heart melted within me! But from your letter of the 28th I see only too clearly that Herr Becke in his conversation with me was inclined to exaggerate. Well, let's be frank and plain. As soon as the opera (*Alceste*)¹ has been performed, I shall leave, whether the mail coach goes off the day after the opera or the same night. If only you had spoken to Frau von Robinig, I might have travelled home with her! Well, be that as it may. The opera is to be given on the 11th; and on the 12th (if the diligence leaves) I shall set off. It would be to my interest to remain here a little longer, but I will sacrifice that for your sake and in the hope that I shall be doubly rewarded for it in Salzburg. As for the sonatas,² your idea is not a very happy one! Do you think that, if I do not get them, I ought still to leave at once? Or that I ought not to appear at court at all? I really could not do this, as I am so well known here. But do not worry. I received my sonatas in Kaysersheim and, as soon

¹ See p. 954, n. 4.

² K. 301-306.

as they are bound, I shall present them to the Electress. A propos, what do you mean by "gay dreams"? I do not mind the reference to dreaming, for there is no mortal on the face of this earth who does not sometimes dream! But *gay dreams*! Peaceful dreams, refreshing, sweet dreams! That is what they are—dreams which, if realised, would make my life, which is more sad than cheerful, more endurable. This moment, January 1st, I have received, through a Salzburg vetturino, a letter from you, which, at first reading, truly staggers me. For Heaven's sake, tell me, do you really think that I can fix a day for my departure now? Or is it your belief that I would rather not come at all? Now that I am so very near home, I should have thought that you might be more at ease on that point. When the fellow had fully explained his route to me, a great desire came over me to go off with him; but I cannot do so yet. I shall not be able to present my sonatas to the Electress until to-morrow or the next day, and then (no matter how much I hurry up these people) I shall probably have to wait a few days for a present. I give you my word of honour that to please you I shall make up my mind not to see the opera at all, but to leave the very day after I receive the present; though I confess it will be a great disappointment. However, if a few days more or less make such a difference to you, so be it! Send me a reply at once on this point. I am writing like a pig, because I have to hurry so, as the fellow is leaving this very moment.

January 2nd. I am looking forward to talking to you, for then you will hear everything in detail, and particularly how my affairs stand here. You must not distrust or be annoyed with Raaff. He is the most honourable man in the world, though, I admit, he does not like writing letters. But the chief cause of his silence is that he is unwilling to make premature promises and yet likes to

hold out hopes. At the same time he (like Cannabich) has worked for me like a nigger. Well, good-bye. My greetings to all my good friends. I embrace my dear sister with all my heart, and you, dearest father, and your hands I kiss a thousand times and remain until death

your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZT.

(351) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

MUNICH, *January 8th, 1779*

I hope you received my last letter, which I meant to give to the hired coachman but which, as I missed him, I entrusted to the post. I have received all your letters, and your last one of December 31st through Herr Becke. I let him read my letter and he also showed me his.

I assure you, my dearest father, that I am looking forward with all my heart to returning to *you* (but not to Salzburg), as your last letter convinces me that you know me better than formerly! There never was any other reason than this doubt for my long delay in returning home—for the sadness which in the end I could no longer conceal and so opened my heart completely to my friend Becke. What other reason could I possibly have? As far as I know, I have done nothing to cause me to fear your reproaches. I am guilty of no fault (by fault I mean something which does not become a Christian and a man of honour). In short, I rejoice at the thought of seeing you and I am looking forward to the pleasantest and happiest days—but only in the company of yourself and my very dear sister.

I swear to you on my honour that I cannot bear Salzburg or its inhabitants (I mean, the natives of Salzburg). Their language—their manners are quite intolerable to

me. You have no idea what I suffered during Madame Robinig's visit here, for indeed it is a long time since I met such a fool; and, to annoy me still more, that idiotic and deadly dull Mosmayer was with her! Well, let's talk about something else. I went yesterday with my dear friend Cannabich to the Electress and presented my sonatas.¹ Her apartments here are exactly what I should like mine to be one day,—just like those of a private individual, very charming and pretty rooms, except for the view which is abominable. We spent over half an hour with her and she was very gracious. So that I may be paid soon, I have managed to let her know that I am leaving here in a few days. You need not be uneasy about Count Seeau, for I don't believe that the matter will go through his hands, and, even if it does, he dare not put a spoke in my wheel. Well, to sum up. Please believe that I have the most aching longing to embrace you and my dear sister once more. If only it were not in Salzburg! But as I can't see you without going to Salzburg, I do so gladly. Well, I must make haste, for the post is going. My little cousin is here—and why? Well, to please me, her cousin! That indeed is the ostensible reason. But—well, we shall talk about this in Salzburg—and, on this account, I should very much like *<her to>* come home with me! You will find a few lines in her own handwriting nailed to the fourth page of this letter. She would like to come. So, if it would really give you pleasure to have her in your house, be so kind as to write at once to your brother, saying that it is all right. When you see her and get to know her, you will certainly like her, for she is a favourite with everyone. Well, good-bye, dearest, most beloved father. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and ever remain your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

¹ K. 301-306.

Madame Hepp, née Tosson, died yesterday in childbirth. She too has been done in by these doctors.

(351a) *Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the "Bäse",
to her Uncle*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, January 8th, 1779¹

MONSIEUR MON TRÈS CHER ONCLE

I trust that you and Mlle my cousin are well. I have had the honour of finding my cousin, your son, in Munich and in excellent health. He wants me to travel with him to Salzburg, but I don't know yet whether I shall have the honour of seeing you.

(351b) *Mozart resumes writing*²



A portrait of my cousin, who is writing in shirt-sleeves!

(351c) *The "Bäse" resumes writing*

Indeed my cousin is a first-rate fool, as you can see. I wish you all the best, mon cher oncle, and I send a thousand compliments to Mademoiselle ma cousine. Je suis de tout mon cœur

FRÄULEIN MOZART

Munich the 8 je moi

1779

(351d) *Mozart resumes writing*

Monsieur

where the latter has not yet shit—votre invariable cochon.

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

² The autograph has a large ink-blots, which Mozart proceeds to explain away.

(352) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, January 11th, 1779

From the letter which I sent off to Mr. Becke on the 7th, enclosing a note for Herr Gschwendner and just a few lines for you, as I did not wish to overweight it, you will have gathered that I want you to make an effort to leave with Herr Gschwendner, as I have suggested it to him, and as you could not find a more convenient means or one more advantageous for your purse. In your last letter you tell me that *my niece is in Munich and that you would like her to accompany you to Salzburg, that she would like to come and that if I should care to have her I ought to write about this to my brother.* I have often invited my niece already, but I have reminded her also that the winter in Salzburg is not as pleasant as the summer. She too has written to say that she could come, as the Munich mail coach, *through the good offices of a friend*, was always at her service. But you cannot stay on in Munich just to wait for a reply from my brother about this, *for I am determined that you shall leave with Herr Gschwendner.* If my niece wants to honour me with a visit, *she can follow on the 20th by the mail coach.* The Electress's present cannot delay you, as the sonatas¹ were handed to her on the 7th. So, if matters *can only be hurried up*, everything ought to be settled within a week. You have, therefore, no excuse. You have seen the opera, and so you have done everything you wanted to do. I am expecting you to arrive with Herr Gschwendner without fail. Your sister and I kiss you a million times, and I remain your loving father

M.Z.T.

¹ K. 301-306.

(353) *Mozart to Hieronymus Colloredo,
Archbishop of Salzburg*

[Autograph in the *Regierungsarchiv, Salzburg*]

YOUR GRACE, SALZBURG, *January 1779*
MOST WORTHY PRINCE OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE!
MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND LORD!

After the decease of Cajetan Adlgasser Your Grace was so good as to take me into your service. I therefore humbly beseech you to grant me a certificate of my appointment as Court Organist.

I remain,

Your Grace's most humble and obedient servant,
WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART¹

(354) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[Autograph in the possession of *Stefan Zweig*]

SALZBURG, *May 10th, 1779*^{d2}
Blow into my behind.

It's splendid food,
May it do you good.

Dearest, most beloved,
most beautiful, most amiable,
most charming
little bass³
or
little 'cello,

¹ Mozart's certificate of appointment was signed on January 17th, 1779.

² May 10th, 1779.

³ Here Mozart puns on the word "Bäschen", which can mean either "little cousin" or "little bass". The whole letter is full of puns of this kind.

whom a worthless cousin
has enraged!

Whether I, Johannes Chrysostomus Sigismundus Wolfgangus Mozartus, shall be able to quell, assuage or soften the anger which doubtless enhances your fascinating beauty (*visibilia* and *invisibilia*) by a full slipper-heel, is a question which I cannot answer. Soften means to carry someone softly in a soft chair. By nature I am very soft, and I like mustard too, particularly with beef. So it is all right about Leipzig, although Mr. Feigelrapée insists on recapitulating or rather decapitating that nothing will come of the pastel. Well, I simply cannot believe this. Why, it wouldn't be worth my while to stoop down and pick it up. If it were a purse full of Convention-farthings, then one might after all scoop it up, gather it up or reach out for it. As I say, I shan't let it go for less; it's my lowest price. I refuse to bargain, for I am not a woman; so that's that. Yes, my dear little 'cello, it's the way of the world, I'm told. Tom has the purse and Dick has the gold; and whoever has neither, has nothing, and nothing is equal to very little, and little is not much; therefore nothing is still less than little, and little is still more than not much, and much is still more than little and—so it is, was and ever shall be. Finish the letter, close it and despatch it to its destination—Feigele,

Your most obedient,
most humble slave, but please,
my arse indeed is no Viennese.

Please turn over, *volti subito*.

P.S.—Have Böhm's¹ company left yet? Do tell me, my beloved, I beg you for the love of Heaven! Ah! No doubt

¹ Johannes Böhm, manager of a theatrical company, who gave performances in Salzburg from 1779 to 1780. For a good account of his company, who were succeeded in Salzburg by Emanuel Schikaneder's, see Hans Georg Fellmann, *Die Böhmsche Theatertruppe und ihre Zeit* (Leipzig, 1928).

they are rehearsing now? Do set my mind at rest about this, I implore you by all that is sacred. The gods know that it is my sincere desire. Is the "Thüremichele"¹ still whole? Blow into my hole. How has Vogt² got on with his spouse? Have they not yet had any rows?

A heap of questions for you.

A tender ode!³

Thy picture sweet, O cousin,
Is e'er before my eyes.
Yet weep I must, forsooth,
That thou'rt not here thyself.
I see thee when the evening
Darkens and when the moon
Shines forth. Alas! I weep
That thou'rt not here thyself.
By all the flowering blossoms
Which I would strew for thee,
By all the myrtle branches
Which I would twine for thee,
I conjure thee, fair spirit,
Appear, transform thyself,
Transform thyself, fair spirit,
And be—my little coz!

Finis Coronat Opus S. V.⁴

The Honourable Pig's Tail P. T.⁵

¹ A figure of St. Michael, constructed by Christof Murmann in 1616, which appeared at Michaelmas in the belfry of the Perlach-Turm and marked the hours from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. by piercing the dragon with his sword.

² Peter Vogt (Voigt) was master of the ballet in Böhm's theatrical company.

³ Mozart is parodying one of Klopstock's odes, "Edone", published in 1773.

⁴ Salva verecundia.

⁵ Praemissis titulis.

Feb. 18. V.

Fig. IV. Lying 2.

Mein lieber Sohn! Ich habe dich sehr lieb und ich hoffe, dass du auch mich sehr lieb hast. Ich bin sehr froh, dass du dich so gut ausbilst und ich hoffe, dass du bald ein tüchtiger Mann wirst. Ich bin sehr stolz auf dich und ich hoffe, dass du bald ein tüchtiger Mann wirst. Ich bin sehr stolz auf dich und ich hoffe, dass du bald ein tüchtiger Mann wirst.

Mein lieber Sohn! Ich habe dich sehr lieb und ich hoffe, dass du auch mich sehr lieb hast. Ich bin sehr froh, dass du dich so gut ausbilst und ich hoffe, dass du bald ein tüchtiger Mann wirst. Ich bin sehr stolz auf dich und ich hoffe, dass du bald ein tüchtiger Mann wirst. Ich bin sehr stolz auf dich und ich hoffe, dass du bald ein tüchtiger Mann wirst.

May 10th, 1779

PORTION OF A LETTER FROM MOZART TO HIS COUSIN (May 10th, 1779)
A photograph in the possession of Stefan Zweig

that it shall be something very sensible and important,
and we must just be content with that until further notice.¹

I shall write more by the next ordinary post and I promise
Adieu—Adieu—Angel—

Greetings from myself and from us all to your father and mother who produced you, I mean, to him who made the effort to do so, and to her who submitted to it. Adieu—Adieu—Angel. My father gives you his avuncular blessing and my sister gives you a thousand cousinly kisses; and your cousin gives you what he may not give you.

Adieu—Adieu—Angel.

¹ For the sketch of his cousin, which fills this space in the autograph, see facsimile facing this page.

(355) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla
Mozart, Augsburg*

[Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum
von W. Heyer, Cologne]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE COUSINE! SALZBURG, *April 24th*, 1780

You answered my last letter so beautifully that I really don't know where I shall find words to express my thanks and at the same time to tell you once more how very much I am

your most obedient servant and
sincere cousin

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

I wanted to write more but, as you see, the space
is
too small. adieu! adieu!

Well, jest and earnest. You must really forgive me this time for not replying word for word, as it deserves, to your most charming letter and you will permit me to say only what is necessary. The next time I shall endeavour to make up as far as possible for my shortcomings.

It is now a fortnight since I replied to M. Böhm and I should just like to know whether my letter has not perhaps gone astray, for which I should be very sorry. For I know only too well that M. Böhm is exceedingly busy every day. However that may be, I beg you in any case, my pretty face, to give him a thousand greetings. Tell him that as soon as I get a sign from him, he shall have his aria.¹

¹ Perhaps an aria to replace one of the original arias in "La finta giardiniera", which Böhm was producing (in a German translation by the actor Franz Xaver Stierle) in Southern Germany, or possibly an aria to be inserted in some play. For Mozart's association with Böhm's company ("La finta giardiniera", "Thamos" and "Zaide") see Köchel, pp. 275, 419 and 423.

I hear that Murschhäuser¹ is also laid up. Is that so? That would be very awkward for M. Böhm. Well, my dear, you too are probably going to the theatre every day, hail, rain and sunshine, the more so as you have free entry. I have no news to send you except that unfortunately Joseph Hagenauer, in whose bow-window you and my sister and I drank chocolate, has died, which is a great loss for his father. His brother Johannes (the one who is married), who, because he could rely absolutely on his late brother, became more or less of an idler, must now buckle to, a thing which he finds rather difficult to do.

Well, my dearest, most beloved, most beautiful, most charming and most amiable cousin, hurry up and write to me! Please do. And send me all the news at home and elsewhere. And give to all the people who sent greetings to me, twice as many in return. Adieu. The next time I shall cover a whole sheet. But please, sweetheart, do you send me a whole reamful. Adieu. All sorts of messages from my Papa and my sister Zizibe; and to your parents from us three, two boys and a girl, 12345678987654321 greetings, and to all our good friends from myself 624, from my father 100, and from my sister 150, that is a total of 1774, and summa summarum 12345678987656095 compliments.

¹ An actor in Böhm's company. See p. 970, n. 1.

In the autumn of 1780 Mozart was commissioned to compose for the Munich carnival season an opera seria "Idomeneo, Rè di Creta", based on a libretto chosen by the court. After writing some of the music in collaboration with his librettist, Abbate Varesco, court chaplain of Salzburg, Mozart proceeded to Munich early in November. The ensuing correspondence with his father, who acted as intermediary between his son and Varesco, throws much light on Mozart's method of dealing with his opera texts and adjusting them to the shortcomings of the singers. Letters 356-392.

(356) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, ce 8 de 9bre, 1780¹

My arrival here was happy and pleasant—happy, because no mishap occurred during the journey; and pleasant, because we could hardly wait for the moment to reach our destination, on account of our drive, which though short was most uncomfortable. Indeed, I assure you that none of us managed to sleep for a moment the whole night through. Why, that carriage jolted the very souls out of our bodies—and the seats were as hard as stone! After we left Wasserburg I really believed that I should never bring my behind to Munich intact. It became quite sore and no doubt was fiery red. For two whole stages I sat with my hands dug into the upholstery and my behind suspended in the air. But enough of this; it is all over now, though it will serve me as a warning rather to go on foot than to drive in a mail coach.

Now for Munich. We arrived here at one o'clock in the afternoon and on the very same evening I called on Count Seeau, for whom, as he was not at home, I left a note. On the following morning I went there with Becke, who sends his greetings to you all. Seeau has been moulded like wax by the Mannheim people. With regard to the libretto²

¹ According to Nissen, p. 416, Mozart left Salzburg on November 6th. See also p. 1024, where Mozart states that on Monday, December 18th, he will have been away from Salzburg for six weeks.

² The Munich court had chosen an old French libretto written by Danchet and set to music by Campra, which had been performed in Paris in 1712 and 1731. Mozart asked Abbate Varesco, who since 1766 had been court chaplain in Salzburg, to write an Italian text for this opera seria. Varesco finished his libretto early in October and Mozart began immediately to set it to music. In

the Count says that Abbate Varesco need not copy it out again before sending it—for it is to be printed here—but I think that he ought to finish writing the text, and not forget *the little notes*,¹ and send it to us with the synopsis as quickly as possible. As for the names of the singers, that is of no importance whatever, for these can be added most conveniently here. Some slight alterations will have to be made here and there, and the recitatives will have to be shortened a bit. But *everything will be printed*. I have just one request to make of the Abbate. Ilia's aria in Act II, Scene 2, should be altered slightly to suit what I require. "Se il padre perdei, in te lo ritrovo"; this verse could not be better. But now comes what has always seemed unnatural to me—I mean, in an aria—and that is, *a spoken aside*. In a dialogue all these things are quite natural, for a few words can be spoken aside hurriedly; but in an aria where the words have to be repeated, it has a bad effect, and even if this were not the case, I should prefer an uninterrupted aria. The beginning may stand, if it suits him, for the poem is charming and, as it is absolutely natural and flowing and therefore as I have not got to contend with difficulties arising from the words, I can go on composing quite easily; for we have agreed to introduce here an aria andantino with obbligatos for four wind-instruments, that is, a flute, oboe, horn and bassoon. I beg you therefore to let me have the text as soon as possible. Now for a sorry story. I have not, it is true, the honour of being acquainted with the hero Dal Prato;² but from the description I have been given of him I should say that Ceccarelli is almost the better of the two;

the course of composition Varesco's text had to undergo numerous alterations, which are the subject of the letters exchanged between Mozart and his father.

¹ Presumably stage directions, which would be written in a smaller hand.

² Vincenzo Dal Prato (1756–1828), a castrato. He had been chosen for the part of Idamante.

for often in the middle of an aria his breath gives out; and, mark you, he has never been on any stage—and Raaff¹ is like a statue. Well, just picture to yourself the scene in Act I. Now for a cheerful story. Madame Dorothea Wendling² is *arcicontentissima* with her scene and insisted on hearing it played three times in succession. The Grand Master of the Teutonic Order arrived yesterday. "Essex"³ was given at the Court Theatre, followed by a magnificent ballet. The whole theatre was illuminated. They began with an overture by Cannabich, which, as it is one of his latest, I did not know. I am sure, if you had heard it, you would have been as much pleased and excited as I was; and if you had not previously known it, you would never have believed that it was by Cannabich. Do come soon, and hear and admire the orchestra. I have nothing more to write about. There is to be a grand concert this evening, at which Mara⁴ is singing three arias. Is it snowing as heavily in Salzburg as it is here? My greetings to Herr Schikaneder⁵ and ask him to forgive

¹ Raaff sang the part of Idomeneo.

² Dorothea Spurni (1737–1811), the wife of J. B. Wendling, the Mannheim flautist. She was an operatic singer and a successful teacher. She sang the part of Ilia in Mozart's "Idomeneo".

³ "Die Gunst der Fürsten", the German version by Christian Heinrich Schmidt of "The Unhappy Favourite", a tragedy on the fate of the Earl of Essex, written and produced in 1682 by John Banks.

⁴ Gertrud Elisabeth Mara (1749–1833), one of the greatest sopranos of the eighteenth century. She was the daughter of Schmeling, a poor musician in Cassel, and studied in Vienna and Leipzig. Frederick the Great gave her an appointment at his court, but disapproved of her marriage in 1773 to J. B. Mara, the Munich 'cellist. Her greatest successes were in London from 1784 onwards. Burney, who heard her in Berlin in October 1772, gives an entertaining description of her singing powers. See Burney, *op. cit.* vol. ii. pp. 108 ff.

⁵ Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812), a famous actor-manager and playwright. After Böhm's theatrical company left Salzburg in 1780, Schikaneder, who since 1778 had had a successful tour with his company in Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Laibach, Klagenfurt and Linz, arrived there in September 1780. For an interesting account of Schikaneder's career see Egon v. Komorzynski, *Emanuel Schikaneder* (Berlin, 1901), and Blümml, pp. 90–103 and 140–162.

me for not yet sending him the aria,¹ but I have not been able to finish it completely.

I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and remain,

mon très cher père,

your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Cannabich and Wendling send you a thousand compliments and hope soon to have the pleasure of making your and my sister's acquaintance. Adieu.²

(357) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS, SALZBURG, *November 11th*, 1780

I am writing in great haste at half past nine in the evening, as I have had no time all day. Varesco brought me the libretto very late and Count Sepperl Überacker³ was with us from five o'clock until now.

I am returning the libretto and the draft, so that His Excellency Count Seeau may see that everything has been carried out to order. In about a week a complete copy of the text will follow by the mail coach, showing exactly how Abbate Varesco wants it to be printed. It will also include the necessary notes. Here is the aria, which is, I think, quite suitable. If not, let me know at once. What

¹ There is no trace of this aria, which Mozart composed for Schikaneder's production of the German translation by F. A. C. Werthes of Carlo Gozzi's drama "Le due notti affannose". The performance of "Peter der Grausame oder Die zwei schlaflosen Nächte" took place in Salzburg on December 1st, 1780. See Köchel, p. 433 f.

² The autograph has a short postscript in Italian by J. B. Becke, first published in *MM*, November 1920, p. 32.

³ Count Wolf Joseph Überacker (1743-1819), son of Count Wolf Leopold Überacker, court councillor in Salzburg.

you say about the singers (is really distressing.) Well, (your musical composition) will have to (make up for their deficiencies.) I wish I could have heard Madame Mara. Do tell me how she sings. You can imagine that I am looking forward with a childish delight to hearing that excellent orchestra. I only wish that I could get away soon. But I shall certainly not travel by the mail coach, for I am rather careful of my two damson stones. Well, I must close, for it is time, first to say the rosary and then to sleep. Your sister's eyes are drowsy. She kisses you. Pimperl is snoring. I remain your faithful father

LEOPOLD MOZART

Our compliments to the Cannabichs, to the two Wendling families,¹ to figlio Becke and to all who know us or would like to.

(358) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE, MUNICH, *ce 13 Novembre, 1780*

I write in the greatest haste, for I am not yet dressed and must be off to Count Seeau's. Cannabich, Quaglio² and Le Grand, master of the ballet, are lunching there too in order to make the necessary arrangements for the opera. Cannabich and I lunched yesterday with Countess Baumgarten, née Lerchenfeld. My friend is positively worshipped by her family and now I am too. It is the best and most useful house for me here, for owing to their kindness all has gone well with me and, God willing, will

¹ The families of the brothers Johann Baptist Wendling, flautist, and Franz Anton Wendling, violinist in the Mannheim orchestra, which had been transferred to Munich.

² Lorenzo Quaglio had been stage designer in Munich since 1778.

continue to do so. It is she who has a fox's tail sticking out of her arse and, oh vanity, an odd-looking watch-chain hanging under her ear and a fine ring; I have seen it myself, though death should take me, unfortunate fellow, without a nasal extremity,¹ *sapienti pauca*.

Well, I must get dressed. But I must not omit the chief point and indeed the principal object of my letter, which is, to wish you, my dearest and kindest father, every possible good on this your name-day. Further, I commend myself to your fatherly love and assure you of my eternal obedience. Countess La Rosée sends her greetings to you and my sister, and so do all the Cannabichs, the two Wendling families, Ramm, Eck,² father and son, Becke and Dal Prato † † † who happens to be with me † † † Yesterday Count Seeau presented me to the Elector, who was very gracious. If you were to speak to Count Seeau now, you would scarcely recognise him, so completely have the Mannheimers transformed him.

A propos! I forgot to tell you the other day that Herr Wegscheider only sent 118 gulden instead of 120, so that M. Grandville could not give me a formal receipt. He has probably written to him about it. Madame De Fosman and her sister send their most cordial greetings to Madame Maresquellé;³ and so does her mother. Baron Götz sends his best regards to Herr Gilowsky and Herr Berantzky. Indeed he is an amiable fellow! Well, although I have a lot to tell you, I really must close. I

¹ The underlined initial letters spell out the word "favourite". Mozart is alluding to the Countess's position at the Elector's court.

² Johann Friedrich Eck (1766-1809), born in Mannheim, became an excellent violinist, and from 1778 until 1788 was a member of the Munich orchestra. His son, about whom very little is known, became a violinist in the Munich orchestra in 1799.

³ An actress and dancer in Schikaneder's theatrical company. She took part in the Mozarts' shooting matches and used Mozart's gun during his absence in Munich.

kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister
most cordially and ever remain,

mon très cher père,

your most obedient son,

WOLFGANG AMADE MOZART

P.S.—My compliments to all our good friends. A propos. As translations are so badly done here, Count Seeau would like to have the opera translated in Salzburg.¹ Only the arias need be in verse. He says that I ought to make a contract. In that case payments would be made simultaneously to the poet and to the translator. Send me a reply about this soon. Adieu. What about the family portrait?² Is it a good likeness of you? Has the painter started on my sister yet? The first performance of the opera will not be until January 20th.³ Be so kind as to send me the scores of the two masses,⁴ which I brought away with me—and also the mass in B^b,⁵ for Count Seeau will be telling the Elector something about them shortly. I should also like people to hear some of my compositions in this style. I have heard only one mass by Grua.⁶ Things like this one could easily turn out at the rate of half a dozen a day. If I had known that this castrato⁷ was so bad, I should certainly have recommended Ceccarelli!

¹ The German translation of "Idomeneo" was done by Mozart's friend, Johann Andreas Schachtner. See F. Lehrs's article in *MMB*, no. 38, 1919, p. 204 ff. In a letter to Breitkopf of August 10th, 1781 (Letter 420), Leopold Mozart points out that "Idomeneo" is wholly a product of Salzburg.

² The painter of this family portrait, which is in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg, was Johann Nepomuk Della Croce (1736–1819). Mozart had been painted during the summer and the portrait was finished during the winter. See illustration no. 23.

³ The first performance of "Idomeneo" took place on January 29th, 1781.

⁴ Probably K. 317, composed in 1779, and K. 337, composed in 1780.

⁵ K. 275, composed in 1777.

⁶ Paul Grua (1754–1833), a member of a large family of Italian musicians. He studied under Padre Martini, became a member of the Mannheim orchestra and in 1784 succeeded Bernasconi as Kapellmeister to the Munich court. He wrote a great deal of church music, and one opera, "Telemacco", for the Munich carnival, 1780.

⁷ Dal Prato.

Ex commissione of His Excellency I ought to reply in his name to Abbate Varesco; but I have no time and was not born to be a secretary. To Act I, Scene 8, Quaglio has made the same objection that we made originally—I mean, that it is not fitting that the king should be quite alone in the ship. If the Abbé thinks that he can be reasonably represented in the terrible storm, forsaken by everyone, without a ship, quite alone and exposed to the greatest peril, then let it stand; but please cut out the ship, for he cannot be alone in one; but if the other situation is adopted, a few generals, who are in his confidence, must land with him. Then he must address a few words to his people and desire them to leave him alone, which in his present melancholy situation is quite natural. A propos. Shall I soon have the aria for Madame Wendling?

The second duet is to be omitted altogether—and indeed with more profit than loss to the opera. For, when you read through the scene, you will see that it obviously becomes limp and cold by the addition of an aria or a duet, and very gênant for the other actors who must stand by doing nothing; and, besides, the noble struggle between Ilia and Idamante would be too long and thus lose its whole force.

Mara has not had the good fortune to please me. She has not the art to equal a Bastardella¹ (for this is her peculiar style)—and has too much to touch the heart like a Weber²—or any sensible singer.

(359) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, ce 15 de Novembre, 1780

I have received your letter or rather the whole parcel. Many thanks for the money order. So far I have not

¹ Lucrezia Agujari. See p. 177, n. 1.

² Aloysia Weber.

lunched once at home—and consequently have had no expenses save for friseur, barber and laundress—and breakfast. The aria is excellent now, but there is still one more alteration, for which Raaff is responsible. He is right, however,—and even if he were not, some courtesy ought to be shown to his grey hairs.¹ He was with me yesterday. I ran through his first aria for him and he was very well pleased with it. Well—the man is old and can no longer show off in such an aria as that in Act II—“Fuor del mar ho un mar nel seno”. So, as he has no aria in Act III and as his aria in Act I, owing to the expression of the words, cannot be as cantabile as he would like, he wishes to have a pretty one to sing (instead of the quartet) after his last speech, “O Creta fortunata! O me felice!” Thus too a useless piece will be got rid of—and Act III will be far more effective. In the last scene of Act II Idomeneo has an aria or rather a sort of cavatina between the choruses. Here it will be *better* to have a mere recitative, well supported by the instruments. For in this scene which will be the finest in the whole opera (on account of the action and grouping which were settled recently with Le Grand), there will be so much noise and confusion on the stage that an aria at this particular point would cut a poor figure—and moreover there is the thunderstorm, which is not likely to subside during Herr Raaff’s aria, is it? The effect, therefore, of a recitative between the choruses will be infinitely better. Lisel Wendling² has also sung through her two arias half a dozen times and is delighted with them. I have it from a third party that the two Wendlings praised their arias very highly; and as for Raaff, he is my best and dearest friend!

But to my molto amato castrato Dal Prato I shall have

¹ Raaff was sixty-six.

² Elizabeth, wife of Franz Anton Wendling. See 549 p., n. 2. She took the part of Elettra.

to teach the whole opera. He has no notion how to sing a cadenza effectively, and his voice is so uneven! He is only engaged for a year and at the end of that time, next September, Count Seeau will get somebody else. Ceccarelli might then have a chance—sérieusement.

I had almost forgotten my best news. Last Sunday after the service Count Seeau presented me en passant to His Highness the Elector, who was very gracious to me and said: "*I am glad to see you here again*". On my replying that I would do my best to retain the good opinion of His Highness, he clapped me on the shoulder and said: "*Oh, I have no doubt whatever that all will go well*". A piano piano, si va lontano.¹

Please do not forget to reply to all points which concern the opera, as, for instance, my remark in my last letter about the translator. For I have been asked to make a contract.

The deuce take it! Again I cannot write all that I should like to. Raaff has just been to see me. He sends you his greetings, and so do the whole Cannabich household, the two Wendling families and Ramm too. And now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times. The driver is just going off. Adieu. I embrace my sister.

I remain ever your most obedient son

WOLF. AM. MOZART

My sister must not be lazy, but practise hard, for people are already looking forward to hearing her play. My lodging is in the Burggasse at M. Fiat's. But it is not at all necessary to add the address, for at the post office they know me—and know too where I am living. Adieu.

Eck and his son and Becke send their compliments.

¹ Slow and sure wins the race.

(360) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, November 18th, 1780

What on earth are you thinking of? The way you are treating Herr Schikaneder¹ is really shameful. On my name-day,² when we had our shooting, I said to him: "*The aria will certainly be here to-morrow*". With what I knew, was there anything else I could tell him? A week before I had had to inform him that *you had not been able to finish it*. Indeed I was absolutely certain that you would send it a week later by the mail coach, the more so as he is going to produce only twelve more comedies. I really do not know what story I shall tell him when he comes to our shooting to-morrow. As you know, I am not much good at telling lies. All that I can say is that *you missed the mail coach, that the extra postage fee was too heavy for you, and that the aria will certainly come by the next one*. But I refuse to tell another lie. And indeed it is no small compliment for three of us to have free passes to all the seats in the theatre over such a long period.

I am now replying to your two letters, the first of which I received by post on Thursday and the second on Friday.

Idomeneo must land from the ship with his retinue. Then follow the words which he speaks to them, upon which they withdraw. You will remember that I sent off this objection to Munich; but your reply was that thunderstorms and seas pay no attention to the laws of etiquette. This, I admit, would be true, if a shipwreck were to take place. But the vow has released them. This landing will produce a very fine effect. For a long time Varesco refused to touch the duet "*Deh soffri in pace, o cara*".

¹ See p. 980, n. 1.² November 15th.

But I have persuaded him. Idamante and Ilia have still a very short discussion consisting of a few words in recitative, which is interrupted, *as it were*, by a subterranean rumbling, and then the utterance of a subterranean voice is heard. This voice and its accompaniment must be moving, terrifying and altogether unusual; and it can be a masterpiece of harmony. I enclose the alteration which has already been made.

First of all, there is an alteration in Act I, Scene 1, no. 1, where Ilia in her recitative must say Achiva instead of Argiva. This occurs again in Act II, Scene 2, no. 4, as you will see on the other side of Varesco's page above. The reason is that Achivo is a word which can be used of any Greek, but Argivo can only be used of the Greeks of Argos. But you must not be confused when you find the word Argivo in another place. There it is perfectly correct. But in the two places I have marked, it ought to be Achivo, because the reference is to Greece as a whole. Now for alteration no. 2. This is in Idomeneo's speech to his retinue, after they have left the ships, and when he dismisses them. There you will find at the end the words, *e al ciel natío*, etc. This *natío*, which stands for *nativo*, has an accent on the *i*, which is long. The verse shows this.

Alteration no. 3 is a very necessary one, and the idea of it only came to me after I had read the text very carefully. Idamante must not say (as Varesco makes him do) that he has witnessed the glory of his father; he must say the exact opposite, that is, that *he regrets not to have been able to witness the great deeds and the glory of his father*. You must note all these points in your copy immediately, so that when you are composing the music, none of them may be overlooked.

Alteration no. 4 is what I have said above about Achivo.

Alteration no. 5 is to substitute for the duet a recitative,

which should be sung at the end in a very lively manner, when Ilia runs to the altar, while Idamante holds her back. Then she turns to the priest with great eagerness, throws herself on her knees and before she has finished her speech and during the words "a te, sacro ministro"—the subterranean rumbling prevents her from saying anything more and fills everyone with amazement and terror. If this rumbling is properly reproduced, one peal of thunder following another, it will have a tremendous effect on the audience, especially as *the subterranean voice* is heard immediately afterwards. Then follows the alteration to which you refer in your second letter. Signor Raaff, to whom your sister and I send our greetings, will be well served with his new aria. His former one, between the choruses, will now be altered to a spirited recitative, which can be accompanied, if necessary, by thunder and lightning. Up to the present Varesco has just adhered to the prescribed draft, which was returned to you with the libretto. My eyes are aching and I really cannot write any more, except to add that the two scores will follow. You will probably need them in order to introduce parts for wind-instruments.

Am I to send you the original score of the mass in Bb¹ by itself—or add a copy? I have not yet found the original.

Farewell. I am your old father and friend

L. MOZART

One more important point. If there is anything else to be altered, you must let me know by the next post. For Varesco cannot go on copying the text for the printer as he has been doing and then have to throw it aside and start afresh. So you must carefully consider whether it can now stand as it is, particularly as the German translation ought to be done in Salzburg. That it should stand

¹ K 275.

would be the best solution. I have spoken to Schachtner,¹ but he wants to leave the arrangements to me. I told him that he could not expect more than *forty gulden, or eight ducats*. He thinks that I ought to suggest *ten ducats*. But compared with Varesco's remuneration this figure to me seems too high. I think, however, that he deserves to get *eight ducats* for his work, as the arias and choruses will have to be translated into verse; and that indeed will be no joke, as 27 numbers will have to be translated into verse, including some long choruses. I am certain that for a smooth prose translation Count Seeau cannot offer less than *six ducats* and that thus *eight ducats* will surely not be too much. Further, I shall arrange for a copy to be sent to Munich sufficiently neat that it can be handed straight to the printers. Reply at once. There is no time to be lost. Addio.

Oh my poor eyes!

Our greetings to the whole Cannabich household, the two Wendling families, Becke, Ramm, Lang, Eck, in fact to all who love us.

Poor eyes!

Half past seven in the evening and no spectacles. <If you think that Count Seeau is likely to give Schachtner ten ducats,> try to arrange it.

(361) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, November 20th, 1780

You will have received the parcel, which I sent off yesterday by the mail coach. I now hope to receive without fail and by the same means *the aria for Schikaneder*.

¹ Johann Andreas Schachtner, the Salzburg court trumpeter and poet See p. 983, n. 1.

If you have not yet posted it, do so at once and he will pay all expenses. I am really ashamed. Why, that honest fellow ran after the mail coach in order to say good-bye to you when you left. You are very wise (*to ingratiate yourself with Countess von Baumgarten.*) No doubt you will call on (*Count Sensheim and the Presidentess.*¹) If you do not manage to call in the forenoon, but have to do so after luncheon, no one will take it amiss, as people know that you are up to the eyes in work. Many thanks for your good wishes. In return I wish you *good luck* and trust that (*your opera may be a great success.*) Your whole future depends on this.

Is it really true that Madame Mara was annoyed because her husband² was not allowed to accompany her? That she addressed the orchestra on the subject? That Cannabich and her husband exchanged some heated words about it? I think Fiala heard all this from his father-in-law.

You ask how the family portrait³ is turning out? So far nothing more has been done to it. Either I have had no time to sit, or the painter could not arrange a sitting; and now your sister is laid up with a cold and cannot leave the house.

Send me a reply soon about Schachtner and let me know whether any further alterations will have to be made.

Your sister kisses you a million times and I am your honest old father and friend

L. MOZART

We send our greetings to all.

I am now off to vespers and the Litany. *To-morrow is*

¹ See p. 414, n. 1.

² Johann Baptist Mara (1744-1808), 'cellist in the Munich orchestra.

³ See p. 983, n. 2.

*the anniversary of my wedding-day,*¹ which is now but a sad memory—a thing you will not understand—at least, not now!

(362) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, *ce 22 de Novbre*, 1780

At last I am sending you the long-promised aria² for Herr Schikaneder. During the first week I couldn't get it finished on account of the business for which, after all, I came here—and the other day Le Grand, master of the ballet, a terrible talker and seccatore,³ happened to be with me and by his chattering made me lose the mail coach. I hope that my sister is quite well. I have a cold at the moment, which in this weather is quite the fashion here. I hope and trust, however, that it will soon leave me, for the two light cuirassier regiments, cough and phlegm, are gradually disappearing. In your last letter you say repeatedly: "Oh! my poor eyes!—I do not wish to write myself blind—half past seven in the evening and no spectacles." But why do you write in the evening? And why without spectacles? That I cannot understand. I have not yet had an opportunity of speaking to Count Seeau, but I hope to do so to-day and I shall send you an account of our conversation by the next post. For the moment everything will probably remain as it is. Herr Raaff came to see me yesterday morning and I gave him your regards, which pleased him immensely. He too sends you his greetings. He is indeed a worthy and thoroughly honest fellow! The day before yesterday Dal Prato sang at the concert—most disgracefully. I bet you that fellow will never get through the rehearsals, still less

¹ November 21st, 1747.

² See p. 980, n. 1.

³ A boring person.

the opera. Why, the rascal is rotten to the core.—Come in! Why, it's Herr Panzacchi,¹ who has already paid me three visits and has just invited me to lunch on Sunday. I hope I shall not have the same experience as the two of us had with the coffee. He has enquired very meekly whether instead of "se la sa" he may not sing "se co la"—Well, why not "ut re mi fa sol la"?

I am delighted whenever you send me long letters, but please do not write in the evening—and still less without spectacles. You must, however, forgive me if I do not send you much in return, for every minute is precious; and, as it is, I can generally only compose in the evenings, as the mornings are so dark; then I have to dress—and the merchant's servant at the Weiser sometimes lets in a troublesome visitor. When the castrato comes, I have to sing with him, for I have to teach him his whole part as if he were a child. He has not got a farthing's worth of method.

I shall write more fully next time.

How is the family portrait getting on?

My sister, if she has nothing better to do, might jot down on paper the titles of the best comedies that have been performed during my absence. Is Schikaneder still getting good receipts?

My greetings to all our good friends and to Katherl Gilowsky's arse. Give Bimperl a pinch of Spanish tobacco, a good wine-sop, and three kisses. Do you not miss me at all? A thousand compliments from all—to all—all. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister most cordially and hope that she will soon recover. Adieu.

Your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

¹ Domenico de Panzacchi (1733–1805), who took the part of Arbace.

(363) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

MUNICH, *ce 24 Novbre*, 1780

I have received the parcel and your letter of November 20th. Herr Schachtner is to get *ten ducats* for his efforts. I trust that in the meantime you have received the aria for Herr Schikaneder.

Please give my most humble respects to Mlle Catherina Gilowsky de Urazowa—and wish her in my name every possible happiness on her name-day; above all I hope that this may be the last time that she will be congratulated as Mademoiselle. What you reminded me to do with regard to Count <Sensheim>, I have done long ago—these things are all links in the one chain. I have already lunched with him once, twice with <Baumgarten> and once with <Lerchenfeld,> father of Countess <Baumgarten.>—Not a single day passes without one of these people at least coming to Cannabich's. Do not worry, dearest father, <about my opera.> I trust that all will go well. No doubt it will be attacked by <a small cabal,> who in all probability will be covered with ridicule; for <the most distinguished and influential families of the nobility> are in my favour, and <the leading musicians> are one and all for me. I cannot tell you what <a good friend Cannabich is>—how <active> and <successful!> Why, he is a real <watch-dog,> when it is a case of <doing someone a good turn.>

I want to tell you the whole story about Mara. I did not write about it, as I thought that, if you knew nothing about it, you would hear all the particulars in Munich, while if you knew something, there was plenty of time to tell you the whole truth; for probably additions have been made to the story—at least, in this town it has been told in several different ways. But no one can know it better than

I do, as I was present and therefore saw and heard the whole affair. When the first symphony was over, it was Madame Mara's turn to sing and I saw her husband come creeping up behind her with his violoncello. I thought that she was going to sing an aria with a 'cello obbligato. Old Danzi¹ is first violoncello here and accompanies very well. All at once old Toeschi² (who also conducts, but has no authority when Cannabich is present) said to Danzi, who is, by the way, his son-in-law, "*Stand up, and give Mara your place*". When Cannabich heard this, he called out, "*Danzi, stay where you are. The Elector prefers that his own people should play the accompaniments.*" Then the aria began, Giovanni Mara standing behind his wife, looking very sheepish and still holding his big fiddle. The moment they entered the hall, I had taken a dislike to both of them, for really you could not find two more insolent-looking people; and of this the sequel will convince you. The aria has a second part. Madame Mara, however, did not think it necessary to let the orchestra know beforehand that she was going to stop, but, after the last ritornello, came down into the room with her usual *air d'effronterie* to pay her respects to their Highnesses. In the meantime her husband literally attacked Cannabich—I cannot tell you every detail, for it would take too long; but, in a word, he insulted both the orchestra and Cannabich's character. Cannabich naturally got angry, gripped his arm and said: "This is not the place to answer you". Mara wished to reply, but Cannabich threatened that if he did not hold his tongue, he would have him removed by force. Everyone was indignant at Mara's impertinence. A concerto by Ramm was then given, during which this charming couple proceeded to lay their complaint before Count Seeau; but from him also, as well

¹ Innocenz Danzi, father of the greater Franz Danzi (1763-1826), joined the Mannheim orchestra as 'cellist in 1754.

² See p. 543, n. 2.

as from everyone else, they heard that they were in the wrong. At last Madame Mara committed the *sottise* of speaking to the Elector himself on the subject, her husband in the meantime saying in an arrogant tone, "*My wife is this very moment complaining to the Elector—it will mean the ruin of Cannabich. I am sorry for him.*" But people only burst out laughing in his face. The Elector, replying to Madame Mara's complaint, said: "*Madame, you sang like an angel, although your husband did not accompany you*". And when she wished to press her grievance, he said: "Well, that is Count Seeau's affair, not mine". When they saw that nothing could be done, they left the hall, although she had still two arias to sing. In our tongue that is called *insulting* the Elector; and I know for certain that if the Archduke and a number of other strangers had not been present, they would have been treated very differently. But in the circumstances Count Seeau simply got very nervous; he sent after them at once—and they came back. She sang her two arias, but was not accompanied by her husband. During the last one (and I shall always believe that Herr Mara did this on purpose) three bars were missing—but only in the copy, mark you, from which Cannabich was playing. When they reached this point, Mara seized Cannabich's arm. The latter found his place directly, but hit the stand with his bow, exclaiming audibly, "*This copy is all wrong*". When the aria was over, he said: "*Herr Mara, I want to give you a piece of advice, and I hope you will profit by it. Never seize the arm of the conductor of an orchestra—for, if you do, you may have to reckon with getting at least half a dozen boxes on the ear.*" Mara's tone was now, however, entirely lowered. He begged to be forgiven, and excused himself as best he could. The most disgraceful part of the whole affair was that Mara (a wretched violoncellist, as they all declare) would never have been

heard at court at all but for Cannabich, who had used his influence on his behalf. At the first concert before my arrival he played a concerto and accompanied his wife, taking Danzi's place without saying a word either to Danzi or to anyone else. All this was overlooked. The Elector was not at all pleased with his manner of accompanying and said that he preferred to hear his own people. Cannabich, who knew this, told Count Seeau before the concert began that he had no objection to Mara's playing on the other side, but that Danzi must also play. When Mara came, he was told as much, and yet he was guilty of this insolence. If you only knew these people, you would at once see conceit, arrogance and unblushing *effronterie* written on their faces.

I hope that my sister is now quite well again. Pray do not write any more melancholy letters to me, for I really need at the moment a cheerful spirit, a clear head and an inclination to work, and one cannot have these when one is sad at heart. I know and, God knows, I deeply feel how much you deserve rest and peace, but am I the obstacle?—I would not willingly be so and yet—alas! I fear I am. But—if I <attain my object>—if I succeed in <getting a good appointment here,> then you must <leave Salzburg immediately.> You will say—that will never be. At all events, <industry and effort will> not be wanting on my part. Do try and come to Munich soon. If only *the ass who smashes a ring, and by so doing cuts himself a hiatus in his behind so that I hear him shit like a castrato with horns, and with his long ear offers to caress the fox's posterior,*¹ were not so . . . Why, we can all live together. I have a large alcove in my bedroom which has two beds. These would do capitally for you and me. As for my sister, all we need do is to get a stove put in the other room, which will only be a matter of four or

¹ The underlined initial letters spell out the word "archbishop".

five gulden; for, even if we were to heat the stove in my room until it is red-hot and leave the doors open into the bargain—yet the room would not be endurable, for it is bitterly cold there.

Do ask Abbate Varesco if we may not break off at the chorus in Act II, “Placido è il mar”, after Elettra’s first verse when the chorus has been repeated—or, failing that, after the second, for it is really far too long! By the next mail coach I hope to receive the recitative and aria for Herr Raaff. I have now stayed at home for two days on account of my cold—and, luckily for me, I have very little appetite, for in the long run it would be inconvenient to have to pay for meals. But I have written a note to the Count on the subject, and have received a reply that he will discuss the matter with me shortly. By God! I shall not pay a single kreutzer. He ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. Well, adieu. Give my greetings to all my good friends, and a thousand compliments from everyone in Munich. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister most cordially and wish her a speedy recovery. I am ever

your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(364) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *November 25th, 1780*

Written at half past nine in the evening with spectacles. I have been busy all day in the cathedral and giving lessons. Your sister has not yet recovered, but she is somewhat better, though indeed she still has a nasty cough.

Here is Abbate Varesco’s alteration. I do not agree that

in the first line of Herr Raaff's aria the words *ed era* should be made to belong to the following line. True, this combination is often to be found in Metastasio, where, however, its treatment depends on the skill of the composer. Many Italian asses have set to music "Il cor languiva, ed era" and added some other disconnected melody to "gelida massa in petto". Take care of your health, and do not go to bed too late. Young people, particularly when they are engaged in mental work, must have their proper amount of sleep. Otherwise their nerves become weak, their stomach gets out of order and they fall into a decline.

If people come in and settle on you in the morning, just stop it. This sort of thing is no joke, for in the end you will have to compose until you are half dead; and how can you know how much you may not have to alter? As soon as your sister is better, she will write to you about all kinds of matters. I received to-day a letter from Ceccarelli's father. He begs me "a fargli la consolazione di dargli qualche avviso della dimora del suo figlio".¹ His son, it seems, has not written to him for a long time and has probably told him some story to the effect that when he went on that journey, he left Salzburg for good; he may have deceived him in this way, because he does not want to help his poor father and prefers to spend his money on an unnecessary number of clothes and, as you know, on all kinds of silly trifles. Farewell. I shall tell you more in my next letter. Take care of your health! Your sister and I kiss you.

L. MZT.

Send me a reply about Schachtner!

Foot-baths are an excellent remedy for a cold!

¹ To comfort him by sending him some information as to the whereabouts of his son.

(365) *Mozart to his Father*

[From Nissen, pp. 421-422]

MUNICH, November 29th, 1780

The aria for Raaff which you have sent me pleases neither him nor myself. I shall not say anything about *era*, for in an aria of this kind that is always a mistake. Metastasio makes it sometimes, but very rarely, and, moreover, those particular arias are not his best; and is there any necessity for it? Besides, the aria is not at all what we wished it to be; I mean, it ought to express peace and contentment, and this it indicates only in the second part: for we have seen, heard and felt sufficiently throughout the whole opera all the misfortune which Idomeneo has had to endure; but he can certainly talk about his present condition. Nor do we need a second part—which is all the better. In the opera “Achille in Sciro”,¹ for which Metastasio wrote the text—there is an aria of this kind in the style which Raaff would have liked:

Or che mio figlio sei,
sfido il destin nemico;
sento degli anni miei
il peso alleggerir.

Tell me, don't you think that the speech of the subterranean voice is too long? Consider it carefully. Picture to yourself the theatre, and remember that the voice must be terrifying—must penetrate—that the audience must believe that it really exists. Well, how can this effect be produced if the speech is too long, for in this case the listeners will become more and more convinced that it means nothing. If the speech of the Ghost in

¹ The opera by Pietro Pompeo Sales, which was produced at Munich in 1774. See p. 371, n. 4.

Hamlet¹ were not so long, it would be far more effective. It is quite easy to shorten the speech of the subterranean voice and it will gain thereby more than it will lose.

For the march in Act II, which is heard in the distance, I require mutes for the trumpets and horns, which it is impossible to get here. Will you send me one of each by the next mail coach, so that I may have them copied?

(366) *Nannerl Mozart to her Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST BROTHER! SALZBURG, November 30th, 1780

Thank you for remembering to enquire after my health. I have not quite recovered yet, but with God's help I shall gradually do so. And you, dearest brother! How is your cold? Is it really on the mend? I hope and trust that it may not be so persistent as mine is and that this letter may find you in perfect health.

You want to know about the plays which have been performed since you left Salzburg. Well, I am sending you a list.²

On the 27th we had the 43rd play, a brand new comedy in four acts, which had never been performed in Salzburg. It was entitled "Rache für Rache"³ and was announced in the following way.

Notice

To-day we hope to win the reputation of having produced the finest of all character-plays. Each character is new and flavoured with the best comic salt; so that my gracious

¹ Schikaneder's company had performed in Salzburg on October 13th, 1780, F. W. L. Schröder's translation and adaptation of Shakespeare's "Hamlet". It is probable that Mozart saw this performance.

² The portion of this letter which is omitted is a list of the plays performed by Schikaneder's company from November 5th to the 26th inclusive.

³ The author of this comedy was Johann Karl Wezel, a minor poet and playwright.

patrons will not have to digest either tasteless or warmed up stuff, of which there is unfortunately a great deal about, but will certainly leave our theatre thoroughly delighted. To this play, my gracious patrons, you are invited by
your obedient servant

SCHIKANEDER, Manager

Latterly I had not set foot outside the house; but since Madame Maresquelle had all along been urging me to see this play, if it was performed, as it was such an excellent piece, I decided to do so without consulting the doctor and went off to see it. Katherl had also been saving up for this play, as she wanted to celebrate her name-day with me at the theatre. By praising up his production to the skies Herr Schikaneder had persuaded the Archbishop to go and see it. In short, people were so eager to attend that there was not an empty seat in the theatre. The actors played their parts most admirably; but the play itself, which lasted fully four hours, was so wretched that if it had been written on purpose to drive people out of the theatre and to incite them to hiss it off the stage, it could not have been more successful. You can imagine how distressed we felt on poor Schikaneder's account. During the third act the Archbishop went out; and so, by degrees, did a number of people. We ourselves did not want to be present if Schikaneder was going to be insulted; so we left during the last scene. And we heard on the following day that when the play was over the audience clapped, hissed, banged the floor with their sticks and very sarcastically shouted out "fuori". So Herr Schikaneder, we fear, has lost a great deal of his reputation. If he produces a new play, no one will ever believe that it is going to be a good one.

On the 28th we had the 44th play, "Trau, schau, wem?"¹

¹ "Der Gasthof" or "Trau, schau, wem?", a comedy by Johann Christian Brandes.

with an absolutely new ballet, describing the battle at sea between Turks and Moors.

Well, my dear brother, I have done what you wanted. Six more plays in all will still be performed, and you will hear later on what they are. Herr Schikaneder is delighted with your aria, and the singer¹ who is learning it at our house would have thoroughly mastered it, but unfortunately the time is too short, as the play in which she has to sing it is being performed to-morrow. You probably know already that the Empress is so ill that at any moment she may play us a pretty prank. If she dies now, your opera may still be performed; but if she dies later, my whole pleasure may be spoiled.² Farewell, dearest brother. If it is God's will, I hope to see you in Munich.

(366a) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, *November 30th, 1780*³

I hope that your cold will get better soon and have no consequences; perhaps it is gone already. Herr Schachtner has now begun the translation. As for *intrigues*, the best way to make people feel ashamed of themselves is to be extremely *friendly and polite to those who are your enemies*; for then they become so confused and abashed that they lose a great deal *of their courage and their power to harm*. You ask me not to send you any melancholy news. Why, all I said was that your sister was ill, and surely I had to tell you that. Well, be honest and do not worry about me. But should you fall ill, *which God forbid*, do not hide it from me, so that I may come at once and

¹ According to Blümml, p. 145, this singer was Mademoiselle Adelheit.

² Maria Theresa had died on the previous day.

³ A postscript to his daughter's letter, written on the cover.

look after you. If I had been with your mother during her illness, she might still be alive; but no doubt her hour had come and so I had to be absent. Here we see the hand of God, which, however, we recognise only in our hours of necessity and lose sight of at other times. I do not ask you to spend your time writing letters; but I must hear from you or M. Becke whether you are in good health or not, if only to set my mind at rest. As for the chorus "Placido è il mar", you may stop where you like; but remember that everything must be printed in the libretto. Farewell. I am your honest father

MZT.

(367) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

MUNIC, ce 1 decembre, 1780

The rehearsal went off extremely well. There were only six violins in all, but we had the requisite wind-instruments. No listeners were admitted except Count Seeau's sister and young Count Sensheim. This day week we are to have another rehearsal, when we shall have twelve fiddlers for the first act (which I am having copied for double forces in the meantime), and when the second act will be rehearsed (like the first on the previous occasion). I cannot tell you how delighted and surprised they all were. But indeed I never expected anything else, for I assure you I went to that rehearsal with as easy a mind as if I were going to a lunch-party somewhere. Count Sensheim said to me "*I assure you that though I expected a great deal from you, I really did not expect this*". The Cannabichs and all who frequent their house are really true friends of mine. When I walked home with Cannabich to his house after the rehearsal (for we still had much to talk over with the Count), Madame

Cannabich came out to meet us and embraced me, delighted that the rehearsal had gone off so well. For Ramm and Lang had gone to her house, simply beside themselves with joy. The good lady—a true friend of mine—who had been alone in the house with her sick daughter Rosa, had been absorbed in a thousand anxieties on my account. Ramm said to me—now when you meet him, you will call him a true German—for he tells you to your face exactly what he thinks: "*I must honestly confess that no music has ever made such an impression on me, and I can assure you that I thought fifty times of your father and of what his delight will be when he hears this opera*".

But enough of this. My cold has become somewhat worse owing to the rehearsal—for, when honour and glory are at stake, you naturally get excited—however cool you may be at first. I have used all the remedies you prescribed, but it is a slow business and very inconvenient for me at the moment, for composing does not stop a cold; and yet I must compose. I have begun to take fig-syrup and a little almond-oil to-day, and already I feel some relief; and I have stayed indoors again for two days.

Yesterday morning Mr. Raaff came to see me again in order to hear the aria in Act II. The fellow is as infatuated with it as a young and ardent lover might be with his fair one, for he sings it at night before going to sleep and in the morning when he awakes. As I heard first from a reliable source and now from his own lips, he said to Herr von Viereck, Chief Equerry, and to Herr von Castel: "*Hitherto both in recitatives and arias I have always been accustomed to alter my parts to suit me, but here everything remains as it was written, for I cannot find a note which does not suit me, etc.*". Enfin, he is as happy as a king. At the same time he would like, as I should, to alter slightly the aria which you have sent me. He too objects to the *era*—and then—we should like at

The play for which you composed your aria was performed yesterday.¹ The play itself was excellent, the house was full, the Archbishop too was present, your aria was well performed and the singer² sang it well—as well, that is to say, as it was possible, seeing how short a time she had in which to learn it. For she too, like Mlle Ballo, is inclined to be lazy. In spite of the fact that the play went on until half past nine, the audience left the theatre absolutely delighted. Now for another piece of news. A *61-year-old* bridegroom (but not myself) and a *19-year-old* bride—well, who are they? Count Lodron,³ the fat Court Marshal, is to marry Countess Louise Lodron,⁴ who is staying with Count Arco. So we shall get a clavierist and a lover of music and the Archbishop another arch-cuckold. I am very anxious about the Munich opera. Basta! Accidents must happen! I am waiting most impatiently to hear how it goes off. Give our greetings to all our friends; and whenever you receive a letter from me, please remember that I should have to use a separate sheet of paper if I were to enclose all the compliments and greetings which people ask me to send you. You will have received my letter with the enclosure from your sister. The continuation of her list of plays will follow shortly. We both kiss you millions of times and in the comforting hope that you are feeling better, I am your sincere father

MZT.

Pimperl sends her compliments to you and so does Theresa. At first, whenever she heard the hall door open, she used to think that you were coming. She would run to the door, prick up her ears and often look for you in the

¹ See p. 980, n. 1.

² See p. 1003, n. 1.

³ Count Anton Lodron. See p. 609.

⁴ One of the two daughters of the Countess Lodron, sister of the Archbishop. Both daughters since the death of Adlgasser in 1777 had been Leopold Mozart's pupils.

rooms. By the way, do send us a message occasionally for Theresa, or else she will be dreadfully disappointed. The creature is an idiot!

P.S.—Fräulein Barisani had a lesson from your sister this morning. She is going to come three times a week. She says that she prefers to have her lessons in our house, as it is quieter than in her own home. Farewell! Herr Schikaneder thanks you for the aria. I shall have to have the aria "Dentro il mio petto io sento" from the opera buffa¹ copied for him too. He has bought himself a very fine popgun which we are going to christen at our shooting to-morrow. Katherl Gilowsky thanks you for your congratulations on her name-day.

(369) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *December 4th, 1780*

I only received yesterday, December 3rd, at noon your letter of November 29th, and that was when Professor Döhl and Herr Sieger came to call on me. My first enquiry was—for your health, and as he completely reassured me, I was perfectly happy. At the same moment, just about half past eleven, Herr von Edelsbach and three strangers came into the room. So I put the letter in my pocket without reading it. Your sister had to play a short piece on the pianoforte for them, after which they all promised to return at a more convenient time. Herr Sieger is spending a few days in Salzburg and is living with Herr Döhl, who will show him all the sights. If I had received your letter on Saturday, December 2nd, the

¹ A tenor aria sung by the Podestà in Act I of "La finta giardiniera", composed for the Munich carnival, 1775. See Köchel, p. 276.

mutes would now be in Munich. As it is, they will arrive this day week by the next mail coach. I have just been to see Varesco. As your letter of December 1st arrived while I was out, your sister read it, looked up the passage in Metastasio, and sent the letter and the book after me to Varesco's. All that you have pointed out shall be done. You know that *I too thought the subterranean speech too long*. I have given Varesco my candid opinion and it will now be made as short as possible. We are delighted to hear that the rehearsal went so well. I have no doubt whatever nor am I the slightest bit anxious about your work, provided the production is good, I mean, *provided there are good people to perform it*—and that is the case in Munich. So I am not at all nervous; but when your music is performed by a mediocre orchestra, it will always be the loser, because it is composed with so much discernment for the various instruments and is far from being commonplace, as, on the whole, Italian music is. That your cold should have become worse after the rehearsal is only natural, for, owing to the concentration upon hearing and seeing, all the nerves of the head become excited and strained, and eagerness and attention extends this tension to the chest also.

A proposito of compliments. Madame Maresquelle came to congratulate me on my name-day, rattled off her French wishes and while so doing kept on lowering to my face her right pock-marked cheek. I did not suspect anything, nor did I think that there was any devilment on her part. At last she came so close that I awoke from my stupidity and understood that I was to enjoy this favour and kiss her, which I did with the greatest embarrassment. Whereupon she turned her left cheek and I had to kiss that one too. I looked at myself at once in the mirror, for I felt as bashful as I did in my youth when I kissed a woman for the first time, or when after the ball in Amster-

dam the women forced me to kiss them. I think it would be a good idea to have her in the room when I am being painted, for my colour would be far more vivid. Ah! I see that the paper is at an end. We kiss you and wish you a quick recovery. Be patient! Take care! *Rest now and then when you are composing!* Go to bed early! Do not catch cold! Perspire a little every morning! Be careful with your diet! Good night! I am your faithful honest father

L. MZT.

(370) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNIC, *ce 5 de Decembre*, 1780

The death of the Empress does not affect my opera in the least, for none of the theatres have been closed and plays are being performed as usual. The entire mourning is not to last longer than six weeks and my opera will not be performed before January 20th. I beg you to have my *black suit* thoroughly brushed, shaken out, done up as well as possible and sent to me by the next mail coach—for next week everyone will be in mourning—and I, who have always to be about, *must also weep* with the others. In your last letter I cannot find any mention of a certain Herr Sieger, who travelled by the last mail coach to Salzburg, and still less of a letter which I gave him for you.¹ I had a cold at the time and stayed indoors for two days. On account of his affairs Sieger could not call on me again. My letter was ready, but I, not intending to go out, was not dressed. So I sent it to the post, from where the coach starts, and attached a note bearing the name of Sieger and the instruction that if a traveller of that name were to appear, the letter should be given to him. I am inclined to think that this fellow, who has several com-

¹ Letter 365.

missions for Salzburg, has perhaps not been able to call on you. I am very much disappointed, because in that particular letter I asked you for something which I urgently require for my opera—and that is—to send me a *trumpet mute*—of the kind we had made in Vienna—and also one *for the horn*—which you can get from the watchmen. I need them for the march in Act II. Please send them soon. In regard to the *ultima aria* for Raaff, I mentioned that we both wished to have more pleasing and gentle words. The *era* is forced. The beginning would do quite well, but *gelida massa*—again is hard. In short, far-fetched or unusual words are always unsuitable in an aria which ought to be pleasing.

Then again I should like the aria to express only peace and contentment—and even if it had only one part—it would do quite well—in fact, I should almost prefer it. I also wrote about Panzacchi; we must do what we can to oblige this worthy old fellow. He would like to have his recitative in Act III lengthened by a couple of lines, which owing to the *chiaro e oscuro* and his being a good actor will have a capital effect. For example, after the verse: “Sei la città del pianto, e questa reggia quella del duol” there is a slight glimmering of hope, and then! (How foolish I am! Whither does my grief lead me?) “Ah Creta tutta io vedo, etc.!” But Abbate Varesco need not re-write the act on account of these points, for the alterations can easily be added. I mentioned too that both I and others think the subterranean speech far too long to be effective. Just think it over. Well, I must close, as I have a terrible lot of writing to do. I have not seen Baron Lehrbach¹—and do not know whether he is still here or not; as I have no time to run about, I may very well *not know* whether he is here, but he must know positively that I am. No doubt if I were a girl, he would have come to

¹ Imperial envoy to the Munich court.

see me long ago. I am very sorry that the dear, young, beautiful, clever and sensible Fräulein Louise Lodron has fallen into the clutches of such a pot-belly.¹ She will manage to play with him the beginning of the *second part* of the minuet which I learnt from Bach,² for I daresay



he will not be able to make much of the conclusion—or at least he will be very clumsy. I send greetings to Pepperl Lodron and most cordial condolences in her grief at seeing her sister snap up that nice tit-bit. Well, adieu—a thousand compliments from everyone in Munich. My greetings to all my good friends. I have this moment received your letter of December 4th. You must accustom yourself a little to kissing. You could practise in the meantime on Madame Maresquelle. For here whenever you call at Dorothea Wendling's (where everything is rather in the French style) you will have to embrace both mother and daughter—but on the chin, of course, so that their rouge may not become blue. But more of this next time. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—Do not forget about my black suit; I must have it, or I shall be laughed at, which is never very pleasant.

¹ See p. 1008, n. 3.

² Johann Christian Bach. In Dr. A. Einstein's opinion this is a missing trio or coda to the eighth minuet of a series of clavier minuets (K.315^a) which Mozart composed at Salzburg in 1779. See Köchel, pp. 398 and 983.

(371) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS, SALZBURG, *December 7th, 1780*

The two trumpet mutes will certainly arrive by the mail coach. But the horn mutes belong to the two watchman's apprentices, who at the moment are not in Salzburg. I hope that your cold is no worse. God grant it. Thank God, we are well. Ceccarelli came into my room this morning with a stranger, whose face I recognised, but whose name I could not recall. It was Herr Esser,¹ whom we met in Mainz eighteen years ago² and whose playing you criticised by telling him that *he played well, but that he added too many notes and that he ought to play music as it was written*. He comes from Vienna and the card on his door describes him as: Herr Esser, Knight of the Golden Spur. Schiavo, Signor Collega!³ He makes a point of wearing his order and I do not doubt but that he will display *his spur* to the whole world with the greatest advantage together with his violin, his viola d'amore and the rest, and indulge the other extraordinary exercises of his art. For I hear that he plays a whole concerto of his own composition on an overstrung G-string only. At the same time he may be an excellent violinist, who cloaks his real merits in the tricks of a charlatan. Basta! Sentiremo!⁴ He has just come from Vienna, where he gave a concert in the theatre, which I read about in the newspaper. Ceccarelli knew him in Italy. Why, Herr

¹ Karl Michael Ritter von Esser (1736- ?), a famous violinist, was born in Aix-la-chapelle, where he became Konzertmeister in 1763. He toured Europe in 1772 and had great successes in London and Paris. Many of his symphonies and violin duets were published during his lifetime. See p. 38, n. 3.

² In August 1763. Mozart was then seven years old.

³ Your slave, my colleague!

⁴ Well, we shall hear!

Esser has come in this very moment and is to accompany your sister in your clavier sonatas. So I must close if I am not to miss the post. I have just got home from vespers and the Litany. I enclose Varesco's whole text with the exception of the last aria for Raaff. You will find a few more notes, which you must jot down and correct at once, so that nothing may be forgotten. Your sister and I kiss you. Addio.

Your honest father

MZT.

Give our greetings to everyone.

(372) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, *December 9th*, 1780

Here is the suit, such as it is. I had to have it patched quickly, for the whole taffeta lining of the waistcoat was in rags. I am writing this letter on Saturday, December 9th, at half past nine in the evening. Herr Esser gave a concert in the theatre to-day and actually made a profit of forty gulden. He will arrive in Munich by this diligence and will call on you at once. He is a jolly old fool of a fellow. But he plays (when he plays *seriously*) with the *surest and most astounding execution*. At the same time he has a *beautiful adagio*, which few good allegro-players possess. But when he starts playing the fool, he plays on the G-string only and with the greatest skill and technique. By striking his strings with a wooden pencil he performs whole pieces with amazing rapidity and precision. He plays the viola d'amore charmingly. But what touched me and struck me at first as rather childish was his *whistling*. He whistles recitatives and arias as

competently as any singer and with the most perfect expression, introducing portamento, flourishes, trills and so forth, most admirably, and all the time accompanying himself pizzicato on the violin. He came to see us every day *(and drank like a fish)*. This great talent of his brings him in a good deal of money—*(and yet he never has any cash)*.

Addio. We both kiss you. I shall write to you again on Monday. Farewell. I am your faithful father

MZT.

You will find the two trumpet mutes packed with the suit.

(373) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, December 11th, 1780

You will have received your black suit by the mail coach. Herr Esser, who is probably staying at Albert's, will have called on you by now.

As for Schachtner's drama ¹ it is impossible to do anything *at the moment*, as the theatres are closed and there is nothing to be got out of the Emperor, who usually interests himself in everything connected with the stage. It is better to let things be, as the music is not finished. Besides, who knows but that this opera may later give you an opportunity of getting to Vienna?

I enclose a note from Varesco and also the aria.² Act I

¹ Mozart's unfinished opera "Zaide", for which Schachtner wrote the libretto. Mozart began it in the autumn of 1779, probably with a view to its being performed by Böhm's company. The subject resembles that of the "Entführung aus dem Serail" and the method of composition shows the marked influence of Benda's duodramas. Evidently Mozart had been trying to arrange for its performance in Vienna.

² For Raaff. See p. 1012.



CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK

From a portrait by Greuze
(Palais du Louvre, Paris)

with the translation, and possibly Act II, will arrive in Munich next week by the mail coach. I trust that you are well. I advise you when composing to consider not only the musical, but also *the unmusical public*. You must remember that to every *ten real connoisseurs* there are a *hundred ignoramuses*. So do not neglect the so-called *popular* style, which tickles *long ears*. What about the score? Are you not going to have it copied? You must consider what you are going to do and (*you must make some sensible arrangement*). The remuneration you are getting (*is so small that you really cannot leave your score behind*). Farewell. Give our greetings to all, just as all here send their greetings to you. We kiss you millions of times and I am your honest old father

L. MZT.

Do not hurry over Act III. You will certainly be ready in time.

All's well that ends well!

(374) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, *ce 13 decembre, 1780*

I have received your last letter with the alterations and the scena for Panzacchi, and also the suit and the trumpet mutes. I am now hoping to have the aria for Raaff very soon. Herr Esser has not yet been to see me. He will not be able to find out my lodging so easily. He spoke to Cannabich at the play. Your last two letters seemed to me far too short, so I searched all the pockets in my black suit to see if I could not find something more. Well, in Vienna and all the Imperial dominions the theatres are to be reopened six weeks hence—a very

sensible arrangement, for mourning, if unduly prolonged, does not do the dead lord or lady half as much good as it does harm to numbers of other people. Is Herr Schikaneder going to remain in Salzburg? If so, he may still see and hear my opera. People in Munich cannot understand (and rightly so) why this mourning should last for three months, while that for our late Elector¹ only lasted six weeks. The theatre, however, goes on as usual.

You do not say how Herr Esser accompanied my sonatas. Badly? Or very well?

The comedy "*Wie man sich die Sache denkt*" or "*Die zwei schlaflosen Nächte*"² is charming. I saw it here—no, no, I did not see it, I only read it, for it has not yet been performed; besides, I have only been to the theatre once, as I have no time, since the evening is always my favourite time for working.

If Her Grace, the most sensible and gracious Frau von Robinig, does not this time condescend to postpone for a little her journey to Munich, then she will not be able to hear a note of my opera. I am of the opinion, however, that her Grace in her supreme wisdom will deign to oblige your excellent son and stay on here a little longer.

I suppose that your part of the portrait is now begun, and doubtless my sister's also? What is it like? Have you received any answer yet from our plenipotentiary at Wetzlar? I have forgotten his name—Fuchs, I think—I mean, about the duets for two claviers. It is always satisfactory to explain a thing distinctly—and the arias in Aesop's hand are, I suppose, still lying on the table?³ Send them to me by the mail coach, so that I may give them myself to Herr von Dummhoff, who will then for-

¹ Maximilian III of Bavaria.

² See p. 980, n. 1.

³ A rather obscure passage. Obviously Aesop was the nickname of a Salzburg copyist. Cf. p. 1033.

ward them post-free. To whom? Why, to Heckmann—a charming fellow, is he not? And a passionate lover of music. Ah, Herr Sieger. All the time to-day the chief topics keep on turning up at the end—I can't help it. The other day after lunching at Lisel Wendling's I drove with Le Grand to Cannabich's (as it was snowing heavily). Looking out of the window they thought it was you and really believed that we had come together. I could not understand, until it was explained to me upstairs, why both Karl¹ and the children came running downstairs to meet us—and why, when they saw Le Grand, they did not say a word, and looked very much disappointed. Well, I shall not write anything more, because you have written so little to me. I shall just add that M. Eck, who this very moment has crept into the room to fetch his sword, which he left behind him the last time he was here, sends thousands of greetings to Theresa, Bimperl, Jungfer Mitzerl, Katherl Gilowsky, my sister, and, last of all, to yourself. His son and heir filled his bed last night with spitting, pissing and shitting. *Non plus ultra.*

Please give my compliments to everyone—and I have greetings to deliver to you from everyone in Munich. Well, I must stop, or else I shall have to ride after the mail coach with the letter in my hand. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your

most obedient son

WOLFGANG MOZART

Kiss Theresa, but if you really can't do so, the hatter² can do it. A thousand smacks to Bimperl. Adieu.

¹ Cannabich's eldest son (1764–1806), who in 1800 succeeded his father as conductor at Munich. He was a good violinist but a mediocre composer.

² Or possibly Paul Hutterer, a violinist in the Salzburg court orchestra. See Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 34.

(375) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS, SALZBURG, *December 15th, 1780*

You say that my letters are too short; but really what news can I send you from Salzburg? You will now have received the aria for Mr. Raaff, to whom we send our greetings. I sent it off by the post last Monday, so it must have reached you on Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning.

It is impossible to obtain mutes for the horns. Herr Fiala, however, tells me that his father-in-law, Herr Proschalka, has a couple. Fiala has just been to see me and has shown me a letter from Herr Becke, full of praises of your music to Act I. He said that *tears of joy and delight came into his eyes when he heard it, and that all the performers maintained that this was the most beautiful music they had ever heard, that it was all new and strange and so forth—that they were now about to rehearse Act II—that he would then write to me—that I must forgive him for not having written before, as he had been rather indisposed, etc.* Well, thank God, everything is going well. *Knowing your work as I do*, I am perfectly certain that these statements are not empty compliments, for I am convinced that your composition, if it is adequately performed, is bound to be effective.

Yesterday Herr Sieger went off by himself to visit the salt mines at Hallein, whence he will travel to Vienna. He is not only a lover of music, but a very good performer on the violin, and the day before yesterday he accompanied your sister, who played your engraved sonatas¹ in the

¹ The series of violin and clavier sonatas, K. 301-306.

presence of M. D'Yppold¹ and Herr Schikaneder. Further, he plays the clavier a little, is a most competent lawyer and is going to practise in Vienna at the Imperial Court Council. Herr Esser, apart from making some grimaces which are peculiar to people of his type, and playing in a cut and dried manner, accompanied your sonatas rather well. You know, of course, that players of this kind cannot render anything naturally. Oh, how few play as I like! In regard to the mourning for the late Empress, people here have followed the Munich court—that is, court mourning for three months. The plays are to go on. Schikaneder has cut his engagement at Laibach, is staying on here and is absolutely determined to hear your opera. No further progress has been made with the family portrait, the reason being that when the days were long and bright, your sister was ill and that I myself had a heavy cold and rather bad rheumatism at that time. I did not tell you about it, as I did not want to make you anxious. Besides, as you are aware, I always look after myself.

Meanwhile I have had a letter from Madame Duschek enclosing a text for an aria. I have already sent her a reply to the effect that nothing can be done before the New Year. She mentioned that she was still in your debt for the last aria.² Well, as she seemed to be in a hurry, I had to make it quite clear to her, as politely as I could, that it was impossible for you to compose anything for her now.

Well, I have no more news. We both kiss you and I am your honest old father

L. Mzt.

I am sending you a pair of socks by the mail coach conductor.

¹ Franz D'Yppold (1730–1790), tutor to the Salzburg court pages and a member of the war council, was an admirer, but unsuccessful suitor of Nannerl.

² Probably K. 272, composed in 1777.

(376) *Mozart to his Father**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, *ce 16 Decbre*, 1780

Herr Esser came to see me yesterday for the first time. When he was in Salzburg, did he go about on foot or did he always drive around in a carriage as he does here? I think the bit of money he made there will not long remain in his purse. We are lunching together on Sunday at Cannabich's, where he is to let us hear his solos, both serious and crazy. He says that he will not give a concert here; nor will he perform at court. He is not making any effort to do so. He says that if the Elector wishes to hear him, "*Eh bien—here I am—it will be a pleasure—but—I shall not announce myself*". Well, after all, he may be an honest fool—the devil take it!—knight, I meant to say. He asked me why I did not wear my spur? ¹ I said I had one in my head which was quite difficult enough to carry. He was kind enough to brush my coat a little for me, saying: "One knight must serve another". Nevertheless on the afternoon when he came to Cannabich's, *forgetfulness*, I suppose, had caused him to leave at home his spur (I mean, the outward and visible one) or, alternatively, he had contrived to conceal it so well that not a trace of it was to be seen. Well, I must be quick, lest I forget it again—I must tell you that owing to the air and water here Madame and Mlle Cannabich are both becoming rather fat about the throat; which in the end may turn to goitre. Heaven forbid! They are taking a certain powder, now what on earth is it? No, that's not the name. In any case it's not doing them any good. So I have taken the liberty of recommending what we call goitre pills, pretending, in order to enhance their value, that my sister

¹ Esser, like Mozart, was a Knight of the Golden Spur.

had three goitres, each larger than the last, and yet in the end, thanks to these splendid pills, got rid of them entirely. If they can be made up here, please send me the prescription. But if they are only to be had in Salzburg—please send me a few hundredweight of them by the next mail coach, cash on delivery. You know my address. That story about the Electress is a first-rate lie. Because the Empress has died, people think that one great lady after another must suffer the same fate. The death of the Margrave of Anspach has already been announced, and the Emperor is supposed to have had a fall—and to be suffering from some internal trouble. I will readily admit that he is slightly indisposed, perhaps too for political reasons, I mean, on account of the church services. Herr Bergopzoomer¹ and his wife, formerly Mlle Schindler, may come to Munich, for Count Seeau told me yesterday that he had had letters from him, asking whether he would be able to give a concert here and, if so, whether it would be worth his while. But I don't know if he will come when he gets the Count's reply. Acts I and II are being rehearsed again this afternoon in the Count's apartments; then we shall have a chamber rehearsal of Act III only, and afterwards go straight to the theatre. The rehearsal has been put off again and again on account of the copyist—which has made Count Sensheim devilishly furious. As to having my score copied, it has not been necessary for me to beat about the bush. I have simply been quite frank with the Count. It was always the custom in Mannheim (in a case where the Kapellmeister has been well paid) that the original score should be returned to him; and the reason why in my case the copying has been done even more quickly than usual (for Act I has been copied

¹ Johann Baptist Bergopzoomer (1742–1804), an actor-manager in Vienna. He married in 1777 the singer Katherina Leithner-Schindler. See p. 704, n. 6.

already) is that Danzi, the cellist, who is getting on in years, would not be able to read my small notes at night. As for what is called the popular taste, do not be uneasy, for there is music in my opera for all kinds of people, but not for the long-eared. A propos, what about (the Archbishop?) Next Monday¹ I (shall have been away from Salzburg for six weeks.) You know, my dear father, that (it is only to please you) that I am staying on there, since, by Heaven, if I had followed my inclination, (before leaving) the other day (I would have wiped my behind with my last contract,) for I swear to you on my honour that it is not Salzburg itself but the (Prince) and (his conceited nobility) who become every day more intolerable to me. Thus I should be delighted, were he to send me word in writing that he (no longer required my services;) for with (the great patronage which I now have here, both my present and future position) would be sufficiently (safeguarded—save for deaths)—which (no one) can guard against, but which (are no great misfortune to a man of talent who is single.) But I would do anything in the world to please you. Yet it would be less trying to me, if I could occasionally clear out for a short time, just to draw breath. You know how difficult it was (to get away this time:) and without some (very urgent cause,) there would (not be the slightest chance) of such a thing happening again. (To think of it is enough to make one weep.) So away with the thought. Adieu!—I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Join me in Munich soon—and hear my opera—and then tell me whether (it is wrong of me to be sad when I

¹ December 18th.

think of Salzburg!) Adieu—my compliments to all my good friends and greetings from everyone here, and especially from the Cannabichs.

(377) *Nannerl Mozart to her Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph formerly in the Speyer collection]

DEAREST BROTHER! SALZBURG, *December 18th, 1780*

I am absolutely delighted that you are well again and that, as far as I have gathered from your letter, you are in good spirits. I now finish the list of the plays which were performed before Advent.¹

Last Thursday, December 14th, we started to wear mourning for the late Empress and it will last three months as in Munich.

If the Archbishop really goes to Vienna, as I have heard it suggested again, a great many people from Salzburg may pay a visit to Munich to hear your opera. M. Fiala and young Weinrother have made up their minds to do so.

Keep well until the time comes, very soon, I hope, when we shall join you in Munich.

I am your sincere and loving sister

MARIE ANNE MOZART

Katherl Gilowsky would very much like to come with us to Munich, if she could only find free board and lodging somewhere. But it would be too expensive for us, if we had to put her up too.

¹ The long list of plays performed in Salzburg by Schikaneder's company has been omitted.

(377a) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, December 18th, 1780

I have this moment received your letter of December 16th. When he was in Salzburg Herr Esser went about *on foot* and wore his *black cloth suit with his spur attached*, which, if I remember rightly, was his *whole wardrobe*, although, as I know for certain, he made a good deal of money in Vienna. Further, he must have made seventy gulden here over and above his living expenses. He is indeed a jolly fellow, but an idiotic fool as far as the management of money is concerned. He has real merits; but he conceals them with the tricks of a charlatan and wins admiration from and makes money out of the ignorant.

The goitre pills will arrive by the mail coach. Your sister thanks you for your charming recommendation based on her three goitres. She would be quite willing to appear as a typical native of Salzburg with a small goitre, which is our true national mark—of beauty. As to the *six weeks' leave of absence* I shall reply by the next post. At the moment I have too little time. Keep well. We both kiss you most cordially and I am your faithful old father
M.Z.T.

The whole opera copied out ready for printing with the Italian and German texts side by side will follow by the next mail coach. I have been paying out so much money in letters and mail coach fees for His Excellency Count Seeau that I do not know exactly how much it amounts to. But I hope that he will make it up to me. I have said in my earlier letters and now repeat that I do not doubt the soundness and excellence of your composition, and its success, particularly if you have a good orchestra; which

you have. Questo basta!¹ I hope that the second rehearsal went as satisfactorily as the first; and Act III likewise. Finis coronat opus. Oh! Oh! Finis Corona Topus. Farewell!

(378) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, *ce 19 Decembre, 1780*

I have received safely the last aria for Raaff (who sends greetings to you), the two trumpet mutes, your letter of the 15th, and the pair of socks. The second rehearsal went off as well as the first. The orchestra and the whole audience discovered to their delight that the second act was actually more expressive and original than the first. Next Saturday both acts are to be rehearsed again. But this time the rehearsal is to be held in a large hall at court, which I have long wished for, for there is not nearly room enough at Count Seeau's. The Elector is to listen incognito in an adjoining room. Well, as Cannabich said to me, "We shall have to rehearse like the deuce." At the last rehearsal he was dripping with perspiration. A propos, speaking of sweating, I am inclined to think that at that play both causes must have worked together.² Has my sister delivered those compliments?

Herr Esser also heard my rehearsal. He was to have lunched at Cannabich's on Sunday. But he found an opportunity of getting to Augsburg—so off he went! Bon voyage! He came to say good-bye to me, or so they tell me, but I was not at home; I was at Countess Baumgarten's.

Herr Director Cannabich, whose name-day it is to-day, and who happens to be here at the moment, and sends you

¹ That is sufficient!

² Mozart refers to a story in Leopold Mozart's letter of December 15th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

very friendly greetings, has scolded me for not going on with my letter—and has now left, so that I may do so.

As for Madame Duschek,¹ the thing, of course, is impossible at the moment—but when my opera is finished, it will be a pleasure for me to compose an aria for her. Meanwhile please send her my compliments. And as for the debt, we were to settle that when she next came to Salzburg. What I should like best would be if I could have a few worthy gentlemen like old Czernin—that would be a little help yearly—but it would have to be not less than a hundred gulden a year, in which case they might have any kind of music they liked.

I hope you are now, please God, quite well again? Yes, it cannot well be otherwise if you are having good frictions given to you by someone like Theresa Barisani. You will have noticed from my letters that I am well and happy. One is indeed glad to be rid of such a great and laborious task—and—that too, with honour and glory. For the work is almost finished. Only three arias, the last chorus of Act III, the overture and the ballet are still lacking—and then—adieu partie! As for those arias for Heckmann, which have no words, there are only two which you do not know. The rest include one from “Ascanio in Alba”—or rather, I mean, two—and the aria for Madame Duschek,² which you can send me without the words, as I have them here and can write them in myself. There is also one by Anfossi³ and one by Salieri⁴ with oboe solo—

¹ See p. 1021.

² K. 272.

³ Pasquale Anfossi (1727–1797) of Naples. He first studied the violin and then took lessons in harmony and composition from Piccinni. From 1758 onwards he composed several operas, which were very successful. From 1792 until 1797 he was maestro di cappella to the Lateran.

⁴ Antonio Salieri (1750–1825). He was trained by Gassmann, in 1774 became court composer in Vienna, and on Bonno's death in 1788 court Kapellmeister. In addition he was director of the Viennese Opera from 1788 until 1790. He was on most cordial terms with Haydn and Beethoven, but appears to have intrigued against Mozart.

both belonging to Madame Haydn. I forgot to copy the words, as I did not think I should have to leave in such a hurry. I do not know them by heart.

A propos—now for the most important thing of all—for I must hurry. I hope to receive by the next mail coach the first act at least, together with the translation. The scene between father and son in Act I and the first scene in Act II between Idomeneo and Arbace are both too long. They would certainly bore the audience, particularly as in the first scene both the actors are bad, and in the second, one of them is; besides, they only contain a narrative of what the spectators have already seen with their own eyes. These scenes are being printed as they stand. But I should like the Abbate to indicate how they may be shortened—and as drastically as possible,—for otherwise I shall have to shorten them myself. These two scenes cannot remain as they are—I mean, when set to music.

I have just received your letter which, as my sister began it, is of course without a date. A thousand compliments to Theresa, my future upper and lower nurse-maid. I can well believe that Katherl would like to come to Munich, if (apart from the journey) you could let her take my place at table. Eh bien—I can easily manage it. She can share a room with my sister. A propos. Please let me know at least a week beforehand when you will be arriving, so that I may have a stove put in the other room. Adieu. What beautiful handwriting! I kiss your hands a hundred times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Mes compliments à tous nos amis et amies.

A longer and more legible letter next time.

(379) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph formerly in the *Musikhistorisches Museum*
von W. Heyer, Cologne]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, December 22nd, 1780

I must write in haste, for the mail coach is leaving to-morrow morning, that is, a day earlier than usual.

Here are the three acts copied out for the printer. Varesco has left spaces for the names of the singers, the particulars of the ballets, the ballet music and so forth. What he has inserted before each principal change of scene can easily be altered in the final text, if at any point Herr Quaglio has to do so. For example, in Act I, sc. 8, it is stated: *Nettuno esce, etc.* and then: *Nel fondo della prospettiva si vede Idomeneo che si sforza arrampicarsi sopra quei dirupi, etc.* Well, you will have to give the announcement and description of these scenes, exactly as it is intended to produce them, I mean, according to whether Idomeneo is to remain in his ship, or is not to be shipwrecked, but, on being made aware of the danger, is to leave the ship with his people and save himself on the rocks. In short, it all depends upon the manner of the production. This, I suppose, will be left to Herr Quaglio, who is intelligent and experienced. But there must be disabled ships about, for in his recitative in scene 10 Idamante says: "*Vedo fra quegli avanzi di fracassate navi su quel lido sconosciuto guerrier*". Well, let's get on! You insisted on having two recitatives shortened. I sent for Varesco at once, for I received your letter only at five o'clock this evening, and the mail coach leaves to-morrow morning. We have considered the first recitative in all its bearings and we both find no occasion to shorten it. It is translated from the French, according to the draft which was arranged. What is more, if you consult the draft, you

will see that it was suggested that this recitative should be lengthened a little, so that father and son should not recognise one another too quickly. And now you want to make it ridiculous by making them recognise one another after they have exchanged only a few words. Let me explain my point. Idamante must surely say why he is there. Then he sees the stranger and offers him his services. Idomeneo goes so far as to mention his own sufferings. At the same time he must return his greetings. Upon which Idamante will tell him that he can sympathise with the unfortunate, as he himself has experienced misfortune. Idomeneo's reply must be a question. Idamante now describes the king's misfortune and Idomeneo by his mysterious words "*Uom più di questo*" gives Idamante a ray of hope. The latter then asks eagerly "*Dimmi, amico, dimmi dov'è?*" This eagerness makes Idomeneo ask "*Ma d'onde, etc.*" Surely Idamante must explain things at this point in such a way as to describe himself as a son worthy of his father and to awaken in Idomeneo admiration, respect and longing to hear who this youth is? Moreover, when he does recognise his son, the whole story becomes far more interesting! But if something has *par force* to be omitted, I have come to the conclusion that it should be after the recitative of Idamante: "*Che favelli? vive egli ancor? etc.*," which closes with: "*Dove quel dolce aspetto vita mi renderà?*" Idomeneo: "*Ma d'onde nasce questa, che per lui nutri tenerezza d'amor?*" From this point you might jump to: "*Perchè quel tuo parlar sì mi conturba?*" Idamante: "*E qual mi sento anch'io*" and then continue. At page 32 in Varesco's copy, one and a half pages will thus be omitted—that is, the beautiful description of Idamante's heroic deed, I mean, where he begins: "*Potessi almeno io, etc.*" In this way the recitative will be shortened by a *minute*, yes, in puncto, by a whole minute. Great gain, forsooth! Or do you want

to make father and son run up and recognise one another just as Harlequin and Brigella, who are disguised as servants in a foreign country, meet, recognise and embrace each other immediately? Remember that this is one of *the finest scenes in the whole opera*, nay, *the principal scene*, on which the entire remaining story depends. Further, this scene cannot weary the audience, *as it is in the first act*.

Nothing more can be cut in Act II, save a portion of Idomeneo's second speech.

Idomeneo. "Un sol consiglio or mi fa d'uopo. Ascolta. Tu sai quanto a' Troiani fu il mio brando fatal." *Arbace*. "Tuttom'è noto, etc." Then the dialogue continues, and not a single word can be omitted without destroying the sense. Besides, the whole recitative cannot last long, because several passages must be spoken eagerly and rapidly. And if you were to cut it, you would only gain *half a minute!* Great gain, forsooth! Nor can this recitative weary a single soul, as it is the *first scene* in Act II. What you might possibly omit is a passage after the recitative of *Arbace*: "*male s' usurpa un rè, etc.*"; when *Idomeneo* immediately rejoins: "*Il voto è ingiusto.*" Then you could leave out *Idomeneo*: "*Intendo, Arbace, etc.*" and *Arbace*: "*Medica mano, etc.*" The question is whether it is worth while to make an alteration by which you will gain at most two and a half minutes. I am not at all sure, especially as these recitatives are so placed that they cannot weary the audience. Everyone is patient during the first act of any opera and, further, the first recitative in a second act can never weary anyone. I think the whole thing is rather ridiculous. It is true that at a rehearsal where the eye has nothing to engage it, a recitative immediately becomes boring; but at the performance, where between the stage and the audience there are so many objects to entertain the eye, a recitative like this is over before the

listeners are aware of it. You may tell the whole world that from me. However, if, in spite of all, something has to be omitted, I insist that the passages shall be printed in full. Varesco knows nothing of what I have written to you. If Schachtner has not done his part as perfectly as you would wish, you must remember that he had very little time. Here are all the arias which Aesop¹ has copied and also a letter from Schachtner, who with Varesco sends his greetings to you. We wish you luck and trust that the opera may be a success. More news next post-day. Addio. I have written the whole of this letter by candle-light and with spectacles. We send our greetings to all, we kiss you millions of times and I am your faithful old father

L. MOZART

(380) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*From Nissen, pp. 427-430*]

SALZBURG, December 25th, 1780

The whole town is talking about the excellence of your opera. Baron Lehrbach spread the first report. The Court Chancellor's wife tells me that he told her that your opera was being praised to the skies. The second report was set going by Herr Becke's letter to Fiala, which the latter made everyone read. I should like Act III to produce the same effect. I feel certain that it will, the more so as in this act great passions are expressed and the subterranean voice will undoubtedly astonish and terrify. Basta, I trust that people will say: *Finis coronat opus*. But do your best to keep the whole orchestra in good humour; flatter them, and, by praising them, keep them all well-disposed towards you. For I know your style of composition—it requires unusually close attention from the players of every type of instrument; and to keep the whole orchestra

¹ Cp. p. 1018, n. 3.

at such a pitch of industry and alertness for at least three hours is no joke. Each performer, even the most inferior viola-player, is deeply touched by personal praise and becomes much more zealous and attentive, while a little courtesy of this kind only costs you a word or two. However—you know all this yourself—I am just mentioning it, because rehearsals afford few opportunities to do this, and so it is forgotten; and when the opera is staged, one really needs the cordial friendship and the keenness of the whole orchestra. Their position is then quite different, and the attention of every single performer must be strained even further. You know that you cannot count on the goodwill of everyone, for there is always *an undercurrent of doubt and questioning*. People wondered whether Act II would be as original and excellent as Act I. As this doubt has now been removed, few will have any doubts as to Act III. But I will wager my head that there are some who are wondering whether *your music will produce the same effect in a theatre as it does in a room*. And here you really need the greatest keenness and goodwill on the part of the whole body of players.

In regard to your *six weeks' leave of absence* I have made up my mind not to make any move or to say anything. But if I am questioned, I have decided to reply that we had understood that *you would be allowed to stay on in Munich for six weeks after composing the opera in order to attend the rehearsals and the performance, as I could hardly think that His Grace the Prince could expect an opera of this kind to be composed, copied and performed in the space of six weeks*.

Herr Esser has written to me and also to Ferrari from Augsburg. He praised very highly the two acts which he had heard and said that the opera was being rehearsed from five to eight. Herr Becke, to whom we send our greetings, has written to say that the storm chorus in

Act II is so powerful that even in the heat of midsummer it would make anyone feel as cold as ice. He has praised very highly Dorothea Wendling's aria with solo instruments in Act II¹ and so forth. In short, it would take too long to tell you how much he has praised your work.

Herr Ferrari sends you his congratulations on the general approval of your opera. He showed me the letter he had received from Esser, who sent his thanks to our orchestra for accompanying him at the concert he gave in Salzburg, and also to all at court, especially to Haydn, Brunetti, Hafeneder and the rest. So we read too that he had heard the two acts of your opera, and *che abbia sentito una musica ottima e particolare, universalmente applaudita*.²

(381) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

MUNIC, *ce 27 Decbre, 1780*

I have received the whole text, Schachtner's letter, your note and the pills. In regard to the two scenes which are to be shortened, it was not my suggestion, but one to which I have consented—my reason being that Raaff and Dal Prato spoil the recitative by singing it without any spirit or fire, and *so* monotonously. They are the most wretched actors that ever walked on a stage. I had a desperate row the other day with Seeau about the inexpediency, inconvenience and the practical impossibility of omitting anything. However, everything is to be printed as it is, to which he at first refused *absolument* to agree; but in the end, as I scolded him roundly, he gave in. The

¹ Ilia's aria "Se il padre perdei", with flute, oboe, bassoon and horn obbligato accompaniment.

² That he had listened to excellent and original music, which was unanimously applauded.

last rehearsal was splendid. It took place in a spacious room at court. The Elector was there too. This time we rehearsed with the whole orchestra (I mean, of course, with as many players as can be accommodated in the opera house). After the first act the Elector called out to me quite loudly, Bravo! When I went up to kiss his hand he said: "*This opera will be charming and cannot fail to do you honour*". As he was not sure whether he could remain much longer, we had to perform the aria with obligatos for wind-instruments¹ and the thunderstorm at the beginning of Act II, when he again expressed his approval in the kindest manner and said with a laugh: "*Who would believe that such great things could be hidden in so small a head?*" And the next day at the levée too he praised my opera very highly. The next rehearsal will probably be in the theatre. A propos. Becke told me a few days ago that he had written to you after the last rehearsal but one and among other things had mentioned that Raaff's aria in Act II did not suit the rhythm of the words. "*So I am told,*" he said, "*but I know too little Italian to be able to judge. Is it so?*" I replied, "If you had only asked me first and written about it afterwards! I should like to tell you that whoever said such a thing knows very little Italian." The aria is very well adapted to the words. You hear the *mare* and the *mare funesto* and the musical passages suit *minacciar*, for they entirely express *minacciar* (threatening). On the whole it is the most superb aria in the opera and has also won universal approval. Is it true that the Emperor is ill? Is it true that the Archbishop is coming to Munich? To return, Raaff is the best and most honest fellow in the world, but so tied to old-fashioned routine that flesh and blood cannot stand it. Consequently, it is very difficult to compose for him, but very easy if you choose to compose commonplace arias, as, for instance,

¹ Ilia's aria in Act II, "Se il padre perdei".

the first one, "*Vedrommi intorno*". When you hear it, you will say that it is good and beautiful—but if I had written it for Zonca,¹ it would have suited the words much better. Raaff is too fond of everything which is cut and dried, and he pays no attention to expression. I have just had a bad time with him over the quartet. The more I think of this quartet, as it will be performed on the stage, the more effective I consider it; and it has pleased all those who have heard it played on the clavier. Raaff alone thinks it will produce no effect whatever. He said to me when we were by ourselves: "*Non c'è da spianar la voce.*"² *It gives me no scope.*" As if in a quartet the words should not be spoken much more than sung. That kind of thing he does not understand at all. All I said was: "My very dear friend, if I knew of one single note which ought to be altered in this quartet, I would alter it at once. But so far there is nothing in my opera with which I am so pleased as with this quartet; and when you have once heard it sung in concert, you will talk very differently. I have taken great pains to serve you well in your two arias, I shall do the same with your third one—and shall hope to succeed. But as far as trios and quartets are concerned, the composer must have a free hand." Whereupon he said that he was satisfied. The other day he was very much annoyed about some words in his last aria—*rinvigorir*—and *ringiovenir*—and especially *vienm¹i a rin² vigorir³*³—five *i*'s!—It is true

¹ Giovanni Battista Zonca (1728–1809) was born at Brescia and trained in Italy. In 1763 he became bass singer to the Mannheim court, which he followed to Munich in 1778. He retired in 1788. Evidently Mozart would have preferred to write the part of Idomeneo for a bass voice. Indeed he intended to rewrite it later for a performance in Vienna in which Ludwig Fischer, the famous bass singer, was to take this part. Mozart's plan was never carried out. See p. 1140.

² You can't let yourself go in it.

³ In the autograph the *i*'s are numbered in Mozart's handwriting. Varesco had to write a third version, "*Torna la pace al cor*". At the first performance on January 29th, 1781, this aria and that of Idamante, "*No, la morte io non pavento*", both in Act III, were omitted. See p. 1051.

that at the end of an aria this is very unpleasant. Well, I must close, for the mail coach is starting this very moment.

I have had my black suit turned, for it was really very shabby. Now it looks quite presentable. Adieu. My greetings to all my good friends, and particularly to your beautiful and clever pupil. I embrace my sister with all my heart and kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(382) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the possession of Heinrich Eisemann,
London]

SALZBURG, *December 29th–30th, 1780*

A Happy New Year!

I absolutely insist that everything that Varesco has written shall be printed. The omissions amount to only a few lines. In "Telemacco"¹ too everything was printed, although in the music a few lines of the recitative were left out. I wish we could correct the proofs together in Salzburg. There is nothing more objectionable than to find in a book a number of misprints, which often make the sense quite unintelligible. It would be a good thing if you yourself would undertake to read through the revised proofs before the final printing, even if it has to be done at the printer's. Further, I hope that Count Seeau will not object to sending Varesco and Schachtner *at least a dozen copies in all*.

In regard to "*vienmi a rin vigorir*" it is true that there are five *i*'s, but it is also true that I can pronounce the phrase twenty times without any inconvenience, in fact with the greatest rapidity and ease. In the aria from

¹ An opera by Paul Grua, composed for the Munich carnival, 1780. It is the only one he wrote. See p. 983, n. 6.

Metastasio's "Achille in Sciro" which you sent me as a model, the closing lines, "*il peso alleggerir*" and "*lo vede rinforir*", especially the "*rinforir*" (on account of the initial *r*), are certainly far more inconvenient. Bastal To please everyone the devil himself may go on altering and altering. Signor Raaff is far too pernicky. I need not say anything about the quartet, for which declamation and action are far more essential than great singing ability or his everlasting "*spianar la voce*".¹ In this case action and diction are the necessary qualities.

God be praised that His Highness is satisfied with the first two acts, or rather is thoroughly delighted. I daresay that when your opera is staged, you will have many more points to raise, particularly in Act III, where there is so much action.

I assume that you will choose very deep wind-instruments to accompany the subterranean voice. How would it be if after the slight subterranean rumble the instruments *sustained, or rather began to sustain their notes piano and then made a crescendo such as might almost inspire terror, while after this and during the decrescendo the voice would begin to sing?* And there might be a terrifying crescendo at *every phrase uttered by the voice*. Owing to the rumble, which must be short, and rather like the shock of a thunderbolt, which sends up the figure of Neptune, the attention of the audience is aroused; and this attention is intensified by the introduction of a quiet, prolonged and then swelling and very alarming wind-instrument passage, and finally becomes strained to the utmost when, behold! *a voice* is heard. Why, I seem to see and hear it.

It was a good thing to have your suit turned. Now that we are discussing clothes, *I suppose I can save myself the trouble of bringing my braided suit. You know that I do not care about dressing up.* Please let me know about this.

¹ Letting himself go. See p. 1037.

We both kiss you most cordially and I am your honest old father

L. MOZART

While taking dessert after lunch yesterday, December 29th, the Archbishop cut his finger very badly.

The Emperor is not laid up; but *old Papa Colloredo*¹ is dangerously ill. Otherwise the Archbishop would have gone to Vienna. If Colloredo dies, he will not go at all. I have not heard a syllable about the Archbishop going to Munich.

(382a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the possession of Heinrich Eisemann,
London]

SALZBURG, December 30th, 1780

I wish you a Happy New Year, constant good health and prosperity! Please continue to give me *your brotherly affection*. Above all I hope that your opera, when staged, will win universal applause and will bring you great honour and glory. All my hopes and wishes are centred on this. I am writing to you with an erection on my head and I am very much afraid of burning my hair. The reason why the Mölks' maid has dressed my hair is that tomorrow for the first time I am sitting for the painter.²

Again I wish you a Happy New Year, and so do thousands of all our good friends. I have delivered your message to my beautiful pupil, who sends you her greetings in return.³

¹ Prince Rudolf Colloredo, father of the Salzburg Archbishop.

² For the family portrait. See p. 983, n. 2.

³ Theresa von Barisani.

(383) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNIC, *ce 30 decembre, 1780*

A Happy New Year! Forgive me for not writing much this time, but I am up to the eyes in work. I have not quite finished the third act, and, as there is no extra ballet, but only an appropriate *divertissement* in the opera, I have the honour of composing the music for that as well; but I am glad of it, for now all the music will be by the same composer. The third act will turn out to be *at least* as good as the first two—in fact, I believe, infinitely better—and I think that it may be said with truth, *finis coronat opus*. The Elector was so pleased at the rehearsal that, as I wrote to you the other day, he praised my opera most highly at his *levée* on the following morning—and again at court in the evening. I have heard too from a very good source that on the same evening after the rehearsal he spoke of my music to everyone with whom he conversed, saying: “*I was quite surprised. No music has ever made such an impression on me. It is magnificent music.*” The day before yesterday we had a rehearsal of recitatives at Wendling’s and we went through the quartet together. We repeated it six times and now it goes well. The stumbling-block was Dal Prato; the fellow is utterly useless. His voice would not be so bad if he did not produce it in his throat and larynx. But he has no intonation, no method, no feeling. He sings—well, like the best of the boys who come to be tested in the hope of getting a place in the chapel choir. Raaff is delighted that he was mistaken about the quartet and no longer doubts its effect. I am now in a difficulty in regard to his last aria, and you must help me out of it. He cannot stomach the “*rinvigoris*” and “*ringiovenir*”—and these two words

make the whole aria distasteful to him. It is true that *mostrami* and *vienmi* are also not good, but the two final words are the worst of all. To avoid the shake on the *i* in the first *rin vigorir*, I really ought to transfer it to the *o*. In "Natal di Giove",¹ which is, I admit, very little known, Raaff has now found, I believe, an aria which is admirably suited to this situation. I think it is the "*aria di licenza*"²—

Bell'alme al ciel dilette,
si, ah! respirate ormai,
già palpitaste assai;
è tempo di goder.
Creta non oda intorno,
non vegga in sì bel giorno,
che accenti di contento,
che oggetti di piacer.

Well, he wants me to set this to music. "No one knows the words," he says, "and we can keep quiet about it." He fully realises that we cannot expect the Abbate to alter this aria a third time, and he will not sing it as it stands. I beg you to reply immediately. I hope to hear from you on Wednesday—and then I shall have plenty of time to compose his aria. Well, I must close, for I must now write at break-neck speed. Everything has been composed, but not yet written down. Please give my greetings to all my good friends and my New Year wishes too. I drew the fifteen gulden yesterday. I shall not have very much left, for there are a hundred trifles which make inroads on my money; and I certainly do not spend it unnecessarily. Why, it cost me seven gulden, twenty-four kreutzer, just to have my black coat turned, a new damask lining put in, and a sleeve of my brown costume patched. So I must ask you to send me another draft. It is just as well to have

¹ A drama by Metastasio.

² An aria generally inserted in an opera as an epilogue or an address to some distinguished guest.

something in hand, as I really can't go about in a penniless condition. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My compliments to dear Theresa. The maid who waits on me here is also a Theresa—but, Heavens! how different from our Theresa from Linz, in beauty, virtue, charms—and a thousand other merits!

You probably know that the worthy castrato Marchesi,¹ or *Marquesius di Milano*, has been poisoned at Naples. And how? He was in love with a duchess, whose rightful lover became jealous and sent three or four fellows to give him his choice, either to drink poison out of a cup or to be assassinated. He chose the former, but being an Italian coward, he died *alone*, and allowed his murderers to live on in peace and quiet. Had it been myself and had it been absolutely necessary for me to die, I should have taken at least a couple with me into the next world. Such an excellent singer is a great loss.—Adieu.

(384) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNICH, *ce 3 de Janvier*, 1781

My head and my hands are so full of Act III that it would be no wonder if I were to turn into a third act myself. This act alone has cost me more trouble than a whole opera, for there is hardly a scene in it which is not extremely interesting. The accompaniment to the subterranean voice consists of five instruments only, that is,

¹ See p. 443, n. 1. There was no truth in this sensational story. Marchesi lived until 1829.

three trombones and two French horns, which are placed in the same quarter as that from which the voice proceeds. At this point the whole orchestra is silent. The dress rehearsal will take place *for certain* on January 20th and the first performance on the 22nd.¹ All you will both require and all that you need bring with you is one black dress—and another, for everyday wear—when you are just visiting intimate friends, where there is no standing on ceremony—so that you may save your black one a little; and, if you like, a more elegant dress to wear at the ball and the académie masquée. I shall tell you about the stove next post-day. I shall probably have to send this letter too by the post. I have told the conductor a hundred times always to send for my letters at eleven o'clock. The coach goes at half past eleven. I never dress before half past twelve, as I have to compose. So I can't go out. I can't send him the letter, as he takes it by private arrangement, as they don't like my doing this at the post office. Herr von Robinig is already here and sends greetings to you both. I hear that the two Barisanis are also coming to Munich. Is this true? Thank God that the cut in the Archbishop's finger was of no consequence. Heavens! How frightened I was at first. Cannabich thanks you for your charming letter, and the whole family send their greetings. He told me that you had written very humorously. You must have been in good spirits.

No doubt we shall have a good many points to raise in Act III, when it is staged. For example, in Scene 6, after Arbace's aria, I see that Varesco has Idomeneo, Arbace, etc. How can the latter reappear immediately? Fortunately he can stay away altogether. But for safety's sake I have composed a somewhat longer introduction to the High Priest's recitative. After the mourning chorus the king and all his people go away; and in the following scene

¹ In the end the first performance did not take place until January 29th.

the directions are, "*Idomeneo in ginocchione nel tempio*". That is quite impossible. He must come in with his whole suite. A march must be introduced here, and I have therefore composed a very simple one for two violins, viola, 'cello and two oboes, to be played *a mezza voce*. While it is going on, the King appears and the priests prepare the offerings for the sacrifice. The King then kneels down and begins the prayer.

In Elettra's recitative, after the subterranean voice has spoken, there ought to be an indication—*Partono*. I forgot to look at the copy which has been made for the printer to see whether there is one and, if so, where it comes. It seems to me very silly that they should hurry away so quickly for no better reason than to allow Madame Elettra to be alone. I have this moment received your five lines of January 1st.

When I opened the letter I happened to hold it in such a way that nothing but a blank sheet met my eyes. At last I found the writing.

I am delighted to have the aria for Raaff, for he was absolutely determined that I should set to music the words he had found. With a man like Raaff I could not possibly have arranged it in any other way than by having Varesco's aria printed and Raaff's sung. Well, I must close, or I shall waste too much time. I thank my sister most warmly for her New Year wishes, which I cordially return. I hope that we shall soon be able to have some fun together. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to all my good friends—and please do not forget Rüscherl. Young Eck sends her a little kiss—a sugary one, of course.

(385) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Universitätsbibliothek, Prague]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, January 4th, 1781

I received your letter of December 30th at nine o'clock, just as I was going to the service. After church I did my New Year *seccature*¹ and then went to see Varesco at half past ten. He was horribly angry and said the most foolish things, as Italians or half-Italians do. He mentioned among other things that he had written a few days ago to Count Seeau, asking him to see that there would be no misprints in the text; good! that he would like to have twelve copies; basta! that he hoped to receive a few more ducats as a recognition of the fact that he had copied the text four times and subsequently had had to make a good many alterations; and that, if he had known beforehand, he would not have agreed to write the text for the small remuneration of twenty ducats. *As far as I am concerned, it was a good move.* But I immediately began to think that the godless Italian idea might occur to Varesco that *we had made a better bargain and were keeping the money.* The reasons for my supposition are that he is only *half-Italian, peggio del Italiano vero*;² that I was unable to give him Count Seeau's letter about his contract, but only read it out, as he was not to know about certain other matters; that when he sent Act III to you through Count Seeau and the latter did not reply, you wrote to me saying that the Count had commissioned you to do so. All this may have aroused his suspicion that there are in the world more people *of his own type*. He will probably have judged us after his own pattern. Well, to continue. I listened to him with absolute calmness and when at last I got tired

¹ The Italian "seccare" means "to bore". Leopold Mozart obviously refers to his New Year calls.

² Worse than a pure Italian.

of his railing and his silly chatter, I said to him: "*The only reply I want is whether or not I am to write to-day to say that next post-day, January 4th, another aria will be sent to Munich. For reply I must! The rest does not concern me in the very least.*" He then said: "*I will see whether anything occurs to me*". So I went off to finish my New Year *seccature*. You can gather from the remarks he has jotted down beside the aria what else he said and how enraged he was. I shall tell you all about it when we meet. But do see that Count Seeau *pays him and Schachtner* as soon as possible. Just give the money to Gschwendner. It is much the quickest way. You know that I am a lover of peace and an honest fellow, who desires to spare everyone any annoyance. You will see from Varesco's minute that he has written another aria to be sung, but wants to have the aria "*Sazio è il destin, etc.*" printed. It would be ridiculous to have one aria in the text and another sung. The best solution would be to print both arias, but to put brackets at the end of every line of "*Sazio è il destin*", to show that it is not being sung. In this way all unpleasantness would be avoided—and it would only be a question of printing a few more lines. Let me know when the dress rehearsal is to take place.

I am your old father

MOZART

(386) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, January 8th, 1781

Instead of going to the ball we went yesterday to Herr Hagenauer's. They all send you their greetings. Your sister has sat twice to the painter. It's a good likeness and, if it is not spoilt in the painting, the head will be charming.

Your sister has decided to have a new black dress made, which will cost her altogether about seventy gulden. She hopes that *(the Elector will be obliged to pay for it!)* We kiss you a million times and I am your faithful and honest old father

MOZART

(387) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNIC *ce 10 de Janvier (and the 11th)*, 1781

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

The latest news is that the opera has been postponed again for a week. The dress rehearsal will not take place until the 27th—my birthday, mark you—and the first performance on the 29th. Why? Presumably in order that Count Seeau may save a few hundred gulden. But I am delighted, as it will give us an opportunity of further and more careful rehearsals. The Robinigs pulled long faces when I gave them this piece of news. Louise and Sigmund are delighted to stay on, and it would be easy enough to persuade Mamma to do so. But Lisa¹—*that miserable specimen of humanity*—has such a stupid Salzburg tongue—that she really drives me crazy. Perhaps they will stay on. I hope so for Louise's sake. In addition to many other minor rows with Count Seeau I have had a desperate fight with him about the trombones. I call it a desperate fight, because I had to be rude to him, or I should never have got my way. Next Saturday the three acts are to be rehearsed in private. I have received your letter of January 8th and read it with the greatest delight. I like the burlesque very much.²

¹ Elizabeth Robinig (1749–1792), Frau von Robinig's eldest daughter.

² Mozart alludes to a long story in Leopold Mozart's letter of January 8th, which for lack of space has had to be omitted.

Forgive me if this time too I write very little and must now close. First of all, as you see, my pen and ink are no good, and, secondly, I have still a few arias to compose for the ballet—but—I hope that you will never again send me such a letter as your last one of three or four lines.

My congratulations to Madame Fiala on her scabies. Well, she has something that few people have. So she can say: "*It's mine*". But someone else ought to try to get it in order to be able to say the same thing. Herr Proschalka tells me that Katherl Gilowsky is coming to Munich. Is it true? Please tell the Barisanis that my opera has been postponed, so that they may make their arrangements accordingly.

Well, I can't think of any more news to send you, save that through the hunchbacked brother of Madame Zimmerl (the famous remover of grease spots), who is here with Madame Ludwig of Salzburg, and is living with her as her husband, I have heard, and that too as a certainty, that the Storchenfelds have left Böhm¹ and that Murschhäuser² has left as well—that Peter Vogt³ left him long ago—and that Elias⁴ has deserted his wife and decamped—that Böhm is in Mainz and that the Zimmerls and Müllers had also left him, but that they joined him again as soon as he got there. If I had had time, I would have written to him long ago, just to get some news from him. Well, adieu. How is Schikaneder? I hope to see him here during the carnival. Please give him my regards. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

¹ Johannes Böhm, manager of a theatrical company, which had given several performances at Salzburg in 1779.

² Murschhäuser, an actor, who married the singer Franziska Ballo.

³ Peter Vogt was master of the ballet in Böhm's theatrical company during their visit to Salzburg in 1779.

⁴ Elias Vogt, brother of Peter Vogt.

(388) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *January 11th, 1781*

We intend to leave here on Thursday, January 18th, and to arrive in Munich on Friday, January 19th. But up to the present I have not said anything definite. I hope to let you know for certain on Monday, January 15th. No one knows when the Archbishop is going to Vienna, doubtless because he himself, as usual, does not know.

I am expecting to have a letter from you to-morrow by the post or possibly to-day by the mail coach. It has just occurred to me that it is really not necessary to put a stove in the other room. Can't a bed be put in the room where you have been composing? There are two beds already in the alcove. True, I do not know the rooms. But surely we can put up with a little discomfort, especially for such a short time. As it is, we shall be in your rooms very little. Your sister and I can sleep in the alcove and you can sleep outside. Why, we can live like gypsies and soldiers. That will be no new experience for us. Surely we can't expect it to be like home? I only hope we can get something to eat *in your rooms or near by*. Well, just make as good arrangements as you can. I have no more news to send you; and it is old news that we both kiss you and that I am your honest old father

L. MOZART

(389) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *January 13th, 1781*

So the opera has been postponed. Well, then, I shall wait until the Archbishop leaves, which will be on the

20th or the 22nd at latest. I trust that the rehearsal of the three acts which took place to-day, January 13th, went very well. It will have been a long one, the more so if Act III was rehearsed for the first time. Act III ought to have been rehearsed by itself or at least at the beginning, before the orchestra got tired.

We both kiss you and hope to see you soon. Keep well. I am your honest old father

LEOPOLD MOZART

(390) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! MUNIC *ce 18 du Janvier, 1781*

I have received your letter of the 11th—and your last one of the 13th, sent through Herr Fiala. Please forgive a short letter, but I must be off to the rehearsal this very moment (it is almost ten o'clock—in the morning, of course). For the first time we are having a rehearsal of recitatives to-day in the theatre. I have not been able to write until now, as my time has been taken up with those confounded dances. *Laus Deo*—I have got rid of them at last! But I can only send you my most important news. The rehearsal of Act III went off splendidly. It was considered much superior to the first two acts. But the libretto is too long and consequently the music also (an opinion which I have always held). Therefore *Idamante's* aria, "*No, la morte io non pavento*", is to be omitted; in any case it is out of place there. But those who have heard it with the music deplore this. The omission of *Raaff's* last aria too is even more regretted; but we must make a virtue of necessity. The speech of the oracle is still far too long and I have therefore shortened it; but *Varesco* need not know anything of this,

because it will all be printed just as he wrote it. Frau von Robinig will bring back with her the money due to him and to Schachtner. Gschwendner refused to take any money with him. Meanwhile tell Varesco from me that he will not get a farthing more out of Count Seeau than was agreed upon—for all the alterations were made, not for the Count, but for *me*; and he ought to be obliged to me into the bargain, as they were made for the sake of his own reputation. There is a good deal that might still be altered; and I assure him that he would not have come off so well with any other composer. I have spared no trouble in defending him.

A stove is out of the question, for it costs too much. I shall have another bed put in the room where the alcove is. We shall just have to manage as best we can.

Do not forget to bring my little watch with you. I hope we shall go over to Augsburg, where we can have the enamel repaired. I should like you to bring Schachtner's operetta¹ too. There are some people who come to the Cannabichs, who might just as well hear a thing of this kind. Now I must be off to the rehearsal. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart, and remain your obedient son

W. A. MZT.

More news the next time—and still more when we meet. All sorts of messages from the Cannabichs.

(391) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS! SALZBURG, *January 22nd, 1781*

Varesco has this moment been to see me. The greedy, money-grubbing fool simply can't wait for his money.

¹ "Zaide." See p. 1016, n. 1.

But I told him that he will have to be patient until the return of Madame von Robinig, who is to bring it with her. In spite of his good income the fellow is hopelessly in debt. He said that his money could easily have been sent to him by the mail coach; and he tried to make out that Schachtner had spoken to him about it, though indeed the latter has not only never approached me, but on the contrary, when I mentioned it to him, told me that he was astonished at Varesco's importunity, and that he himself had never counted on receiving the money before our return from Munich. Have you not yet handed the money to Frau von Robinig? You must not keep it so long. Suppose it were stolen from you! Count Seeau has written to Varesco *che abbia consegnato la cambiale al Signor maestro di cappella*.¹ The word *cambiale* means a draft. Well, if it is a draft, you ought to have enclosed it in a letter, so that I might get it cashed here and give each his share. But, as you have not done this, I must assume that it is in cash. If so, the currency question comes in. Bastal! When I am in Munich, I shall see that each gets his share. *Varesco mi ha seccato i coglioni*.² Well, we have fixed on Thursday, January 25th, for our departure. But should some *extraordinary accident*, such as I cannot foresee, prevent it, you will have a letter by the Salzburg post which reaches Munich on Friday, the very day we ought to arrive.

Give our greetings to everyone. We both kiss you and I am your honest father

L. MOZART

¹ That he has delivered the draft to the Kapellmeister.

² Varesco has worn me to a shred.

(392) *Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MUNICH, February 12th, 1781

I have been wishing for a long time that you would print some of my son's compositions. Surely you will not judge him by the clavier sonatas which he wrote as a child? ¹ True, you will not have seen a note of what he has been composing for the last few years, save perhaps the six sonatas for clavier and violin which he had engraved in Paris with a dedication to the present Electress of the Bavarian Palatinate.² *For we only allow very little to be published.* You might try what you can do with a couple of symphonies or clavier sonatas, or even quartets, trios and so forth. You need only give us a few copies. I should very much like you to see my son's style of composition. But far be it from me to persuade you to anything. The idea, however, has often occurred to me, because I see works engraved and printed which really arouse my pity.³

¹ K. 6-7, Œuvre I, dedicated to Madame Victoire; K. 8-9, Œuvre II, dedicated to the Comtesse De Tessé; K. 10-15, Œuvre III, dedicated to Queen Charlotte; K. 26-31, Œuvre IV, dedicated to Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg.

² K. 301-306. The series was published in November 1778 by Sieber in Paris.

³ See Leopold Mozart's letters to J. G. I. Breitkopf of February 7th, 1772, and October 6th, 1775. These applications met with no response. It was only after Mozart's death that his widow succeeded in persuading this publishing firm to bring out in 1793 a piano arrangement of "Der Schauspieldirektor" by Siegfried Schmiedt.

END OF VOL. II

The Letters of Mozart and his Family

Chronologically arranged, translated and edited with an
Introduction, Notes and Indices by

EMILY ANDERSON

VOLUME I. 18s. net

"The scholarship and scrupulous labour that have gone to Miss Anderson's work are convincing enough in this first instalment to show that the whole will be indispensable to Mozartians, while the general reader, too, will surely be beguiled, for not only are Mozart's own letters, in their animated grace and characteristic spontaneity, the most fascinating that any of the great musicians have left; the father's, too, are fully expressive of his energetic nature."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

"As to Miss Anderson's translation, it is difficult to find words that will do full justice to her industry, accuracy, and good sense. Anyone who has tried to put into English even a few passages from Mozart's letters will appreciate both the difficulty of Miss Anderson's task and the success with which she has carried it through. . . . The publication of the later volumes will be eagerly awaited by all lovers of Mozart."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"Emily Anderson has provided in the first volume a book of absorbing interest . . . Miss Anderson has been more successful than most editors in reproducing in English a remarkable amount of the original quality. This is one feature of many which make this edition of the letters of Mozart and his family a treasure for music lovers."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

MACMILLAN AND CO. LTD., LONDON

LIBRARY



113 667

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

